

Laura Nyro, Christmas In My Soul

Where is your woman?
Gone to Spanish Harlem?
Gone to buy you pastels?
Where is your woman?
Gone to Spanish Harlem?
Gone to buy you books and bells
Beneath Indian summer?
Take my hand now
There is a land now
In the treasure of love.
Jade and coral
Perfume from Siam
In the treasure of love.
To your fingertips
To the summer sunset
In the treasure of love
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love.
Light the night
Oh, light the night
Come my way
Light the night.
Come to me baby
You got the look that I adore, that I understand
My pretty medicine man
My pretty medicine man
Got pretty medicine in his head
For you I bear down
Soft and burning
In the treasure of love
In the treasure of love
In the treasure of love, love.
Where is your woman?
Gone to Spanish Harlem?
Gone to buy you pastels?