

Lucy

Trampled By Turtles

Lucy, where are you now? (x3)
Are you hiding? Born in the fire, babe.
Poetry on our graves.
I forgot so many names, but I'm trying. I think it's time to go,
the bartender is mean and slow
and maybe he doesn't know
that you're blinding. I need a night alone.
The wind through the trees alone.
The ice in the glass alone, slow and shining. Lucy, where are you now? (x3)
Are you hiding?

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>