

Wishbone Ash, Sorrell

In a garden of the southland
He found her wandering astray
She came to show him of her beauty
That many passersby don't see

Would you be taking in
Such frail-looking lady
The sadness of her lone display

Dressed in yellow fire burning
The corner dweller on the lane
Sorrow was her only feeling
For she could have no living shame

Take good care of time
To sow your own true seed
The summers end will bring your leaving

Then he journeyed for a long ways
She was never in his mind
Came he home to just a memory
For the lady she had died

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To sow your own true seed
The summers end will bring your leaving