

If you could ring the sky like a bell,
Even such a sound would never suffice.
If you could bang the world like a drum, it would only
show
It was hollow inside
And your love, it slips behind a little cloud, and your
eyes are veiled-
Is there a medical term for a heart that's been removed?

If you could wring the hours and the days
of all their/your life, I think you would find
that the lovely faces crash like a wave
upon a shore so frozen and white
and as love, it slips behind that little cloud,
the snow is like a feathery down,
when your heart has been removed

And as love departs your life, like silvery birds that
leave the coast,
your eyes are as wild and lifeless as the moon