

Neroli Blue

Pure Bathing Culture

This is my dream
Neroli blue
Just step right through
No one's watching you
Green is the tree
In the season of fever
Just step right through
My neroli blue
Somethings calling you
We make our world my love
And our world makes us
But oh, it's a reflection of what can't be touched
I'm always wishing

I was someone else
And they'd take me away
To a mystic realm
Gallery floor boards creaking
Underneath my feet
And now the holly
Becomes the wreath
And I hear you calling, calling
We make our world my love
And our world makes us
But oh, it's a reflection of what can't be touched
I wish I could be someone else
I wish that it could enough

But oh, it's a reflection of what can't be touched
What about us, what about
What about us
We made a world my love
We made a world of it
Remember in the garden we were sure of it
Yeah we were sure of it
Remember in the garden we were sure of it
We make our world my love
And our world makes us
But oh, it's a reflection of what can't be touched
I wish I could be someone else
I wish that it could enough

But oh, it's a reflection of what
We make our world my love
We make our world
We make our world my love
We make our world

And yeah you know