

# Donkey's Years

## Linda Lewis

B is for brown  
And I got down  
My sleeping sound  
For donkey's yearsB is for blue  
My eyes are new  
My song is true  
For donkey's yearsThen I'm gonna pick up my wings  
And gonna fly  
Singing my song of love  
And gonna try  
Try to be smiley, smiley all the whileG is for green  
The trees have been  
That way it seems  
For donkey's yearsG is for gold  
The leaves turn old  
The nights are cold  
For donkey's yearsThen I'm gonna pack up all my travels  
Gonna fly  
Laugh at my hubble bubble  
Gonna try  
Try to be smiley, smiley all the whileFly me to the sun  
The golden sands and sea  
Mm-mm, fly me to the sun  
Won't you come with me?  
Mm, won't you come with me?  
Won't you come with me?

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