

Georg Baker Selection, Silver

There's a village by the seaside

It's the village I was born

Lives a lovely girl named Silver

By the colour of her hair.

Yes

we used to play together

By the harbour an the beach.

Yes

we used to sing together

With the people in the church.

All the older people smiled

When we were walkin' down the streets.

Yes

they said that I was born for you

And you were born for me.

But my heart was always restless

And the village much too small.

So I left my home and friends

And kissed goodbye my Silver girl.

Silver

silver is her hair.

Silver was the love we sharin'.

Silver

Silver now I see

That your love was gold for me.

Yes

I saw so many cities

And I loved so many girls

But no one was there more pretty

Than my lovely Silver girl.

Too much songs and too much wine

I spend my life without regrets

But I always shed a tear

When I think of the love we had.

Silver

silver is her hair . . .

I wasn't there when you needed me most of all.

I wasn't there on your weddingday

I did not call.

I wasn't there at the day that your first child was born.

But believe me Baby

I think about you some time.

Silver

silver is her hair . . .