



For we are bound by symmetry

And whatever differences our lives have been

We together make a limb

This is the story of your red right ankle

This is the story of your gypsy uncle

You never knew 'cause he was dead

And how his face was carved and rift with wrinkles

In the picture in your head

And remember how you found the key

To his hide-out in the Pyrenees

But you wanted to keep his secret safe



This is the story of the boys who loved you

Who loved you now and loved you then

48

TAB

And some were sweet, some were cold and snuffed you

51

TAB

And some just laid around in bed

Some had crumbled you straight to your knees

54

TAB

Did it cruel, did it tenderly

57

TAB

Some had crawled their way into your heart

59

TAB

