

Philosopher Kings "Charms"

Visit "[Charms](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

....

