

Tom Billington "Poppy Seed Heart"

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So, you're just an embryo,
Somewhere in the darkness, for all I know.
You could be the farthest star,
A billion miles in my car.

Little buster, you're just a cluster of cells;
And I'd go nine rounds with the hounds of hell
Just to have you safely in my arms.

Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)
Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)

I sing to you in chorded tones.
Till you're on the outside, I'm pickin' up stones
We can skim across the lake.
Oh, Tom, for goodness' sakes...

You're no more than an idea with which we ran;
(Ooooh)
And I'll see you pretty soon, if all goes to plan. (Oooo-
ooh)
And I've yet to say hello and play my part.

Just don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)
Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)
Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)
Please don't break my poppy seed heart. (Please don't
break my poppy seed heart.)

For you these words seem to write themselves,
(Woooo-ooooh)
And that's never occurred for anything else. (Woooo-
ooooh)
And I've yet to say hello and play my part.

Just don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)

Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)

Don't break my poppy seed heart. (Don't break my
poppy seed heart.)

Please don't break my poppy seed heart. (Please don't
break my poppy seed heart.)

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