

Sibylle Baier - Says Elliot

tom:

I grow old I shall wear the bottom
 Of my trousers rolled says Elliot
 I grow old I shall wear the bottom
 Of my trousers rolled says Elliot

Days keep growing short, nights too
 Let us go then, you and I
 And try to unlearn, says Elliot
 He seeks for return and burns ancient love letters

Let us go then you and I and lie
 By marble stone says Elliot

And put a record on the gramophone
 Lie down dear
 On the weed
 Don't weep dear
 Gayly clad

Sadness is a radical quantity says Elliot
 Sadness is a long round ribbon, says he
 Sadness is beautiful

I grow old I shall wear the bottom
 Of my trousers rolled says Elliot
 I grow old I shall wear
 My trousers rolled says Elliot

Acordes

