

Chorus Of May

Beatenberg

It's not the chorus of may
It's not the chorus of love
It's not the god that I pray to
It's not so easy to say
What I've been dreaming of
But I'll try to find a way to

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It's not the chorus of love
It's not the god that I pray to
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No, it's not a wall
It's just a hedge
And every time I fall
Another ledge
And every time I climb
Another stair
I reach another view
Of prickly pears

And when you want me to sing
I want to shout
I try go with the flow
But there's a drought
And now the only way
Is one that hurts
And then, ah well
It might not even work

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Not the chorus, not the chorus of may
Not the chorus, not the chorus of may
Not the chorus, not the chorus of may
Not the chorus, not the chorus, not the chorus of may

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