

A Band Of Bees, No Trophy

Ask the riverman
Where the river flows
Ask the postman
Who he knows
There's the memory of mistrust
Pushing at the glass makes it stop
Laid down dry head to head
This is what we want
Sold out
The figures that are left are lonely
You won but don't get no trophy
If you've got none to give then i won't take a thing
Who will defend your bed tonight