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Philosopher Kings "Charms"

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Sleep, my love Dream warm and hard and true In pieces, in colors In a cloud of awkward blue

Hold, my hand I feel the things you tell no man Move through you, so easy It's a knife that cuts me through

And you bring me your charms In the cool of your soft little hands In the heat of your legs and your arms You bring me your charms

In, my arms In the circle of my arms You're my baby, my lover That is warm and hard and true

When you bring me your charms In the cover of our evening sheets In the twist of our legs and our arms You bring me your charms

In, my arms In the circle of my arms You're my baby, my lover That is warm and hard and true

When you bring me your charms In the cover of our evening sheets In the twist of our legs and our arms Oh, you bring me your charms

Oh, you bring me your charms Oh, you bring me your charms Oh, you bring me your charms

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