Black Is the Colour

Paul Weller

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon she standsI love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
I wish the day it soon would come
When she and I will be as oneI go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I never can be
I'll write her a letter just a few short lines
And I owe death a thousand timesBlack is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like red roses fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon she stands

Songwriters
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