Louisiana Fairytale

The dew is hanging diamonds on the clover - the moon is listening to the night-engale and

while we're lost in dreams the world around us seems like a Louisiana fairytale

The breeze is softly singing to the willows - as hand in hand we stroll along the trail - And

love is at its height enchanting as the night like a Louisiana fairytale - Is this

real - this fascination - Are my dreams holding you fast?

Are we here - on this plantation - or can this be heaven at last? - - Keep

dreaming with your head upon my shoulder - Don't awake until the stars grow pale - The

picture is complete the world is at our feet like a Louisiana fairytale