

## Evaline

### "Delicates"

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Say it, say it, say it..  
Say what you want

I can tell you like suffering  
I can tell you like war  
I can tell you like suffering and war  
I can tell you like suffering and war

A hand of despair, a breath of defeat,  
No suprise youre still listening  
To the ravenous tongue of the newspaper scene, with  
despair comes longing.  
Son uncover your eyes, there's an accident near,  
With the morning's gray light uncovers a sick  
morning's suprise  
...it's a beautiful baby boy, it's a beautiful baby boy..

Spinning in towels, for hours and hours.  
April brings the shower as May flowers.  
May flowers.

As i close the door, turn up the heat. feel you wait  
transcend, slip with the degree  
of your loneliness, and all of your defeat.

You're so bitter and broken.  
It's a beautiful baby boy, it's a beautiful baby boy..

Spinning in towels, for hours and hours.  
April brings the shower as May flowers.  
May flowers.  
Bitter and broken  
The answer's in the oven. Won't you reach them for  
me?  
Just a bit further you'll see, you'll see it

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