

## Motopony

### "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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