

Strange Form of Life

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

A strange form of life kicking through windows, rolling on yards
Heading in loved ones, triggering odds
A strange one And a hard way to come into a cabin, into the weather
Into a path walking together
A hard one And the softest lips ever, twenty-five years of waiting to kiss them
Smiling and waiting to bend down and kiss twice
The softest lips And a dark little room across the nation, you found myself racing
Forgetting the strange and the hard and the soft kiss
In the dark room And a strange form of life kicking through windows, rolling on yards
Heading in loved ones, triggering odds
A strange one

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