

# Kings Philosopher, Charms

Sleep my love  
Dream warm and hard and true  
In pieces  
In colors  
In a cloud of awkward blue

Hold my hand  
Feel the things you tell no man  
Move through you  
So easy  
It's a knife that cuts me through

And you bring me your charms  
In the cool of your soft little hands  
In the heat of your legs and your arms  
You bring me your charms

In my arms  
In the circle of my arms  
My baby  
My lover  
It is warm and hard and true

When you bring me your charms  
In the cover of our evening sheets  
In the twist of our legs and our arms  
You bring me your charms

In my arms  
In the circle of my arms  
With my baby  
My lover  
That is warm and hard and true

When you bring me your charms  
In the cover of your evening sheets  
In the twist of your legs and your arms  
You bring me your charms

Oh you bring me your charms  
You bring me your charms  
Ohh you bring me your charms  
You bring me your charms and your charms  
You bring me your charms  
You bring me your charms  
You bring me your charms  
You bring me your charms  
And your charms and your charms