

I was unafraid, I was a boy, I was a tender age  
melic in the naked, knew a lake and drew the lofts for page  
hurdle all the waitings up, know it wasn't wedded love  
4 long minutes end and it was over it'd all be back  
and the frost took up the eyes

Pressed against the pane could see the veins and there was pois  
on out  
resting in a raze the inner claims I hadn't breadth to shake  
searching for an inner clout, may not take another bout  
honey in the hale could fill the pales of loving less with vain  
hon, it wasn't yet the spring

Aiming and it sunk and we were drunk and we had fleshed it out  
nose up in the globes, you never know if you are passing out  
no it wasn't maiden-up, the falling or the faded luck  
hung up in the ivory, both were climbing for a finer cause  
love can hardly leave the room  
with your heart