

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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