## Swan Lake, Nubile Days

And the hordes will take them in But we cling to another We dream of another.

Nubile days are the days that stay They stay on the hunter's face But we cling to another thing We dream of another thing.

Bless my soul there's an old soul with no Badges on his wing.

Makes it okay to sing:

LA LA LA LA

(It's the way that you sing to me)

Bless my soul there's an old soul With no badges on his wing.

Makes it okay to sing:

Whoa whoa whoa