

The Tea Party, Empty Glass

These premonitions shine like stars that
Fall to earth too fast
I see the empty glass

Where do we belong
Tell me major tom
Because nothing's making sense
I listen and lament

For golden years that pass like thunder
And soldier on through time
This empty glass is mine

Where do we belong
Could you help us major tom
Because nothing's making sense
I listen and lament

A starman will come
When diamond dogs run
We need ground control
We're losing our souls

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