

Onto Her Bed

Blossoms

On and on and on
A blue eyed boy not made for pain
Gone, I'm gone, I'm gone
My tears down the windy alley drain

But calling back, I want you
I feel something's got to give with you
Coming back, I want you
I feel I could be your boy if you let me in
I remember spring
We used to sit by a broken swing
Wait for love in vain
Like so many drenched with rain

Calling back, I want you
I feel something's got to give with you
Coming back, I want you
I feel I could be your boy if you let me in

On and on and on
It goes on and on
On and on and on
It goes on and on

But how can he love her onto her bed
Can he love her onto her bed