

# The Hollies, Marigold / Gloria Swansong

(Sylvester / Clarke)

The book I bought yesterday  
I started to read  
I found a small marigold  
pressed between leaves

And in that small marigold,  
well, I found a note  
saying, "Please won't you write to me  
'cause I'm so alone"

So I'm going to write back today  
Yes, I'm going to write right away

I started "Dear Marigold,"  
not knowing her name  
&"I just had to write to you  
'cause I feel the same

"You sound like the marigold  
that I found today  
The beauty was there to be found  
but fading away

"So I'm writing to you today  
Yes, I'm writing to you right away

As I started writing,  
well what can I say  
I got to thinking  
where are you today

Brown leather cover,  
ripped, tattered, and torn  
It's been such a long, long time  
since the flower was born

There's no need to write back today  
I'm not going write right away

Just like a swan she is gliding,  
drifting from here unto there  
She has no thoughts of dying,  
winter does not mean despair

Warm summer nights left behind her,  
thinking of things that she's done  
Once were her friends all around her,  
but now she is only one

Swan, swan keep your feet off the ground  
Keep flying around  
It's lonely you've found  
You were left on your own  
You didn't do right  
not to take off and fly  
when your friends left that night

chorus

Someday I know you'll see something  
that will bring back the memories of gold  
You'll meet the friends that did leave you  
No more to be left in the cold

And just like a swan you'll be gliding,  
drifting from here unto there  
You'll have no thoughts of dying  
'cause winter did not mean despair