

Lady of the Island

Graham Nash

(2: 36)

By Graham Nash, Siquomb

Holding you close, undisturbed before a fire,
The pressure in my chest when you breathe in my ear;
We both knew this would happen when you first appeared,
My lady of the island.

The brownness of your body in the fireglow
Except the places where the sun refused to go.
Our bodies were a perfect fit,
In afterglow we lay,
My lady of the island.

[illegible]

Wrapped around each other in the peeping sun,
Beams of sunshine light the stage,
The red light's on.
I never want to finish what I've just begun with you,
My lady of the island.
Da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da
da da da da.