

ç-''æî^

Chyi Yu

Babes in the woods, walking through snow.
Big bad wolf, at the window.
Not much choice in the matter now.
Some must lead, and some must follow.

And touch can mean distance to some people.
And touch can mean a prison or be like a cage.
I always thought that life could be more simple.
Especially in this day and age.

They got the time, they got the need.
The world is getting weird.
The wolf is running free, but that's another story.
This is their story.

Babes in the woods, eager and free.
Soft as the pollen beneath them.
Wet to the skin, from their own hard glow.
No more wolf at the window.

Touch can mean a distance to some people.
And touch can mean a all new forever and a day.
If only life could be more simple,
Especially in this day and age.

They got the time, they got the need.
The world is getting weird.
The wolf is running free, but that's another story.
This is their story.

But touch can be a blessing to other people.
And touch can bring blossoms to things that decay.
I think that life should be that simple.
Especially in this day and age.

They got the time, they got the need.
The world is getting weird.
The wolf is running free, but that's another story.
This is, this is, this is their story.

Lyrics submitted by pat barone.

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