

Grand National, Cherry Tree

We used to meet on Sundays,
Feet underneath the cherry tree,
Hidden by leaves and branches,
We used to kiss so secretly.

Baptise my fries and capsize into everything,
I stole your berries,
Something to do,
First guise, disguise, contrive, move into everyone,
Quite literally,
I want to move into you.

Disturb your words and return when you're top of the queue,
I need a repeat, i know you do to,
Renegotiate the rate now 'cos I'm leveling out,
I'm in a hurry,
Wanna move into you