Gentle Beast

Milagres

Loved a girl when I was twelve.
From a book everything's in,
To wide rule, pages in pen.
And I saved each note,
In an old box.So one day I could read them again,
But I'll never feel the way that I felt.It's like the wolves' howl out at the wind.
They know there's nothing to kill,
And no mate to win.
And when the snow comes,
The beast puts himself to bed.(noises)People here keep me afraid.
I'll never say what I should say.
Not in this paved up ghetto yard,
All chicken-boned, subway cars.
She saved my teeth,
In a glass jar.One day I will see you again,
But I'll never feel the way that I feltIt's like the wolves' howl out at the wind.
They know there's nothing to kill,
And no mate to win.
And when the snow comes,
The beast puts himself to bed.
(repeated)

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