

Some ladies are foolish  
Some ladies are gay  
Some ladies are comely  
Some live while they may

My lady's a wild flying dove  
My lady is wine  
She whispers each evening  
She's mine, mine, mine

She likes pretty pictures  
She loves singing birds  
She'll watch them for hours  
But I see only her

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She tells me she's learning  
How full her cup can be  
She asks me to help her  
But I know, she's teaching me

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