

Sailing by Silverships

Jenn Grant

You were my bonnie forsaken
But I could tell that you were not mine
Something told me that your heart
Was already taken
And I didn't spend the time Well alas I saw you hide under the blanket
On a sunday afternoon
And by the evening time there was rain Coming down
So I went up and left the room I looked into my book of lines
You brought to me
And you were staring back at me this time
Old bluebird
If I sail into the silver light to meet you
Would you take my hand and show me
Who you're praying to?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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