

# Hozier, From Eden

Babe, there's something tragic about you  
Something so magic about you  
Don't you agree?

Babe, there's something lonesome about you  
Something so wholesome about you  
Get closer to me

No tired sighs, no rolling eyes, no irony  
No 'who cares', no vacant stares, no time for me

Honey, you're familiar like my mirror years ago  
Idealism sits in prison, chivalry fell on its sword  
Innocence died screaming, honey, ask me I should know  
I slithered here from Eden just to sit outside your door

Babe, there's something wretched about this  
Something so precious about this  
Oh what a sin/where to begin

Babe, there's something broken about  
But I might be open about this  
Oh what a sin

To the strand a picnic plan for you and me  
A rope in hand for your other man to hang from a tree

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