

Pull up the sleeve collect the change
And make it add up
Bring back everything you need
You never move just stand around and count the peasants
Cherrys falling from the trees
And the lonely rain I know it seems a lot like heaven
Poor child dont stop here
This is only the way to tear soaked eyes and years of aching
Cut the rope and drift away

You must believe or make the curtain fall together
Down the alley in the breeze
Dont look confused those birds are only fleas with feathers
Theyll turn you back and get you blue its true
Now I know their names they talk to me the pain of loosing
If someone elses game
Shes a notion away relaxing in New English gardens
Pushing up the daisy chains