

Tom Verlaine, Let Go The Mansion

(Verlaine)

Deep red is the carpet
Burgundy are the drapes
There's wine at every table
But there's no one there to have a taste

Let go the mansion, Rita, leave it alone,
Let go the mansion, it's not your home.

I have a dream, a dream so fine
And in this dream nothing was mine,
And I heard you say unto me
That in my dream, there's too much to see

Let go the mansion, Rita, leave it alone,
Let go the mansion, it's not your home.
Let go the mansion, Rita, leave it alone,
Let go the mansion, it's not your home.

We've both heard advice so many times
Wasn't meant for you and yours, or me and mine.

Let go the mansion, Rita, leave it alone,
Let go the mansion, it's not your home.
Let go the mansion, Rita, leave it alone,
Let go the mansion, it's not your home.

Wine at every table
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