

Please return the focus to the setting where I left
I'll picture you floating with the ghost above the trees
My camera is the soul to those armies long forgotten
And the picture tells the story in the chapter of Valdese

Valdese

For leaving can be golden on the wing
And I can't swim, but if I can I'll sing
The mail arrives, I read and then I leave
Cause the more I read, the more I feel deceived

The more I read, the more I feel deceived

Do you ever feel locked in?
Do you ever feel that you can't win?

The mad man can slide the knife inside
But who then has their sights set on him
And the ghost in the orchard will sharpen his teeth
And climb way up in a tree
And wait for some poor fool to wander beneath
On his blind journey to Valdese

To Valdese

And nine is the number great lover, great lover
I'll picture you floating with the ghost above the trees
And nine is the number great lover, great lover
And nine is the number great lover, great lover

Valdese
To Valdese

And nine is the number great lover, great lover
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