

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>