

Old Bloody Orange

Hawksley Workman

Old bloody orange
There was a time,
There was a day
When we came and went
And the gates, they swung to the changes
In the wind
There was a night when,
We reached and caught for each other
Oh please say that it's not,
Its not lost forever
Old fuzzy peach
I know you remember
I came every year til I was older
I lost all my sense,
And moved to the city
And look at me now
I'm lost and I'm broken
Where the good words not spoken
Oh please say I'm not,
Not lost forever
La la la, La la la
Old sour grape
Tell me a story
Of two naked lovers out testifying
Beating their drums on a salty coastline
With blood in their tears
Held down from the heavens
By the virtues of their bodies
Their trying to make it last,
Make it last forever