

# Pan

## Mist Season

I knew you'd starve in heaven and I'd pray for your release  
There's an angel at my table and a devil up my sleeve  
With nothing on, nothing but a smile  
With nothing on, nothing but a smile

I knew your prize was empty  
And that they're waiting on your need  
Piano white and wide and empty  
I don't even want to know what that means

Why do you wanna know?  
You're still nothing but a child  
Why do you wanna know?  
You're still nothing but a child

Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
If it comes back to me, my love  
Will it come back to me for long?

He'll not answer to your bidding  
I just buried him last night  
I'm still trying to force another  
Needle in the camel's eye

Why do you wanna know?  
You're still nothing but a child  
Why do you wanna know?  
You're still nothing but a child

Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
Will it come back to me?  
If it came back to me, my love  
Will it come back to me for long?

Oh, girl, you ought to know

You are still nothing but a child  
You can't satisfy my heart  
Of its so called desire

You are nothing but a child

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