

From Eden

Hozier

Babe, there's something tragic about you
Something so magic about you
Don't you agree?
Babe, there's something lonesome about you
Something so wholesome about you
Get closer to me

No tired sigh, no rolling eyes, no irony
No "who cares", no vacant stare, no time for me

Honey you're familiar
Like my mirror years ago
Idealism sits in prison
Chivalry fell on his sword

Innocence died screaming
Honey, ask me, I should know
I slithered here from eden
Just to hide outside your door

Babe, there's something wretched about this
Something so precious about this
Oh, what a sin

To the strand, a picnic planned for you and me
A rope in hand for your other man
To hang from a tree

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Like my mirror years ago
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