

Emiliana Torrini, Honeymoon Child

You are true honeymoon child
Conceived on an island in the sun
Heels tugging the white sand
Loved and adored from day one

Raised in a wild space
Between two hearts
With the vines climb trees towards the light
Running naked, dragging a kite
Or dressed on a stream

You bring up the soft side in everyone
We gather like ravens
On a rusty side
Just to watch
Such a little dove
Just to watch
Such a little dove
Fly away

Mr. bones from town said he saw you the other day
He said you changed but he wouldn't say how
Well it can always turn
Yeah, it can always turn
A wind can always turn