

Maria Doyle Kennedy

"Swoon"

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He carries his love in jam jars
You are bound to meet him soon
And if he offers a sip to your stony lips
You,ld probably swoon

Because his love is like
A piece of the moon

He brings his love in carrier baskets
He might leave one at your door
And while you,re wondering what you did to deserve it
You,ll probably swoon

Because his love is like
a piece of the moon

His love is like a piece of the moon

He shows his love in sustenance
He might whisper as you sleep
And afraid that you,ll probably forget him
He,ll gently mock your weeping

Because his love is like
a piece of the moon

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