

Complete or Completing

Annals

Well, I know
I ain't spoken of love in a coon's age
But I can't help it now
Just helping myself to whatever I can

I chose the softest kind of dove
To chase around, to place bound and stout
In a pose of arrogance and loneliness
Of cleanliness

Silence all the clocks tonight
It's show time, with drinks to spill
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds
To send you back home with peace of mind

Well, I pace myself when marching
Because I tangle up my legs if I don't
Slow down and look at my woman
Remember that everything is round, complete or completing

Silence all the clocks tonight
It's show time, with drinks to spill
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds
To send you back home with peace of mind

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