

When we laugh indoors the blissful tones bounce off the walls
and fall to the ground.
Peel the hardwood backs
and let them loose from decades trapped and listen so still.

This city is my home construction noise all day long
and gutter punks bumming change.
So I breed thicker skin and let my lustrous coat fill in
and I'll never admit I loved you Guinevere.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
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I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.

And I've always fall fast with too much trust in the promising that
"No ones ever been here, so you can quell those wet fears"
and I want purity, I must have it here right now.
But don't you get me started now -- oh don't you get me started now
dont you get me.. dont you get me...

December's chill comes late.
The days get darker and we wait for the direness to pass.
There's piles on the floor of artifacts from dresser drawers
that I'll help you pack.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.
I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere -- I loved you.