

## The Icicle Works

### "Lover's Day"

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(McNabb)

We are seldom fully contented,  
We may have this cross to bear,  
Where elation meets disaster,  
You can always find us there,  
Yes our wisdom holds the secret,  
Our foolishness the key,  
We are architects of innocence,  
Delinquents of prestige,  
Don't hold us down, don't cramp our style,

This is lovers' day

We build boats and planes to get here,  
Lined them up along the shore,  
To cross this sea of emptiness,  
Which will bring us to your door,  
While upstairs in the penthouse,  
Tigers paw the velvet suite,  
Witness intellect and playfulness,  
Now they're filed and obsolete,  
Don't hold us down, don't cramp our style,

This is lovers' day

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