SICILY

KAZURAMOS

Babe, let's move to Sicily
Just you and me
and the Mediterranean sea.I work on a scallop boat
that would keep us afloat
the sun would burn my throat.You lie beneath the shade
writing songs all day
into the summer haze,
and in the evening
we go stealing
out beneath different stars.
Night would hold us
and gently fold us
we'd lose our minds
in tiny bars.We never argue
'cause with just us two
there'd be no point to.
They need a surgeon
'cause in this version
we become one person.And in the evening
we go stealing
out beneath different stars.
The night would hold us,
and gently fold us,
we'd lose our minds
in tiny bars

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