

# 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 towerCan't even hear the honey bees

Or eat a bowl of blueberries

Miss Melancholy

Or climb up on the apple trees

Miss MelancholyDay after day after day

Day after day

Miss MelancholyShe sits alone for hours and hours

And never smells the sunflowers

High up in her frosty tower

Miss Melancholy

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