

Field of Reeds

These New Puritans

Fa-di-da, Annotatefa-di-da
You asked if the islands
Would float away
If the stars run through me
Like a river, like the air
I said, "Yes"
La-di-da, la-di-da
I am in the wrong place
So I will go away
Sail to me, sail to me

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

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