

Wheatfields

Brett Anderson

Outside the wind is raging, blowing the Wheatfields away
And now the game is changing, and now the rules are thrown away
And the cards are turning, and my mouth is dry
As her dress is falling before my eyes, my eyes
My eyes And now the hands are turning, and now the clocks are changing
Beauty is on the mattress, lifting the patterns from her skin
And the clothes are falling, and her breast is mine
And her skin is holy, like the sky, like the sky
The sky And the clothes are falling, and our mouths are dry
And our skin is holy, like the sky, like the sky
The sky Outside the wind is raging, blowing the Wheatfields away
And now the game is changing, and now the rules are thrown away
And now the rules are thrown away

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