

# 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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