

Nerina Pallot, Daphne And Apollo

Venus loved Dapne and so did Apollo
So why can't I make myself like a tree?
Why must I burn daily and nightly
When nobody's running - well not after me.
Must I wait, must I pray.
For something good to come my way?

Oh Daphne was stupid! Oh, how could she do it?
How could she turn a prince from her door?
'Cause if you came calling, boy i'd let you in
But you don't come calling, not anymore.
So I wait, and I grow old
When i'm dead, then you'll know.
Do you know?
You know.