

Silent knife, unholy knife, a bridge of cracks click as I twist  
my spine  
I turn to find a visitor  
Rapture me my Lolita  
And I know she knows that I killed my love

The minister, the leap of oath  
She's as white as a ghost  
The aching feels like she's wanted[?] from coast to coast  
The scalpel bleach, make that a smile  
Stay with me, my darling, for my last little while  
And she sang to me, 'I'll be there as you sing yet I'll be gone  
before the second kiss me'

"Kiss me out of the bearded barley  
Nightly, behind the green, green grass  
Swing, swing, swing the spinning step  
You wear those shoes and I will wear the dress.  
Oh kiss me"

Oooooooooooooooooooooohhhh  
ooooooooooooooooo three  
ooooooooooooooooo fifty-three