

Wild Animal Party, Those Things (older version)

There is nothing on your finger.
I swear there'll be one day.
Don't let my dreams destroy you.
Try to love me anyway.

Can we keep this an adventure?
Your hand in mine we pray.
Keep your tennis shoes close, dear,
If we ever run away.

We've got so much time to do those things.

One day we'll have a child.
He'll be our pride and joy.
We'll do all not to abandon.
He's our baby boy.