

Marty Willson-Piper **"Soft Murder"**

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Softly softly I take you away
Over a hill to a place far away
As soon as you knew you were going away
You packed up a subtle green bag
And skipped into a dream
Softly softly I arrive with you
I have no idea what to do with you
Surrounded by people who stare at you
You unpacked your subtle green bag
And fell into the pockets of the porters
Softly softly you've spoken to me
Softly softly you've found a way
Softly softly you've turned my bed
Into a battleground of lust
Ah must you softly softly
Softly softly I comb my hair
I turn around and you comb your hair
Every question sitting there
You reached into your subtle green bag
And brushed away the day

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