Sycamore

Saint Etienne

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
I'm thinking of them, I'm thinking of your new green dress
I saw it unfold on my plain near Bepindton Fair
Tall sycamores, your raven hair
I saw it so slow through the tall grass
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
I'm thinking of them, I'm thinking of streams
Through the air the night was so long and dizzy
Let's travel again to fall upon three chimneys
Well, the tower so low, you were mistaken