

Orchard of My Eye

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Oh you, you are the orchard of my eye
I couldn't help but recognize
you were standing in my way

And you, dream of rainbows in gray skies
Couldn't help but realize
I feel the way I do

When we fall, we'll fall together in the end,
Please don't tell me I'm your friend
I am not your friend when you call
I'll come stumbling to your side,
and by your side I will stay

They are the goons we shouldn't fear,
Making faces breaking mirrors-
I wish that they'd just stay at home,

But while we're on the outside looking in,
Let's take pleasure while we can-
Because it's coming to a head.

When we fall, we'll fall together in the end,
Please don't tell me I'm your friend
I am not your friend when you call
I'll come stumbling to your side,
And by your side I will stay

... I am much more than your friend.