

On A Sea Of Fleur De Lis

Solas

I adore thee, Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch?
Let me live in the arms of a sorry old elm
Give the gypsy moths a realm of their own
For a postman's fee would I work for thee
From that tree would I swoop down and leave
A billion blue eggs of eternity
And in no time you'd have your own See
Don't just stare, I mean it, really
Hear my prayer, I give it freely
Are you there, fleur de lis?
I adore thee, Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch?
Let me live in the arms of a willow
Fly around not wearing a stitch
For so long has this room been so hollow
We wait at the gate for an echo
In the flesh of your newly cleaned frescoes
Where Jesus holds John to his breast
Wrapped around and rocking slowly
No one bound to be so holy
In your gown of fleur de lis
I adore thee, Mother Mary
But would you change my back to a witch?
As a witch would I love you more than any man
So give a wink, give a nod, give a damn
Be a sport, Mary, and don't tell Dad
He need never know how he's been had
Never you mind about those seven seals

'Cause Daddy was a one-shot deal

One, two, three, it could be that easy

There we'd be, I with my baby

On a sea of fleur de lis

Do re mi, it could be that easy

There we'd be, I with my baby

On a sea of fleur de lis