

And he always wrote
And he always called
And he never lied
'cause he never said anything at all
In a world of dirt I am raining,
I'm eroding
But which one of us?
In a chorus of maybes, I realize...
When I started this, I was thinking of my Father
Now a holy ghost
Now see one become the other
One become me I realize...
Nestle, I won't ever let you go