

Tears For Beers, Black Is The Color

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground wheron she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes.
But some times I wish the day will come
That she and I will be as one.

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground wheron she stands

I walk to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death ten thousand times

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground wheron she stands