

Shapes

Henry Green

Rice won't grow at home
And the Moon doesn't favor girls
 Giant fork and spoon
 Is a sign that the game is on
 You know Karate now?
 From a show?
 When two of the raiders come
I'm counting on you to throw more than shapes
 Men now don't fight with swords
 But I would be good
 I'd cut you not just with words
 Cut you not just with words
 So you melt chocolate hearts
 Well I can forestall the Sun
 When two of the raiders come
I'm counting on you to throw more than shapes
 Angels rush in where I fear to tread
 Secrets, secrets, damn your secrets
 So you melt chocolate hearts
 Well I can forestall the Sun
 When two of the raiders come
I'm counting on you to throw more than shapes
 Just so you know
 It's all I'm waiting for

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