Dandelion

Black Country Communion

As I rise from golden slumbers
To my own mortality
And I want to take you with me
To my lone tranquility
Then you vanish right before me
And the room smells like a flower
In the palace of the kings
Yet the fruit is sometimes sourMy dandelion
My liberty
My dandelion
Your devotee
My dandelion
This alchemy
My dandelionAs I stumble to the parlor
I am filled with no regret
And I am but a troubadour
I am the last prophet
This house was once a vacancy
Now gold has turned to rust
But life is just a lesson
And full of wanderlustMy dandelion
My liberty
My dandelion
Your devotee
My dandelion
This alchemy
My dandelionAnd I take
Dandelion
This is my inquisition
Got me spun up on the wire
And I make
Dandelion
I have come to my decision
Gonna walk into the fireI hear the blackbird sing, it's everything
I hear the blackbird sing, it's what you bringAnd I take
Dandelion
This is my inquisition
Got me spun up on the wire
And I make

Dandelion
I have come to my decision
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