

Harlequin Melodies

Jim Ed Brown

Harlequin melodies a trip through the night's fantasies
Where baby red roses endlessly wind
Their way through the meadows of mine sleepy mind
Gently my love come to me cool is the grass neath the tree
Soft is the sunshine that spills from the dew tiny reflections
of me loving you
[flute - strings]
Then I wake and it's gone they say what is gone's always gone
Yet baby red roses still endlessly wind
Their way through the meadows of mine sleepy mind