

Some By Sea, Darling, Here's The Best Part

Left, right, son, march into place and break that sound barrier.

Oh my eager eyes, you look just like a friend.

But the light plays tricks on eyes, on eyes, on me.

You send me away.

When all of the drinks at the bar have been drunk and we're is the van?

Where is the sun?

Where are the brief episodes of excitement?

Where are my hands?

Locked in a jar on a display for the crowd in your bedroom.

Well, I wish that you could read my mind and just follow back to a place nine years where I left my .

Yes, you bit the dust.

You send me away.

When all of the drinks at the bar have been drunk and we're already home,

you send me away.

But here's the best part, darling: you've got nothing more left to say