

Icicle Works "Out Of Season"

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(McNabb)

Daddy, daddy,
I have found the girl that I want to live with,
Her eyes are as dark as November
When it falls on our village,
If I stand on a chair
I can see here house from my bedroom window,
She smokes cigarettes,
She says it's much too late for her to stop now,

Listen do you think that she's right for me,
No, stop laughing, c'mon now honestly...

Her father regards me with caution
As I wait in his library,
The scent of tobacco
And the silence of the room are inside me,

Ask but what's to gain,
And what am I to say,
I never knew the feeling when it came my way,
I'm about as happy as I could be,
I really think the Spring will bring
A change in me,

There's something growing out of season

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