

Ephemera, Little Lion

Not safe, not sure
Less than ever before
I cannot put a price on myself

Like a little lion
Trying to catch his tail
I cannot keep on teasing myself

So I'm going over familiar fields
Almost blowing over familiar fields

Comes more easily to me now
Much more easily to me now

So this may be the last words
You will hear from me
I cannot keep on telling lies to myself

So I'm going over familiar fields
Almost blowing over familiar fields

Comes more easily to me now
Much more easily to me now