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