Peter Murphy, Big Love Of A Tiny Fool

Stepping on the road he made his way
To the stellar far land of his desire
Singing strange and crazy by the day
Like all the pretty things he once admired
Singing pretty like a bird
Singing pretty like a high class fool
Big love of a tiny fool

All that he loved was yet to be
As he threw that starry look into his crowd
A holy seer without a holy book
Such easy meat for the hunting hounds
Sang the key of minor sonnet
That he got from the Major Cool
Big love of a tiny fool

He'll make it he'll deliver
Don't forget it he's all heart
Beauty innocence
Fire without a spark
He'll make it he'll deliver
Don't forget it it's all heart
Beauty innocence
Fire without a spark

Sitting pretty like a bird
Sitting pretty like a high class fool
Big love of a tiny fool

He'll make it he'll deliver
Don't forget it he's all heart
Beauty innocence
Fire without a spark
He'll make it he'll deliver
Don't forget it it's all heart
Beauty innocence
Fire without a spark

('Sen ' means 'You' in Turkish)