

Page France, Feather

I am blowing for a trumpet
Hallelujah
You stood too close to the sunset
And it finally outgrew you

So now I paint you on my doorpost
Like I knew you
I make all of the right noises
But they never make it to you

I'm as heavy as a feather
Hallelujah
You're a confused little soldier
And the bullets go right through you

So now I march you to a tin pan
Through the alley
So the death angel understands
That I'm gonna take you with me

And we will become a happy ending
And we will become a happy ending

I am sinking for the sunset
Hallelujah
You've been deafened by these trumpets
But my love I'll listen for ya

So I can paint you on my doorpost
Like I knew you
I make all of the right noises
But my love they go right through you

And we will become a happy ending
And we will become a happy ending
And we will become a happy ending
And we will become a happy ending
And we will become a happy ending

We will rejoice
Hallelujah
We will rejoice
Hallelujah
We will rejoice
Hallelujah
We will rejoice
Hallelujah

Hallelujah