

Under An Old Umbrella

Marissa Nadler

Say hello to the sea
Or to the lonely water
Say hello to the sea
Under the skies of azure

And I met him yesterday
Under my old umbrella
And I met him yesterday
Under the skies of azure

And turquoise was the color of his eyes
And bitter were the color of mine

He was tall, gray
Slowly held my empty fingers
He was tall, gracefully
He filled my cold hot body

And I met him yesterday
Under the skies of azure
And I met him yesterday
Under my old umbrella

And turquoise was the color of his eyes
And bitter were the color of mine