

Lady Of The Lake

Strawberry Alarm Clock

When I was a boy I knew the lady of the lake
And I was her favorite child
She wore a white gown her yellow hair hanging down
And her voice like a shadow, was gentle and kind

Everyday to the sea we would go hand in hand
And build great white castles, civilizations in sand
And I would paint her pictures with a seaweed brush
And gather seashell jewels for her, as stars watched over us

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Sometimes we'd set sail straight for the sun
As down the dome of sky it fled
And sometimes we'd try to catch it as it spun
To the deep sea comfort of the seagreen bed

The lady of the lake is gone, lost with childhoods mind
But the intoxication lingers on and I remember the time
When I would paint her pictures with a seaweed brush
And gather seashell jewels for her, as the stars watched over us

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