Island of Circles

Donovan

Over the mountain Over the sea From the island of circles My love calls to me

Her hair in the north wind Brown berry eyes Reading the birdrooms In the winter sky

She sway like the willow Clothed all in stars Moon drops of silver Fire gold from Mars

Over the mountain Over the sea From the island of circles My love calls to me

Her hair in the north wind Brown berry eyes Reading the birdrooms In the winter sky In the winter sky