

# Youth Group, Sicily

Babe, let's move to Sicily  
Just you and me  
and the mediterranean sea.

I work on a scallop boat  
that would keep us afloat  
the sun would burn my throat.

You lie beneath the shade  
writing songs all day  
into the summer haze,  
and in the evening  
we go stealing  
out beneath different stars.  
Night would hold us  
and gently fold us  
we'd lose our minds  
in tiny bars.

We never argue  
'cause with just us two  
there'd be no point to.  
They need a surgeon  
'cause in this version  
we become one person.

And in the evening  
we go stealing  
out beneath different stars.  
The night would hold us,  
and gently fold us,  
we'd lose our minds  
in tiny bars