# The raven haired girl

There’s a raven haired girl standing in the market

With ice cold eyes and skin the colour of cream

She’s looking for someone in the crowded arena

A crowded arena where nothing is as it seems

A raven haired girl is standing in the market

Sampling the sweetmeats in the frost of the season

Behind her eyes and the arch of her brow

Is the man who cried, the man who died in her arms

And the child she is with slips his hands in the pockets

His hands in the pockets of people who would dream

And the child she is with slips his hands in the pockets

His hands in the pockets of people who would dream

Of a raven haired girl sipping juice from the berries

And sampling the jams and

Fingering velvet dress seams

Who stared into the eyes of the man in the market

The man in the market trying to lose himself here

And the child she is with slips his hands in the pockets

His hands in the pockets of people who would dream

And the child she is with slips his hands in the pockets

His hands in the pockets of people who would dream

Of a raven haired girl (raven haired girl) x3

ooooh oooh