

# Son, Ambulance, The Anonymous

Oh!

The anonymous author of days will pass by you like a stranger in the waves  
But he is secretly impressed at your failure to try

Oh yeah

Oh yeah

Well, our arms are shivering branches

When they dance it's a cool, cool breeze

But I must turn my step before I get into a trap

'Cause you know I love being near you

Buy I can't hold my breath long enough and still be where you dream

I'm always ticking and talking but the woman she needs her sleep

I don't regret the times that we spent

Paperboys come abrupt and break the news to men

Pour blessings on the child

Wasn't that your intention?

I promise you

I promise you I won't leave you - oh, no, no, no

I will be here, here, here

Like a bow on a string

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