

# The Lady

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The lady's eyes are beautiful  
They wander through the dictionary  
Searching for a way to say I love you  
To a friend  
Sun comes up and sun goes down  
Still no word has the lady found  
And she'll go right on  
Searching till the end

Oh, the lady is a very unlikely lady  
In her time she might hit you  
For a dime or two  
But change is not the only  
Offer she's had, oh no  
And she can find yeah,  
A reason to be bad for you

The lady's hands are magical  
They reach for you and seem to hold you  
Comfort is a blessing, yes  
A baby understands  
Winter in her knitted gloves  
Summertime as free as her love  
But she comes up with nothing  
In her hands

The lady's soul is mystical  
And in the night it flies to heaven  
Trouble finds a holy soul  
That's looking for a dream  
Visions grow and they fade away  
And the lady begins to pray  
But grace is not as easy as it seems