

Brambling

Big Big Train

She will always be the first,
And so you will never forget.
She is a thorn to pierce
Your tender heart.
And this wound that hurt you so
Is the hurt you need to grow.
Cry.

Hungrily tasting her berry-stained lips,
You're planting your kisses right there.
Rise up before her now,
She holds you in her hands.
Brings you from pattern to blue,
In her you'll drown.
And this wound that hurt you so
Is the hurt you need to grow.
Cry.

The thorn upon the rose.
The boy becomes a man.
Although she is the first,
He'll not be the last.
And this wound that hurt you so
Is the hurt you need to grow.