

# Eyeless In Holloway

Johnny Flynn

There's a man at hand, there's a way between  
The sinking sand and a crooked dream  
And collared off at the modern age of nine  
Summoned off for walking down the line  
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek  
He filled his boots and he tipped his cap  
And a root to toot with the boss and that  
And told a girl of the summer by the sea  
Said to her, would you like to go with me?  
Wind is turned and the concord trucks  
And the singers changed and the hard to soft  
And in with changes, always out with time  
Nothing left but walking down the line  
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek  
Dragging loose less through the den  
And I come out less with sporting wear  
More to fit than you'd be feeling now  
She is aware that he is always how  
Then her sweetness and his sweeter scented  
And her fury's swimming till the fury's bended  
And lost in all might be to lost in time  
What joy the darts might be to walk the line  
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek  
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