

# Guinnevere

## Crosby, Stills & Nash

Guinnevere had green eyes  
Like yours, my lady like yours  
She'd walk down through the garden  
In the morning after it rained Peacocks wandered aimlessly  
Underneath an 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 She shall be free  
As she turns her gaze  
Down the slope to the harbor where I lay  
Anchored for a day Guinnevere had golden hair  
Like yours, my lady like yours  
Streaming out when we'd ride  
Through the warm wind down by the bay Yesterday, seagulls circle endlessly  
I sing in silent harmony  
We shall be free

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