Details

Nervous_testpilot

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 yearsOut 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 timesDid 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 youAnd my fear and my pride, the shadow inside
With a note on the door and a card on the floor
About a hundred times beforeFirst it was nearly, then it was barely
And now it seems pretty far
When you were tipsy
I was a wizard with a silver starWill 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 timesI 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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