

My Ladys a Wild Flying Dove
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

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

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

[Cho.]

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

[Cho.]

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