

Ben Christophers, Before the Winter Parade

Sails her blue eyes over you
savour the springtime of our kiss
souls worn blind by sweetheart cures in
just like lovers do
taste your skin still on my lips
and still I feel you move
the subway darkness will never strike
those sevenths in me again

All along we played down our love
hold onto my heart if we jump

Then you'll be my sweetheart solely
joining long embrace
then you'll be burning my courage
like the holy ghost
just like sweethearts do
at the spring time of their love

Your breath's so warm on my lips
I can almost hear you think
on a freezing cold november
but it's warm in the pools of your eyes

Steel hearts turn to stone
are we clear
how we feel
shall we spill
all that rain on those
steel hearts turn to stone

Just like sweethearts do
at the springtime of their love
just like lovers do