

# 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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Enough to see your light?  
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