Golden, Golden

Silly Wizard

Slowly, slowly, walk the path,
And you might never stumble or fall.
Slowly, slowly, walk the path,
And you might never fall in love at all.CHORUS:
Golden, golden, is her hair,
Like the morning sun over fields of corn.
Golden, golden, is her love,
So sweet and clear and warm.Lonely, lonely, is the heart
That ne'er another can call its own.
Lonely, lonely, lies the part
That has to live all alone.Wildly, wildly, beats the heart
With a rush of love like a mountain stream.
Wildly, wildly, play your part
As free as a wild bird's dream

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