

Irish Orchid

Shakhan

You were down in Cork south of Dublin
lovely green eyes surrounded by your pale porcelain skin.
Yes a beautiful flower I picked you out of a field that was covered in dew.
Yes you were covered, covered in dew a graceful pretty bee orchid.
Thats never going to sting.
The word is the word is kind and loving. Curves like the rolling hills of the moor.
You are oh so very wealthy and in beauty far from poor.
Sweet and so young a fiery red head in the weave of this land a golden thread.
Yes in the weave a golden thread more talents than the strings on a harp.
Your mind not blunt but very sharp.
The word is the word is kind and loving.

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