

Drank It Up

Golden

In a painting by Van Gogh
Saw a street covered with black snow
The people move in a nervous stripe
Of blues, red and yellow
Read your letter for the seventh time
The ink is getting close to fade away
But it still brings the ocean back to mind
In this here desert without oases
Shouting at the man in the moon
I'll make it up to you, make it all up to you
The rhythm and the dance of the loon
I'll make it all up to you, make it all up to you
And the night is a horoscopic sight
While the sun sets fire to the dune
I'll make it all up to you
I remember your face and your Picasso
Pale as sugar, sweet and low
Your hair in a ponytail and dyed
Eyes looking up from down below
Looking for an excuse to make it real
'Cause I can't see the help the way that I feel
Looking for an excuse to make it real
'Cause I cannot help the way that I feel
I've been shouting at the man in the moon
I'll make it all up to you, I'll make it up to you
The rhythm and the dance of the loon
I'll make it up to you, I'll make it up to you
And the night is a horoscopic sight
While the sun sets fire to the dune
I'll make it all up to you
I've made it all up to you

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