

# Accidental Babies

[Damien Rice](#)

Well, I held you like a lover, happy hands  
Your elbow in the appropriate place  
And we ignored our others, happy plans  
For that delicate look upon your face  
Our bodies moved and hardened  
Hurting parts of your garden  
With no room for a pardon  
In a place where no one knows what we have done  
Do you come together ever with him?  
And is he dark enough, enough to see your light?  
And do you brush your teeth before you kiss?  
Do you miss my smell? And is he bold enough to take you on?  
Do you feel like you belong?  
And does he drive you wild or just mildly free?  
What about me? Well, you held me like a lover, sweaty hands  
And my foot in the appropriate place  
And we use cushions to cover, happy glands  
In the mild issue of our disgrace  
Our minds pressed and guarded  
While our flesh disregarded  
The lack of space for the light-hearted  
In the boom that beats our drum  
And I know I make you cry  
I know sometimes you wanna die  
But do you really feel alive without me?  
If so, be free, if not, leave him for me  
Before one of us has accidental babies  
For we are in love  
Do you come together ever with him?  
And is he dark enough, enough to see your light?  
And do you brush your teeth before you kiss?  
Do you miss my smell? And is he bold enough to take you on?  
Do you feel like you belong?  
And does he drive you wild or just mildly free?  
What about me? What about me?

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