

# 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 meI write him postcards and letters  
And he always does reply  
And tells me sweet tales  
Of his pastoral lifeHe comes back to meI wrote postcards  
He comes back to meHe'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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