Accidental Babies

Damien Rice

Well, I held you like a lover, happy hands
Your elbow in the appropriate place
And we ignored our others, happy plans
For that delicate look upon your face
Our bodies moved and hardened
Hurting parts of your garden
With no room for a pardon
In a place where no one knows what we have done
Do you come together ever with him?
And is he dark enough, enough to see your light?
And do you brush your teeth before you kiss?
Do you miss my smell?
And is he bold enough to take you on?
Do you feel like you belong?
And does he drive you wild or just mildly free?
What about me?
Well, you held me like a lover, sweaty hands
And my foot in the appropriate place
And we use cushions to cover, happy glands
In the mild issue of our disgrace
Our minds pressed and guarded
While our flesh disregarded
The lack of space for the light-hearted
In the boom that beats our drum
And I know I make you cry
I know sometimes you wanna die
But do you really feel alive without me?
If so, be free, if not, leave him for me
Before one of us has accidental babies
For we are in love
Do you come together ever with him?
And is he dark enough, enough to see your light?
And do you brush your teeth before you kiss?
Do you miss my smell?
And is he bold enough to take you on?
Do you feel like you belong?
And does he drive you wild or just mildly free?
What about me? What about me?

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