

I met Madeline in the south of France
Where she grew with the fig and broke bread with the moon
Dark eyes of the evening brought her a son
A blessing and burden for she was so young, so young

Water is cold with a wayward gale
Much like the leaves I've become frail
Madeline said 'I'd like to follow
But I must stay well to care for Elijah
I must stay well to care for Elijah, Elijah

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