

Aaron Neville "Arianne"

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Arianne is april morning, that comes rippling through
my window.
She's the smell of coffee brewing, on a quiet, rainy
sunday.
She's the purring of a kitten,
that has made my neck a pillow for his head.
Arianne is silly music that my father used to whistle.
She's the new leaf on a fire
that I had given up last winter
And what writers have to feel like when they suddenly
discover they've been read.
Arianne is momma's crystal bread that's nearly
finished baking
She's a rainbow in a puddle
and the happiest birthday
she's a'goin out on friday and a'comin back on monday
with a tan.
Arianne is made of feelings so I milk her of her kisses
And I swallow up her breathing and I taste her where
she love me
And I'm filled to overflowing but there's always room
for more Arianne

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