

De Rosa

"Hopes And Little Jokes"

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I am the reader in the church
I am the silver in the birch
You talk of post then raid the past
And set the record spinning fast

A perfect cast across the stream
That flows through your recurring dream

Save only hopes and little jokes
And collapse away
That building collapsed the other day

I'm the believer in the book, a point of light
Afraid to look at what you drew me on the bed
Our form becoming line instead
I spin it fast across the lake
And sing the lament at the wake

Save only hopes and little jokes
And collapse the way
That building collapsed the other day

Oh baby, oh my baby
Oh baby, oh my love
My baby, oh my baby
My baby, oh my God

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