

# Frank Black And The Catholics, Valentine And Garuda

I have a flask but I do not have the wine  
I have a suit but I do not have a dime

Oh pity me Garuda  
I don't where to begin

I had a love and she called me Valentine  
I walk alone on streets below these peaks  
Of stone that block the sky  
My hands have lost their grip through fingers slipped  
The rarest ever damselfly

I had a love and she was always true  
I had a drink yes I gambled then she flew

Oh pity me Garuda  
And turn my hands into wings

I'm coming back to the station I am due  
My eyes are small and dark  
My pigeon heart is pumping blood so fast  
I fly above the earth for what it's worth  
I search for love lost in the past