

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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