

My Lady

Mountain

I see her sailing on her silver wings
With hands that move like little trees
Alive and bending in my raging storm
To a heartbeat, my lady lives for me
To a heartbeat, my lady lives for me
Out of the country to my city life
All wrapped in dreams she wears like pearls
She dances to the music that I play for her
And my lady is the softness in my world
And my lady is the softness in my world
Comin' back from the Moun-tain
My Lady waits for me My Lady waits for me
In paint and ribbons and her coloured shells
All she imagines for my days
And weaves a life that is feeling good for me
And my lady, hears every note I play
And my lady, hears every note I play
My rooms are filled with all she's made by hand
My songs are filled with all her rhymes
My heart is filled with the work that we've been doin'
And the children we'll be havin' all in good time
And the children we'll be havin' all in good time
Comin' back from the Moun-tain
My Lady waits for me My Lady waits for me

Songwriters

FELIX PAPPALARDI, GAIL COLLINS, LAURENCE LAING
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>