

Oh don't speak dirty things (?)
I know you feel like we can go inside
We can talk in private here
Tell me now of how they used to be
But I'm not crazy I'm just a little boy
And you're not crazy you're just a little girl

We can find an old boxcar
In the woods to make our home
We can make a broom of weeds
And brush and sweep daddi's away

We were banned to being small
We can find a place and raise ourselves
You be ill with so much guilt
But we've assume that they got better now
But I'm not crazy I'm just a little boy
And you're not crazy you're just a little girl

We can find an old boxcar
In the woods to make our home
Make a bed of maple leaves
Sleep with doves on the door
On the sill what we need
Keep our milk in the stream
We can make a broom weeds
And brush and sweep daddi's away