

# Harlequin Melodies

Jim Ed Brown

Harlequin melodies a trip through the night's fantasies  
Where baby red roses endlessly wind  
Their way through the meadows of mine sleepy mind  
Gently my love come to me cool is the grass neath the tree  
Soft is the sunshine that spills from the dew tiny reflections  
of me loving you  
[ flute - strings ]  
Then I wake and it's gone they say what is gone's always gone  
Yet baby red roses still endlessly wind  
Their way through the meadows of mine sleepy mind