

Claudia Keelan

[EN UN VERGIER SOTZ FUELLA D'ALBESPI]

Under the Green Leave of the Thorn Tree

Balada

(anonymous)

Under the green leaves of the thorn tree
A girl holds a boy by her side
And when the guard sees the sun rise
Oh God, uh- oh God, the night flies

Let what's Endless keep our dark alive
And my guy for now by my side
Let the guard miss the sun's rise,
And what is god, Our God, slow the night's fly

Beautiful man trope, let's do it, you and I
Down in the green where little birds sing
Though sex is where they say we die
And God, oh God! Swat the night's fly

Lovely serial love, we'll play new games
Down in the green where the little birds sing
Until the guard blows the whistle
And God, oh God, the night flies

What air comes from death
From my many manmade men
I have drunk centuries of his breath
And God, oh God, the night is day's fly

The girl consents to her descent,
Her face forever in magazines
Swears to love only You, the precedent
And God, oh God, the night flies