

Last Rites

Swervedriver

When you're feeling restless and broken-hearted
and you can't spare the time for me
when the lights go down in a broken downtown,
and your head plays dead symphonies.

You say your bicycle tyres are flat and your heart's in a mess,
that's forty miles of bad road for me.

Will you come spend Christmas in Copenhagen?
comets fly, come escape with me.

You say your bicycle tyres are flat and your heart's in a mess,
and you walk through the streets in a dream.

Watch the sunlight dance off a broken zoom lens,
and you talk in your sleep to me.

So you feel so sickly and broken-hearted,
and you don't ever mind for me

if we don't spend Christmas in Copenhagen,
would you at least say last rites for me?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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