

## Lover's Day

The Icicle Works

We are seldom fully contented  
We may have this cross to bear  
Where elation meets disaster  
You can always find us there

Yes, our wisdom holds the secret  
Our foolishness the key  
We are architects of innocence  
Delinquents of prestige

Don't hold us down  
Don't cramp our style  
This is lovers' day

We build boats and planes to get here  
Lined them up along the shore  
To cross this sea of emptiness  
Which will bring us to your door

While upstairs in the penthouse  
Tigers paw the velvet suite  
Witness intellect and playfulness  
Now they're filed and obsolete

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