

# Sycamore

## Saint Etienne

I'm thinking of them  
I'm thinking of your new green dress  
I saw it unfold on my  
Near Bepindton Fair tall sycamores,  
Your raven hair I saw it so slow through the tall grass  
I'm thinking of them I'm thinking of strings  
Through the air the night was so long and dizzy  
Let's travel again to fall upon three chimneys  
Well the tower so low you were mistaken

Songwriters

STANLEY, BOB/WIGGS, PETER STEWART/CRACKNELL, SARAH JANE  
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