

Sun through the curtains,
I gave you a sign,
The birds were all quiet,
You were so quiet,

Some hear a call,
Some are the messengers,
I thumb through the pictures,
And know them all.

They said, "Do you remember when you saw her last"
I said, "Her skin is cinnamon,
Her skin is cinnamon."

I have too many stories, keeping it serious,
Some are collectors, some keep it straight,
It was a hospital,
I was delirious,
I clung to the stretcher
And drew them a heart.

Two gondolas to carry us,
Grand Via was hilarious,
St. Paul was there to marry us,
We lied, "We're already married!"

'cause here's proof: we have suntans,
And I spoke up with my new hands,
Listen to my car,
What is it telling us?
Start... please start, please start.

Is it spring where you are?
I waited all winter
Chasing the lamp cords back to the wall,
It's a plausible scenario:
I clung the stretcher,
I drew them a heart.