

Guenevere

Rick Springfield

We had a game
I called her Guenevere
And she would always call me Galahad
I was her king
She was my queen
My Guenevere

The days were warm
The nights were sweet
I didn't think
That something troubling me
My Guenevere
You left one night
Farewell Guenevere
Where are you

Guenevere come back to Camelot
Galahad is waiting
Guenevere come back to Camelot
Watch the morning breaking

The city streets
No longer are
The English Countryside
They used to be

My armor rusts
My sword is waiting
For Guenevere
Where are you

Guenevere come back to Camelot
Galahad is waiting
Guenevere come back to Camelot
Watch the morning breaking

All the songs
I used to sing
I long to sing
For you
Said in my letter
Write me soon

I'm waiting here
My lady

Guenevere come back to Camelot
Galahad is waiting
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