

# 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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Watch the morning breaking...