

Laura Nyro, Emmie

Oo la, la, la, oo la, la, la, la.

Emily and her love to be, carved in a heart on a berry tree.

But it's only a little farewell love spell, time to design a woman.

Touch me, oh wake me, Emily you ornament the earth for me.

Emily, you're the natural snow, the unstudied sea, you're a cameo.

And I swear you were born a weavers lover, born for the loom's desire.

Move me, oh sway me. Emily, the ornament, the earth for me.

Emmie, your Momma's been calling you.

Who stole Mama's heart and cuddled in her garden?

Darling Emmie, la, la, la, oo la, la la.

You're my friend and I loved you, Emily, Emily, Emily, Emily.

She got the way to move me, Emmie. She got the way to move me, yeah.

She got the way to move me, Emmie. She got the way to move me, get up and move me...