

Merril Bainbridge, Blindfolded

It's not usual
To mix the pleasure with the pain
It's not usual for me
This is so familiar
We're like oil and water
Maybe there's some relief here
In a corner of the day
In the afternoon
I feel so very strange
Like I'm walking on the moon
And if love flies past your eyes blindfolded
Know when to run and when to catch and hold it
It's not usual
To mix the pleasure with the pain
It's not usual for me
And it's not so peculiar to find
The strength in something weak
Not so peculiar to me
In the corner of my mind
In a quiet place
Remembering a smile
An expression on your face
And if love flies past your eyes blindfolded
Know when to run and when to catch and hold it