

The Pentangle, A Woman Like You

I don't believe I have seen
A woman like you anywhere
And I must admit that I can't see
My making you into a dream

But if I had a magic wand to wear
I'd send a dove to catch your love
And I'd send a blackbird to steal your heart

And a broken heart won't cure my endless search, little girl
I'm going to fix a magic spell to weave on you little girl
I'll follow a land rest to get you in upon the (...) to sweet (...)
Before this very moment evilly

I'd rather wait and die
A thousand times little girl
Than take a woman into
the heart of my soul

And if I catch you sleeping all unawares
I'll carry you off to my secret lair
There I'll bind your heart to my very soul

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A woman like you anywhere
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May making you into a dream

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And I'd send a blackbird to steal your heart