

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindless in clothes a wantonness
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher

I'm crying here
Would you ever come with me
Never let me infiltrate what I call free

And not expecting pardon
Hardened in heard anew
Thunder and rain with you
And grateful too

My reality for you
Could be quenched simply by returning
To those shores where I might hear your voice
My reality for you
Could be quenched simply by returning
To those shores where I might hear your voice
In a cantilena of blue

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