

Poor Cow

Donovan

I dwell in the north in the green country,
Far I'm here, far I'm here
And I take to my rest at the end of day,
Whilst o'erhead pretty stars do play.
And then I dream along,
Then I make a song
About everything that I've known and felt,
And it makes my sadness melt
Then I wake up in the funny old kind of day,
The rain has gone away,
Watching the children sing and play
In the garden and the roadway.
Up comes a little one singing a song
About a friend she knows called Rosie.
Off to the greenwood you must go, bring-a me one fine posie.
All of a sudden I'm light as air, I feel sad as a butterfly.
Oh, I dwell with my pride and my songs and things
Wearily, oh so wearily
And I dream of the girl with the sunshine eye
Sundaily, whatever she may be.
And then I dream along
Then I make a song
About everything that I've known and felt
And it makes my sadness melt.
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The rain has gone away
Watching the children sing and play
In the garden and the roadway
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About a friend she knows called Rosie.
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And then I make a song
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