

Miss Melancholy

Book of Love

Miss Melancholy
She sits alone for hours and hours
And never smells the lotus flowers
Miss Melancholy
High up in her frosty tower Can't even hear the honey bees
Or eat a bowl of blueberries
Miss Melancholy
Or climb up on the apple trees
Miss Melancholy Day after day after day
Day after day
Miss Melancholy She sits alone for hours and hours
And never smells the sunflowers
High up in her frosty tower
Miss Melancholy

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