

Young Legs

Anthony Green

I can't believe that it's true
But I mean every word I said to you
Rolling around in our burn hole
I felt something I haven't felt before
I can't believe I was there

Stout little fingers running all through my hair
Scratching up the walls of our cave
Oh, how I wish I had stayed
We could have seen everything in blue
Oh, I think that you know the truth

What did you see, Martha Lee?
Tell me, sick love child drunken with lust
What did you see in that dream?
Besides young legs
[X3]