

It's your bicycle bells  
And your Rembrandt swells  
You're children like  
And still breathing  
It's your look of loss  
When you're coming across  
Makes me feel like a thief  
When you're bleeding

Duchess, Duchess  
Light up your candles for me  
Duchess, Duchess  
Put all the love back in me

It's the Persian sea  
Running through your veins  
You shed your names  
With the seasons  
Still they all return  
With there last remains  
As they lay them before you  
Like breezes

It's your shimmering dress  
It says no  
It says yes  
It says I've nothing left for concealing  
It's your shapeless flesh  
And your old girl's grace  
It's your young girl's face  
That I'm breathing

Duchess, Duchess  
Light up your candles for me  
Duchess, Duchess  
Put all the love back in me

I'm lying  
She's crying