

Damien Rice, Accidental Babies

Well I held you like a lover
Happy hands and your elbow in the appropriate place

And we ignored our others, happy plans
For that delicate look upon your face

Our bodies moved and hardened
Hurting parts of your garden
With no room for a pardon
In a place where no one knows what we have done

Do you come
Together ever with him?
And is he dark enough?
Enough to see your light?
And do you brush your teeth before you kiss?
Do you miss my smell?
And is he bold enough to take you on?
Do you feel like you belong?
And does he drive you wild?
Or just mildly free?
What about me?

Well you held me like a lover
Sweaty hands
And my foot in the appropriate place

And we use cushions to cover
Happy glands
In the mild issue of our disgrace

Our minds pressed and guarded
While our flesh disregarded
The lack of space for the light-hearted
In the boom that beats our drum

Well I know I make you cry
And I know sometimes you wanna die
But do you really feel alive without me?
If so, be free
If not, leave him for me
Before one of us has accidental babies
For we are in love

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