

## Guinnevere

Rick James

Guinnevere had green eyes  
Like yours, my lady, like yours  
She'd walk down to the garden  
In the morning after it rained  
Yesterday

Peacocks wandered aimlessly  
Underneath the orange tree  
Why can't she see me?

Guinnevere drew pentagrams  
Like yours, my lady, like yours  
Late at night when she thought  
That no one was watching at all  
On the wall

Seagulls circle endlessly  
Sing in silent harmony  
She shall be free, she shall be free

As she turns her gaze  
Down the slope to the harbor where I lay  
Anchored for the day, yeah

Guinnevere had braided hair  
Like yours, my lady, like yours  
Streaming out when we'd ride  
Through the warm wind down by the bay  
Yesterday

Seagulls wandered aimlessly  
Underneath the orange tree  
She shall be free