

Councillor

Arthur Beatrice

Lay down
Be my
Here the dearest
Of the
Exercise in tents
Well that feels wrong
Know me as the best you've ever learnt
Never heard
Telephone
Far from home
And all for love
Only lone
So helpless spawn
Fling down on all his falls
Wretching with the words you've never heard
Full and fear to burst
Love those arms
Ic cannot find the face?
On?
Drain me of my
So I'm done??
For the first
Telephone
Far from home
And all for love
Only love
So helpless spawn
Fling down on all his flaws
Wretching with the words you've never had
Full grown and fear to burst
Love those arms
I cannot find the face

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>