

Guinevere (Live San Francisco)

Crosby & Nash

Guinevere had green eyes
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
When she'd walk down through the garden
In the morning after it rained Peacocks wandered aimlessly
Underneath an orange tree
Why can't she see me? Guinevere drew pentagrams
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
Late at night when she thought
That no one was watching at all
on the wall She shall be free As she turns her gaze, down the slope
To the harbor where I lay
Anchored for a day Guinevere had golden hair
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
Streaming out when we'd ride
Through the warm wind down by the bay
Yesterday Seagulls circle endlessly
I sing in silent harmony
We shall be free

Songwriters

David Crosby Published by

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