

All These Walking Thoughts

Roo Panes

I feel like I'm fire
Don't say another word
Seems the more exquisite love
And the more exquisite hurt
Oh, I could live a lifetime
Trying to understand and learn
But some things are too damn deep
To make sense of, girl
Ah, ah

Well, I've learnt the saplings sweet
Where the gentle songbird sings
Then there's a blood-red paradox
At the bloody heart of things
And all these walking thoughts
Oh, darling, I can't shake them free
I wish that they were you
Walking into me

Darling, please, please, please
Would you follow me, please, please, please?
Would you follow me down this street?
Would you follow me, please?

Well, maybe I'm just proud
I never learnt to turn around
And I know that table well
It just devours its devout
But I'm already leaving [?]
Do you feel the irony?
You may have slipped the knife
But I can be the end of me

Darling, please, please, please
Would you follow me, please, please, please?
Would you follow me down this street?
Would you follow me, please?
Darling, please, please, please
Would you follow me, please, please, please?
Would you follow me down this street?
Would you follow me?