

Fransisca London

"Hallam Foe Dandelion"

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Breeze blows from treetops to tease sensation
wonder in your imagination
wondering where she can be
it feels so cold as you go when you leave
you're a dandelion blown on the breeze
wondering where you could be
the *whispers* the wind up
she whispers and into the air we fly
so fly oh dandelion fly
yes it's time
it's time for you to fly
oooh
You watch them for hours
from slates and clock towers
the *lines* below
but your life is *other*
and lovers and mothers oh wooh wooh
breeze blows from rooftops to your destination
trapped in your imagination
she's all you can see
black *lock hearted* you miss her
oh god how you miss her so
hallam foe oh dandelion grow
yes it's time dandelion fly

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