

Leopold Street

The Paper Kites

You were young, but your eyes were younger still
When you found me there
And you rode down the street watch me work
Building tables and chairs
You wore white, we were married in July
In a church on a hill
And I cried 'cos you looked just like the winter
Dressed in the light

Where do I go?
What do I know now?
With my sweet love gone, with my sweet love gone

With my hands oh I worked the night and day
And I built you a home
And we raised our own children in those walls
Now they're happy and gone
And our yard it was colourful with flowers
That scented the air
And I watches as they slowly died away
When you needed me there

Who do I be?
What do I see now?
With my sweet love gone, with my sweet love gone

You grew old so much faster than I could
And I knew you would go
Laid to rest on a Sunday afternoon
And you left me alone

How do I live?
What do I give now?
With me sweet love gone, with my sweet love gone