

## **Ben Christophers**

# **"Before The Winter Parade"**

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Sails her blue eyes over you  
Savour the springtime of our kiss  
Souls worn blind by sweetheart cures in  
Just like lovers do  
Taste your skin still on my lips  
And still I feel you move  
The subway darkness will never strike  
Those sevenths in me again  
All along we played down our love  
Hold onto my heart if we jump  
Then you'll be my sweetheart solely  
Joining long embrace  
Then you'll be burning my courage  
Like the holy ghost  
Just like sweethearts do  
At the spring time of their love  
Your breath's so warm on my lips  
I can almost hear you think  
On a freezing cold november  
But it's warm in the pools of your eyes  
Steel hearts turn to stone  
Are we clear  
How we feel  
Shall we spill  
All that rain on those  
Steel hearts turn to stone  
Just like sweethearts do  
At the springtime of their love  
Just like lovers do

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