

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