

Kotipelto

"Peachlight"

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I'm a pied piper in peachlight,
A regular bright white eye of the night sighter,
I'm a quite quiet garden light lighter,
I'm a can't retire plight sigher,
They moonlight in sad fleets,
I'm a crunchy murderer on a black beach,
And these ones bow like pot pourri,
Broken up and smoldering,
I can see you now,
Christ knows how,
And Christ knows why,
There is absolutely nothing,
In my honest mind,
You annoy me more than anything,
I'm a brand new boy,
I've got all these things to play with,
It's a hollow laugh,
It must be,
I'll take the hat trust me,
Not more excuses now,
Your elements are all around you,
Everything aligns,
All the runway lights,
Stretch beyond the runway mouth,
The conditions are right,
But suspicion is rife,
And you ponder your position,
In the middle of the night,
And these ones bow like pot pourri,
Broken up and smoldering,
I can see you now,
Christ knows how,
And Christ knows why,
There is absolutely nothing,
In my honest mind,
You annoy me more than anything,
I'm a brand new boy,
I've got all these things to play with,
It's a hollow laugh,
It must be,
I'll take the hat trust me.

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