

Hills Of Tuscany, The  
by Donovan

I left my home and the factory  
To wander my way to the sea  
In the wild country I'm happy  
I feel so much more alive and free

Rambling through the pleasant hills of Tuscany  
In the early spring sunshine  
Rambling through the pleasant hills of Tuscany  
Little green grapes growing on the vine

There is a girl I do so love  
I know she would laugh to know my mind  
Her beauty fairer than the dove  
A flower for her hair I always find

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My voice I raise and sing your praise  
To the flowers and the birdies of the air  
When to the clouds I set my gaze  
I often see your smile up there

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