

# 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