# Sorrel

## Wishbone Ash

In a garden of the southland
He found her wandering astray
She came to show him of her beauty
That many passersby don't seeWould you be taking in such frail looking lady?
The sadness of her lone displayDressed in yellow fire burning
The corner dweller on the lane
Sorrow was her only feeling
For she could have no living shameTake good care and time to sow your own true seed
The summers end will bring your leavingThen he journeyed for a long ways
And she was never in his mind
Came he home to just a memory
For the lady she had diedTake good care and time to sow your own true seed
The summers end will bring your leaving

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