

Your lips are nettles

Fill in the gaps

| Your tongue is wine |
|--------------------------------|
| Your laughter's liquid |
| But your body's pine |
| You love all sailors |
| But hate the beach |
| You say "Come touch me" |
| But you're always out of reach |
| In the dark |
| You (1) me of a flower |
| That only blooms |
| In the violet hour |
| Your (2) are lovely |
| Yellow and rose |
| Your back`s a meadow |
| Covered in snow |
| Your thighs are thistles |
| And hot-house grapes |
| You breathe (3) (4) breath |
| And have me wait |
| In the dark |

| You tell me of a flower | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| That only blooms | |
| In the violet hour | |
| I turn the lights out | |
| I clean the sheets | |
| You (5) the stati | on |
| Turn up the heat | |
| And now you`re setting | |
| Upon (6) chair | |
| You`ve got me (7) | up |
| Inside your beautiful black hair | |
| In the dark you | |
| Tell me of a flower | |
| That only blooms | |
| In the violet hour | |
| In the dark | |
| You tell me of a flower | |
| That only blooms | |
| In the violet hour | |



1. tell

- 2. arms
- 3. your
- 4. sweet
- 5. change
- 6. your
- 7. tangled

Fill in the gaps