Teeth In The Grass

Our Endless Numbered Days

And when you give me your clothes
And when we're lovers at last
Fresh air, perfume in your nose
There will be teeth in the grassAnd when you give me your house
When we're all brothers at last
There will be food in our mouths
There will be teeth in the grassAnd when there's nothing to want
When we're all brilliant and fast
When all tomorrow's are gone
There will be teeth in the grass

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