

Pi

Big Deal

Painted, wide
With the moon in your eyes Safe from harm
In the clouds, in your arms No fog, no fate
No words conceal
You're magic and you're real Holy wounds and holy ones We can let it slide Meet me under cartoon skys
and we'll float for a while You heal me with a smile
send shivers down my spine Is it true?
Could you be mine? Lights out
I finally see you clear
So cool, so calm, so near
No fate, no words conceal
You're magic and you're real

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