

Slean Sarah
Blue Parade
Twin Moon
Hey Mister Paper
Better get your story straight
We're not from the sixties
And it's Sarah with an H

And oh sometimes
The way you read things
The way you see things
Hurts my heart

I fear
Somehow they'll find the need
To spit out my name

Like a watermelon seed

Sometimes
I think what am I doing?
This business of bleeding
A dime for showing
My heart

Oh twin moon
You are my twin moon
Take me up-sky so I can kiss you
Drink your starlight

I want to show you
I want to show you
My heart