

The wild woods



*It's where the wild woods meet the meadows
Where the wild flowers drift and sway
Where the skylark comes a calling
A place where rabbits play.
A place where summer sunshine
Gives way to star lit skies
A place where I could gaze into
Your beautiful brown eyes.
A place of gentle breezes
And fast flowing singing streams
Of soft green velvet grassy banks
Where I can dream my dreams.
Each day, more glorious sunshine
Each night the moon above
Sends gentle moonbeams through the night
Conveying you my love.
I think this place is heaven
Yet how could it be
For if this place is heaven
You'd be right here, with me.*

J. Price

