

Without A Name

Lady Lamb

I knew it was you by the broadness of your shoulders
Saw you walking down the road, facing away from me, just a couple years older
How strange to want to tell you everything and nothing all at once

Wouldn't it be nice to be outside of time?
Flying kites deep into no night
Until no sun shines its light through everyone
Holy skin when heartbreak don't have a place
Without a name for it

When we take our time
When we take our time
When we take our time
And throw it by the wayside
When we take our time
When we take our time
When we take our time
And throw it by the wayside

Wouldn't it be grand to hold your hand
Out in the snow and not feel how cold it all is?
'Cause cold feels like a kiss without a name for it