The Quiet Few

Tomahawk

The lacquer is creeping into the mirror
And you saw enoughYou saw me lost and wandering and
You saw enoughBy candlelight you're offering me
A halo of sunDon't have the heart to go puncturing it
That sacred doorWith a love
With a love
With a loveWith a pride
With a pride
With a pride
With a love
With a love
With a loveThe winds have blown and I'm sorry for me
Winds have blown I'm sorry for meAnd the winds have blown
Winds have blown inside meDon't linger upon the joy that's in me
It's just a naked ghost
Not hard for the boy that's long up in me
I'm just the hostThey are the
They are the they
Me not they
Me not they they
They are the quiet few
They are the they are the they
Me not they me not they they
They are the quiet fewWalk away, walk away!Walk away, walk away!Walk away, walk away!Run away, run away!Run away, run away!

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

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