

Down along the creek  
I remember something  
Her, the heron hurried away  
When first I breeched that last Sunday

Low moon don the yellow road  
I remember something  
That leaving wasn't easing  
All that heaving in my vines  
And as certain it is evening 'at is now is not the time  
Ooh  
Toiling with your blood  
I remember something  
In B, unrated kissing on a night second to last  
Finding both your hands  
As second sun came past the glass  
And oh, I know it felt right  
And I had you in my grasp

Oh, then how we gonna cry  
Cause it once might not mean something  
Love, and second glance  
It is not something that we'll need  
Honey, understand that I have been left here in the reeds  
But all I'm trying to do is get my feet out from the crease

And I'll see you  
Turn around, you're my A-Team  
Turn around now, you're my A-Team  
God damn, turn around now  
You're my A-Team