

# Shel Silverstein, Rings Of Grass

Rings of grass crowns of flowers they're gone gone gone gone  
Furs that I woven of whispering hours gone gone gone gone  
She's gone away where the rings are real  
And the furs have warmth that a woman can feel  
Round and round round goes the wheel  
And she's gone gone gone gone gone

Rings of grass and crowns of flowers gone gone gone gone  
Castles of sand with seashell towers gone gone gone gone  
She's gone away where the dreams are small  
But the castles are rock and they never fall  
And left me here to live among all that is gone gone gone gone gone

Rings of grass oh why did they die away gone gone gone gone  
Whispering hours where did they fly away gone gone gone gone  
And where is the wisdom to understand  
That years would crumble our castles of sand  
And the flowers and grass turn brown in our hands  
When it's gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone