

# Volumes

## Matador

Borrowed grapes from stores of gold  
Put plastic back where metal's sold  
Men in quarries connect their bomb  
One, two, three, a new Saigon  
Check the bottle, is it full?  
Have you found which pin to pull?  
Boys in shirts get dirty hands  
Smoke kills seagulls on the sands  
They have pages, they take ages to read and to learn  
They're heavy to carry and easy to burn  
Volumes have secrets, take them on holiday  
Book them a room, save them a moment, swallow their swoon  
Pretty things all in a row  
Flowers who can't seem to grow  
Finding the pearls then finding the blood  
Then finding the water is wood  
The something I wanted has just flown by  
It looked at me sideways and told me to try  
I hope it's a message from someone obscure  
I hope it's the man next door

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