Lady of the North

Gene Clark

Flying high above the clouds, we lay in the grassy meadow

The earth was like a pillow for our dreams

Trials never entered into any conversation

That was the relation of our dreamsBut as a change in the wind must come

Over the mountain

And the seasons roll under the sun

Passing the shadows of our dreamsFlying high above the clouds, we lay in the grassy meadow

The earth was like a pillow, for our dreams

Trials never entered into any conversation

That was the relation of our dreamsBut as a change in the wind must come

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And the seasons roll under the sun

Passing the shadow of our dreams

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