

# The Corrs, Black Is The Colour

Black is the colour of my true loves hair  
His lips are like some roses fair  
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon he stands  
I love my love and well he knows  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
How I wish that day would soon come  
When he and I can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep  
For satisfied I never sleep  
I write him letters just a few short lines  
And I suffer death ten thousand times

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I love I love I love the ground whereon he stands