

Nina Simone, Black Is The Colour Of My True Love's Hair

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
His face so soft and wonderous fair
The purest eyes and the strongest hands
I love the ground on where he stands
I love the ground on where he stands

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair

Oh, I love my lover, and well he knows
Yes, I love the ground on where he goes
And still I hope that the time will come
When he and I will be as one
When he and I will be as one
When he and I will be as one

So black is the colour of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair