

Honey, comb your hair
As it catches the sun

I don't need your fuss or flesh
Tempting as you know it is

Tight are the reins
That are soaking you through
I don't fear the reeds, more it's
The lies you thread my needle with

And your calf is sold
And your honey crushed
You were up all night

And the orange tree
That you tend for me
I was up all night

Honey cursed, are your words
That are leaving your mouth
They used to float, those paragraphs
Now they fall like paving slabs

Dry cured or love sick
It's hard to depict
You'd have to cross the universe
To find something you're happy with

And your calf is sold
And your honey crushed
You were up all night

I'm a nectarine
On an orange tree
But you tend to me
I was up all night