

# Lorrie Morgan, Diamonds From A Willow Tree

Diamonds from a willow tree  
Music from the birds and bees  
Perfume from a flower bed  
And clouds of pillows for my head

Velvet grass and flutterbys  
A sea of love that wont run dry  
This is what you offered me  
A fantasy, a dream you dreamed

But willows cant grow diamond rings  
Its left over rain early morning sun signs of spring  
The music the birds make  
Is just a sight of life that awaits

The velvet grass is windblown weeds  
And flutterbys I've never seen  
A sea of love I've never sailed  
Its just a tale, another dream you dreamed

Where's the clouds for pillows send  
Perfume dont grow in flower beds  
A sea of love is just a sea  
A willow tree is just a tree