

Isabella stand a little bit taller.
I don't deserve your tears
Any more than you deserve the fears
That I have left you with, dear.
Oh, May I bless your every last tear?

"She's just a little girl, she knows nothing of this little game we
Like to play"

So tell the martyrs to wait at the gate.
This is an actual case of the truth.
At least, that's what they call it these days.

So tell your brothers and sisters to wait,
'Cause love is nothing to waste,
And I swore,
Never your heart, shall I break.

Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back to you
Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back

Widowed, and a little less faithful,
She let's the sidewalks sympathize
With every step she takes,
Her ankles growing weak, dear
Oh, may He bless your every last tear?

"She's just a little girl, she knows nothing of this little game we
Like to play"

So tell the martyrs to wait at the gate.
This is an actual case of the truth.
At least, that's what they call it these days.

So tell your brothers and sisters to wait,
'Cause love is nothing to waste,
And I swore,
Never your heart, shall I break.

Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back to you
Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back to you
Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back to you
Wa-oh wa-oh please bring me back to you.

Isabella, stand a little bit taller.
I am the aisle in the back beside the votive light
Who did this to you, dear?
Oh, may you never shed a damn tear.

So tell the martyrs to wait at the gate.
This is an actual case of the truth.
At least, that's what they call it these days.

So tell your brothers and sisters to wait,
'Cause love is nothing to waste,
And I swore,
Never your heart, shall I break.