

# Sixpence None the Richer, Kiss Me

Kiss me, out of the bearded barley  
Lightly, beside the green, green grass  
Swing, swing, swing the spinning step  
You wear those shoes and I will wear that dress

Oh, kiss me beneath the milky twilight  
Lead me out on the moonlit floor  
Lift your open hand  
Strike up the band and make the fireflies dance  
Silver moon's sparkling, so kiss me

Kiss me down by the broken tree house  
Swing me upon its hanging tire  
Bring, bring, bring your flowered hat  
We'll take the trail marked on your father's map

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Lead me out on the moonlit floor  
Lift your open hand  
Strike up the band and make the fireflies dance  
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So kiss me  
So kiss me  
So kiss me  
So kiss me