

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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