

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
ooooooooooooooooooo three
ooooooooooooooooooo fifty-three