

God Of Small Things

Dragon

And in my dream we were somewhere else
You and I both were away on our own
Then you were gone, you were nowhere around
I was alone in the old part of town
There is a place, a place I know well
A place in my mind (as far as I can tell)
I'm on a road, but it's not the right road
I head for the sea through the valley deep

So Primavera takes a shower
It's not about chocolates and flowers
It's an everyday fling
With the God of small things
It's a kitchen sink romance and it's beautiful
I know it's not perfect, but it's beautiful

So somewhere out past the continental shelf
I find me, waking up to myself
Like Primavera born, I open my eyes
There you are as you've always been, by my side