

# Final Fantasy, Peach, Plum, Pear

We speak in the store  
I'm a sensitive bore  
You seem markedly more  
And I'm oozing surprise

But it's late in the day  
And you're well on your way  
What was golden went gray  
And I'm suddenly shy

And all the gathering floozies  
Afford to be choosy  
And all sneezing darkly  
In the dimming divide

But I have read the right books  
To interpret your looks  
You were knocking me down  
With the palm of your eye

This is unlike the story  
it was written to be  
You were riding its back  
when it used to ride me

And we were galloping manic  
to the mouth of the source  
we were swallowing panic  
in the face of its force

And I was blue and unwell  
Made me bolt like a horse

Now it's done  
Watch it go  
You've changed some  
Water runs from the snow

Am I so dear  
Do I run rare  
You've changed some  
Peach, plum, pear  
Peach, plum