

The Judea "Little I"

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Who are you little I
You throw your dreams in blue
Open fingers blooming flowers from a love so true

The perfect way to end the day
October sun runs gently on the plain
Watch the trains fly
Whisper wave goodbye

We give ourselves in innocence
The young city let us in
We feel our lives begin at seventeen

You are adorned of all things sweet
Far beyond far beyond complete
But feel a little old for seventeen

The paint by number begs me number two
But it could never see you as I do
Silky Sensual
I will paint you blue

You lick your lips and slowly tease your hair
Drink your glass of wine
You fake your innocence
And fool me every time

We give ourselves in innocence
The young city let us in
We feel our lives begin at seventeen

You are adorned of all things sweet
Far beyond far beyond complete
But feel a little old for seventeen

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