

Grand Ennui

Walt Wilkins

was overland touring in my new Ferrari

At just about a hundred and ten

I was on my way home from a sophisticated party

Where I got a little drunk on gin

And as the headlights cast a glow on the road

I heard a voice inside of me

It said, "You lost the light

And now you're moving through the night

Running from the grand ennui

Running from the grand ennui"

Well, I reached in my pocket and I pulled out the Omega

That was never one second behind

I knew the horse that I was running at the Southern Talladega

Had won for the twenty-second time

And then the countess I was with bent over with a kiss

And put a jeweled hand on my knee

I knew I'd lost the light

And I was moving through the night

Running from the grand ennui

Running from the grand ennui

Well that night passed in a blaze of glory

With the countess and the car both mine

And each day passes with the same old story

But the countess has a brand new line

Yet still at night I am haunted by the fright

And distant memory

Of the day I lost the light

Moving through the night

Running from the grand ennui

Running from the grand ennui

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written by Nesmith, Michael

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