

Terence Trent D'Arby, The Birth Of Maudie

Breaths by the Shore
But the wind you're defying
Deaths at your door
And you're not even crying
Be wherever your wrecked Chrysler Chrome
You will find a much nicer home
Maudie my dear

Peddle no more
An accuser said lying
I settled the score
Though a loser for trying
Though I never knew most of her ways
What I knew made most of my days
Maudie my dear

Crossbones & Roses
Are good for the soul
The poets of heaven
You're soon to behold
Cast cross the fountain
To me while I'm grieving
What is your reason for leaving?
(Back to 1st verse)