Ain't it amazing when the seasons began to change Someone behind the scenes just seems to pull some strings I struggled with an old angel all night long I thought it might be nice if we just talked 'til dawn

I never gave you, enough
I could of given you, my love

They say that Mary Magdelene, had it bad

She took her baby and she headed, off to France

New situations don't present themselves, at first

If I was her I don't know where or to who I'd of turned

I never left you, with too much I could of given you, my love

I hear of people living deep inside of, the earth
They got their own Sun and some claim they were here first
I've struggled with an old angel all night long
I thought it might be nice if you stayed here until dawn

I know I left you, alone too much But now I need you here, my love I never thanked you, enough I could've given you, my love