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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