

If you could ring the sky like a bell,  
Even such a sound would never suffice.  
If you could bang the world like a drum, it would only  
show  
It was hollow inside  
And your love, it slips behind a little cloud, and your  
eyes are veiled-  
Is there a medical term for a heart that's been removed?

If you could wring the hours and the days  
of all their/your life, I think you would find  
that the lovely faces crash like a wave  
upon a shore so frozen and white  
and as love, it slips behind that little cloud,  
the snow is like a feathery down,  
when your heart has been removed

And as love departs your life, like silvery birds that  
leave the coast,  
your eyes are as wild and lifeless as the moon