

# Strange Form of Life

## Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

A strange form of life kicking through windows, rolling on yards  
Heading in loved ones, triggering odds  
A strange one And a hard way to come into a cabin, into the weather  
Into a path walking together  
A hard one And the softest lips ever, twenty-five years of waiting to kiss them  
Smiling and waiting to bend down and kiss twice  
The softest lips And a dark little room across the nation, you found myself racing  
Forgetting the strange and the hard and the soft kiss  
In the dark room

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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