

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