

# The procession, Major&Minor

There is a major and a minor to the key I'm singing,  
And all that I can say,  
Is that a time will come--it will be fun and well be singing,  
Oh, everyday.  
I met her in the here-and-now of last October.  
Oh, my timing was great,  
And, then, I left her in the pouring rain and she got bitter.  
I just couldn't relate.  
It's top of the line, yeah, yeah.  
Cause there are times when all the world,  
Is a newborn baby that's a girl,  
And I know what she wants.  
What she wants.  
Sometimes I get to thinking how we lost our loving:  
I couldn't believe.  
Sometimes I dwell on things I shouldn't dwell on, baby,  
They tell me it's a disease,  
But I don't believe, no, no, no.  
Cause there are times when all the world,  
Is a newborn baby that's a girl.  
Good and bad become a blur,  
And we're all wrapped up inside the swirl.  
I fail to realize what she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
Let's pass the time in this world,  
That's a newborn baby that's a girl.  
The good and bad become a blur,  
And we're all wrapped up inside the swirl.  
To be alive,  
Is to just not try,  
Is to realize what she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.  
What she wants.