

Black Is The Color

Joan Baez

Black, black, black is the color of my true loves hair.

His lips are something wond'rous fair,
The purest eyes and the bravest hands.
I love the ground whereon he stands.

Black, black, black is the color of my true loves hair

I love my love and well he knows,
I love the ground whereon he goes
And if my love no more I see,
My life would quickly fade away.

Black, black, black ist the color of my true loves hair.

Tabs: **Em, D, Am**