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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 treeShed 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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