

False False

Cara Dillon

False, false have you been to me my love
How often have you changed your mind?
But since you've gone and left me, for another fair one,
I'm afraid you are no more mine

But I would climb a tree that is too high for me
Asking fruit where there weren't any growing
I was lifting warm water from beneath the cold clay
And against the stream I was rowing

False, false have you been to me my love
How often will you change your mind?
But since you've gone and left me, for another fair one,
I'm afraid you are no more mine

Ah but I would climb a tree that is too high for me
And I'll herry a white snowflake's nest
And down I will fall without any fear
To the arms that love me the best

False, false have you been to me my love
How often will you change your mind?
But since you've gone and left me, for another fair one,
I'm afraid you are no more mine