

# Tears For Beers, Black Is The Color

Black is the color of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.  
I love the ground wheron she stands

I love my love and well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes.  
But some times I wish the day will come  
That she and I will be as one.

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I walk to the Clyde for to mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never can sleep  
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer death ten thousand times

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