

Tall Man

Bedouine

The tall man with dull eyes
He does what he likes
He don't think twice or compromise
Is it so bad to be with someone like me?
I'm soft to the touch
Don't ask for much

He tried, but he laughed 'til he cried
Circling words, him and I, 'til we tangled our lines

First thing in the morning
The last thing at night
I tried to imagine he wouldn't mind
And someone else watching him gently sleep
In summer [?]

He tried, but he laughed 'til I cried
Circling words, near and far, 'til we tangled our lines