

Pretty Things, She's A Lover

She takes the moon and stars
To wear as her disguise.
Then catching cosmic rays
She uses them for eyes.
She's a lover
And you know she's coming through
She's a lover
And you know she's coming through
With warm breezes
She will wipe away the sigh.
In the green folds of her skirt
A tired traveller lies,
She's a lover and you know she's coming through ...
There below the grey stone walls

Behind the hill she waits for you.
Painted on a field of corn
Strange messages she leaves for you.
She sheds her summer dress
Fearing it displeases you
Amid the white silk melting forest
Where she flew.
She's a lover
And you know she's coming through

Across the wooded plains
The wild geese have fled.
Beneath the splintered stones
Her anger seeps through red.
She's a lover and you know she's coming through ...