Araby

Reivers

(the reivers)It is worth the admission
"oh my love" fogs up the glass
I look on, in a window
"oh my love" fogs up the glass.On rainy days I wonder what's behind the veil
And I feel your breath upon my mouth,And I press my heart into your hand,
It's my gift from araby.We can move and be trusted,
But what is it that you want?
It is not what they think,
Yeah what is it that you want?They look down on me and they smile forever,
But I know that love will kill that prideAnd I press my heart into your hand
It's my gift from araby.Listen to what you're saying,
You know nothing of my love,
And if it all comes down to what you say
You know nothing of my love.And looking up into the dark I find it there,
And I feel my breath upon my mouth,And I press my heart into your hand
It's my gift from araby.

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