

# Caroline Lavelle, Come To Me

come to me  
while I'm sleeping  
and their wagging tongues  
will not find you my love  
all the while  
they dull  
our lighter souls fuse  
fly and dive my love  
so stamp the night so strong  
that I will remember  
and have it ever after  
come to me  
in my dreaming  
so their wagging tongues  
will not find you my love  
round the corner  
back of hands  
they'll still be talking  
whether or not we'd ever...