Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, Strange Form Of Life

A strange form of life kicking through windows, rolling on yards
Heading in loved ones, triggering odds
A strange one

And a hard way to come into a cabin, into the weather
Into a path walking together
A hard one

And the softest lips ever, twenty-five years of waiting to kiss them
Smiling and waiting to bend down and kiss twice
The softest lips

And a dark little room across the nation, you found myself racing
Forgetting the strange and the hard and the soft kiss
In the dark room

And a strange form of life kicking through windows, rolling on yards
Heading in loved ones, triggering odds
A strange one