

Oh the sweetest spot
When it's gone, it's gone
Don't make me suffer for that
Just to love me
A final dividend

Between the hurt and the tell of song
Between the flesh and the fondest wrong
There is a gardless state
Where the real and the dream may consummate

Oh the sweetest spot
When it's gone, it's gone
Don't make me suffer for that
Just to love me
A final dividend

Between the wound and end
Between the break and the mend
Between the world and the get
Between bone dry and the dripping wet

It's in the holy ghost of air
Between two hands held in prayer
There is a gardless state
Where the real and the dream may consummate

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When it's gone, it's gone
Don't make me suffer for that
Just to love me
A final dividend