

David Pajo "Icicles"

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Tis the season to be vulnerable
And loosen up your mind
The frost is forming on your dreams
Icicles on your thoughts of me
If it makes you happy go your way
I saw a skeleton in the photograph
I know that face so well
I guess the memories go on and on and on
If it makes you happy go your way
I was leaning in the doorway
Waking up to hit the ground
I was hoping that you'd come around
If it makes you happy go your way
I am the architect the father of man
An offering of grace
Though the creature has long since passed
O not my love
If it makes you happy go your way

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