

## Budapest

### The Reindeer Section

I cannot dare to look  
At exactly what you took  
I give it time to breath  
And wipe its tears on my sleeve

And it will break my heart  
With every sound it makes on you  
And it's all over dear  
You squeeze my hand and I  
I know it's true

His little hand round my thumb  
Makes me warm and numb  
I hold my breath and smile