

A Woman Like You

The Pentangle

I don't believe I have seen
A woman like you anywhere
And I must admit that I can't1 see
My making you into a dream

But if I had a magic wand to wave
I'd send a dove to catch your love
And I'd send a blackbird to steal your heart

And a broken heart won't cure my endless search, little girl
I'm going to fix a magic spell to weave on you, little girl
L for the long grass to catch you in
O for the orange to sweeten sin
V for this very moment
E for thee2

I'd rather wait and die
A thousand times, little girl
Than take a woman into
The heart of my soul

And if I catch you sleeping all unawares3
I'll carry you off to my secret lair
There I'll bind your heart to my very soul

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My making you into a dream

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