

Pigeon Drummer

No-Man

the background buzz, the lo-fi hum,
the fallen saviours beat their ritual drums.their eyes alive with destiny -
sweet delusions, which serve to set us free.the bar room bids for tarts with hearts,
the dumbed down kids in souped up cars.the clapped out lovers on their guard -
smaller details written large.her sun-kissed skin caught in your frame,
you know you'll never pass this way again.you wash the dirt out of your hair.
you find the words you need when no-one's there.the moments lost.
the distant stars.

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

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