

As Love

Lisa Mitchell

I came back here to start something
I let everything die, die, die
You were everything
You were all the fucking colours
But you didn't care about such things

And I met you in the Spring of my life
You were as crazy as I
And the fields the blooming
The streets were bursting with hues
And we, we didn't care about such things
As love

As love
As love
As love

And now the sun's high in Melbourne town
And I've been long out the ground now
And you've only grown more handsome
Do you care about such things
As love?

As love
As love
As love