Meadow Child

Charlene Soraia

He's still a meadow child, one of the sun I stay in the shadow until he returns and comes back to me

I write him postcards and letters And he always does reply And tells me sweet tales Of his pastoral life

He comes back to me

I wrote postcards He comes back to me

He's still a meadow child, one of the sun I stay in the shadow until he returns And comes back to me