

# Lady Of The North

Gene Clark

Flying high above the clouds, we lay in the grassy meadow  
The earth was like a pillow for our dreams  
Trials never entered into any conversation  
That was the relation of our dreams

But as a change in the wind must come  
Over the mountain  
And the seasons roll under the sun  
Passing the shadows of our dreams

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Ah, ah, fine lady of the north  
Like silver on the ocean shore  
Flying breeze, whispers through the trees