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 gonnapack 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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