

# 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 stands I 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 one I 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 times Black 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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