

Hawksley Workman, Old Bloody Orange

Old bloody orange
There was a time
There was day when we came and went
And the gates they swung to the changes
In the wind
There was a night when
We reached and caught for each other
Oh please say that its not
Its not lost forever
Old fuzzy peach
I know you remember
I came every year till I was older
I lost all my sense
And moved to the city
And look at me now
Im lost and Im broken
Where the good words not spoken
Oh please say Im not
Not lost forever
La la la la
Old sour grape
Tell me a story
Of two naked lovers out testifying
Beating their drums on salty coastlines
Of blood and their tears
Hailed down from the heavens
By the virtues of their bodies
Theyre trying to make it last
Make it last forever