

Bishop Allen, Tea For Two

Come inside, shut the door
Grab the blankets off the floor
Let your sneakers dry there on the radiator
Here we are, winter again
Brittle bones and prickled skin
All the geese have flown
I wish I was a hibernator

And tonight it's clear to me
How a country could secede

We keep close, huddle tight
Near the stove, blue and bright
While the kettle warms, how long have we waited?
If they took this joy away
Small it is, but ours today
Well I know, I know, I wanna be liberated

And tonight it's clear to me
How a country could secede
For a cup of tea
For a cup of tea
For a cup of tea!

Here I am, for by sea
They took our bombs to take our tea
We will ring our bells to warn of their arrival
We keep close, huddled tight
Me and you, we'll be alright
And this tea for two will aid in our survival

And tonight it's clear to me
How a country could secede
For a cup of tea! x3