

A Private Place

Mystery Jets

I don't need an explanation where there isn't one
Whales and cubs in motion relentlessly rolling along
Dear Marley, this cloud could well be the making of us
Oh Marley, a shadow is over you

She brushed her hair, smiled and said
"I'm getting ready for myself"
In the duster room, was growing
Thought there was a rain bug somewhere else

Dear Marley, this cloud could well be the making of us
Oh Marley, a shadow is over you
And I will follow you, and I will carry you when you fall
I will follow you and I will carry you when you fall

I will follow you and I will carry you when you fall
I will follow you and I will carry you

Dear Marley, this cloud could well be the making of us
Oh Marley, a shadow is over you
Her face became a private place wherein she went to weep
And we pain is the hidden spring of the inner utmost thing

Dear Marley, this cloud could well be the making of us
Oh Marley, a shadow is over you
And I will follow you, and I will carry you when you fall
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