

Song for a Nun

Elysian Fields

I mean no
Disrespect
But you're beautiful
In your habit
You're a mystery
So inscrutable
I can't read your expression
I can't read your expression
Do you need some direction
Like a child
I can't read your expression

Is it one of affection
If you need a confession
I'm beguiled
Now it's raining
And you're praying
For some soul to keep
I can't prove it
But I'd swear that
You were looking at me