

### **Fields of Gold**

You'll remember me when the west wind moves upon the fields of barley.  
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we walk in fields of gold.  
So she took her love for to gaze awhile upon the fields of barley.  
In his arms she fell as her hair came down among the fields of gold.

I never made promises lightly and there have been some that I've broken,  
But I swear in the days still left we'll walk in fields of gold.  
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