

Oh, My Darling

Basia Bulat

There are two things I will carry in my pockets at the end
oh, my darling,
you are one of them
the way you look when you have a story to begin,
oh, my darling,
that's the other half

and I will never lose them,
no i'll never never show them like a prize
I will keep them out of sight
and I will never give them up to any ceiling
promise or a lie,
they are mine until I die, until I die