

# Lady Genevieve

[John Phillips](#)

In a place far from here  
Circled by mountains  
Her skirts are raised  
She gently sways  
[?] deceive  
Lady Genevieve  
Blue of blouse  
Crystal sphere  
Slowly revolving  
Her life is seen  
The blues are green  
Kings cannot believe  
Lady Genevieve  
Butterfly to appear  
Frozen in final motion  
The bargain's made  
Her colors fade  
Collectors have achieved  
Lady Genevieve  
Night has come  
So spread your wings  
While they all are sleeping  
Try the wind  
Your wings shall mend  
Happily conceive  
Lady Genevieve  
Lady Genevieve  
Torn from the willow  
Rest your head  
Ooh, rest your head  
No one shall receive Lady Genevieve.

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