

# Details

## Chiwawa

How did I find you?  
Did I remind you of the boy at the Louvre?  
Watching you move  
I don't know, for five hundred years  
Out of the furnace into the forest  
And the harvest of my youth  
Tell me the truth  
Do you, does anyone, anymore?  
I've come to believe if a man does his deeds  
While he's missing wine  
He's already died, he's already died  
A hundred times  
Did you remember seven Septembers of sacred rendezvous?  
Spryhanding only for you  
Do you remember tipping the vendor and how we used to goof?  
Spryhanding only for you  
And my fear and my pride, the shadow inside  
With a note on the door and a card on the floor  
About a hundred times before  
First it was nearly, then it was barely  
And now it seems pretty far  
When you were tipsy  
I was a wizard with a silver star  
Will spare the details of the rocks and the nails  
The times that I've lied can't lay down tonight  
I've already tried a hundred times  
I will spare the details of the rocks and the nails  
And the times that I've lied can't lay down tonight  
I've already tried a hundred times

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