

One pane of glass in the window.

G/B A7/C# D

I m thinking well, how it may blow in all good company.
No one is complaining, though. Come in and shut the door.

A E D

If I tell another what your own lips told to me,
Faded is the crimson from the ribbons that she wore,

A E D

let me lay neath the roses and my eyes no longer see.
and it s strange how no one comes round anymore.

Thanks to the original poster.

Peace,
Paul Z