

Pedro The Lion, I Do

And when his tiny head emerged from hair and folds of skin
I thought to myself if he only knew he would climb right back in
I do

Now that my blushing bride has done what she was born to do
It's time to bury dreams and raise a son to live vicariously through

The sperm swims for the egg

The finger for the ring

If I could take one back

I know what it would be