

Black is the Colour

KOKIA

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her lips is like some a rose so fair,
The sweetest smile, the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
I wish that day soon come
When she and I will be as one

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never should be,
I'll write a letter just a few short lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her lips is like some rosy fair,
And the sweetest smile, the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands