

Once this man I knew had a lovely song to sing to me
All in three: one-two-wee was the way he sang
With a southern twang, he??
A gentle man, we'd owe him
From his dusty days though, he'd been split four ways
Cut to the bone, left alone too many
It only takes these memories to make me want...sigh...
Ahh...
You wanted to survive, had a notion to explain our way
Pending grey and coldness
Tried to woo him to me but the spell I cast was far too weak
To break him free, who woe him
He had a different dance, he had a different song
He had a different sound to follow home
But he didn't believe it
He did not, bay leaf
He didn't believe it
He did not, bay leaf
He didn't believe it at all
He did not, bay leaf
He didn't believe it
He did not, bay leaf
La la la la la...
Well he didn't believe it
He didn't believe it at all
He did not, bay leaf
He didn't believe it at all
He did not, bay leaf
He didn't believe it
He did not, bay leaf
Made his midnight stand with a pale fist
He took a swing, sight unseen, he suffered
Pulled his lover to him
Made his will about the hands of fate
A bit too late, to save him
When he went back home and his mom would drown and mold
He had a different mood, he had a different style
He opened up his love so wide