

NEULORE

Oh, tell me my only son  
Oh, tell me please what you've done  
And why you run away from me  
And why you hide beneath a tree  
Shed your flesh while I was gone  
What you once were I held in palm  
But how did all this come to be  
When you and him and her make three  
How did all this come to be  
When you and him and her make three  
So bear your teeth and raise your glass  
What you once were is now evolved  
Son my lovely tapped tree  
Well, you and him and her make three  
Oh, you and him and her make three x6  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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