Orchard of My Eye

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Oh you, you are the orchard of my eye I couldn't help but recognize you were standing in my way

And you, dream of rainbows in gray skies Couldn't help but realize I feel the way I do

When we fall, we'll fall together in the end, Please don't tell me I'm your friend I am not your friend when you call I'll come stumbling to your side, and by your side I will stay

They are the goons we shouldn't fear, Making faces breaking mirrors— I wish that they'd just stay at home,

But while we're on the outside looking in, Let's take pleasure while we can-Because it's coming to a head.

When we fall, we'll fall together in the end, Please don't tell me I'm your friend I am not your friend when you call I'll come stumbling to your side, And by your side I will stay

... I am much more than your friend.