

Laura Lee

Matt Costa

Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
Sits under the chestnut tree.
Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
Whispers every word she speaks.

Dark braided hair, Laura Lee.

Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
An orphan in the hands of faith.
Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
Take this cloak and walk with me.

Cover your feathers, Laura Lee.

Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
I loved her and I set her free.
Laura Lee, Laura Lee,
If you see her tell her hello for me.

I think on her often, Laura Lee.