

Out Of Season

The Icicle Works

Daddy, daddy, I have found the girl that I want to live with
Her eyes are as dark as November when it falls on our village
If I stand on a chair, I can see here house from my bedroom window
She smokes cigarettes, she says its much too late for her to stop now

Listen, do you think that she's right for me
No, stop laughing, c'mon now honestly

Her father regards me with caution as I wait in his library
The scent of tobacco and the silence of the room are inside me

Ask but what's to gain and who am I to say?
I never knew the feeling when it came my way
I'm about as happy as I could be
I really think the spring will bring a change in me

There's something growing out of season
There's something growing out of season
There's something growing out of season
There's something growing out of season

Out of season, out of season