

Guinnevere

Seamus Blake

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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