

# Daffodils

**Albert William Ketelbey**

Strollin' past the Daffodils  
I won't forget how it feels  
To be lost in the maze.  
Laying on the sunkissed patch  
Of grass we found round the back  
Of that palace garden place...  
There wasn't a cloud in sight,  
Nor people strolling by.  
You held your hand in mine and I sighed,  
For there was not much  
To be found... in your eyes  
Oh, of all the sights I've seen  
never knew it'd be you me and Buckley Bee  
in the cool, warm shade.  
And I should of kissed your face  
I should've explored all the places...  
Ooo, oh my...

How you seem to make me shy...  
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips  
I think of how I could get used to this.  
Used to your kisses  
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine...  
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine,  
T'was another lovely evening again last night  
Honestly did I not blige to your every whim,  
Seen as I was behoden?  
Ooo, oh my  
How you seem to make me shy  
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips  
I think of how I could get used to this  
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine.  
Ooo, oh my...  
How you seem to make me shy...  
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