

# Meadow Child

**Charlene Soraia**

He's still a meadow child, one of the sun  
I stay in the shadow until he returns  
and comes back to me  
I write him postcards and letters  
And he always does reply  
And tells me sweet tales  
Of his pastoral life

He comes back to me  
I wrote postcards  
He comes back to me  
He's still a meadow child, one of the sun  
I stay in the shadow until he returns  
And comes back to me

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