

## Child's Play

Black

We walked on out to the tip of the sound  
And we rolled in the surf like seals there  
And she sang songs to the dolphins and whales  
That moved through the deep water

We laughed we run we tumble over each other, sprawl in the long  
grass  
And you touched my hand and I wept like I was in heaven

Tremaine was born on the 5th of July  
And she grew like a wild flower  
Plays with love as a dangerous game  
Runs deep as the still water

She runs she laughs she twists inside of herself to land where  
she ought to  
Because from on your back you can see straight up into heaven

New York in fall - Paris in the springtime  
All the different places we could go - revolving like the backd  
rop of a show  
If I couldn't live without you

To be standing in the places I didn't want to go  
Looking at the faces I never though I would know  
Clearing of the lines for her to step in to  
Thinking of the things that it might mean to you

Then we walked on out to the tip of the sound  
Walk on out to the tip of the sound