Black Is the Color

Rhiannon Giddens

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His lips are like some rosy fair
The sweetest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground where on he stands

Soft is the feel of my true love's skin
And strong the arms he folds me in
The clearest eyes and the truest heart
He lets me stop before I start

I love my love, and well he knows
I love his love and love it grows
Until I know that I would burst
And still I feel the strongest thirst
I love my love and he loves me
To my soul, he owns the key
I have his heart and he has mine
I'll kiss his mouth ten thousand times

Black is the color, black is the color
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