

# Anonymity

Josh Abbott Band

And the breeze plays with her hair  
And the sun flirts  
Persuading her to loosen her skirts  
If the grass is our comfort  
Then the clouds are security  
I wanna lay with her in this anonymity

And the flowers in the fields  
They grow jealous and bold  
You're the petal and the stem  
Too beautiful to hold  
If your soul is a Julietta rose  
Your body is the face  
Those curves, a river I wanna chase

Shower me with your tales and your stories  
Eagerly I hang on to every word  
If the night interrupts us with a veil of darkness  
The moon will rescue our loneliness  
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