

Pale Snow

Suede

Pale are the snowflakes that fall for us
There's one tiny shoe outside in the corridor
Pale are the peonies you grew my love
The colour of your skin
Pale and paper thin

Will you have the courage of your tenderness?
When the wolf is at your door?
Your child against your breast?
Don't tell me that you'll change
Tell me again

And they always get away
It never works out for me
It never happens to me