

Songs of Promise

Pree

I've songs of promise for your tongue and ropes
and ladders to the sun and heaven knows
they'll come undone

One day we'll drop our mourning clothes and build
our fortunes on the snow and fashion
statues made of gold

It doesn't follow, the news I heard
You kept them staring anywhere but down
Am I the only thing that
calls you, calls you?
You've got'em swinging from every word
you've thrown upon a ladder, high and proud
Is that the only thing that calls you, calls you, calls you, calls
you, calls you, calls you, calls you, calls you?

We plot our courses from a grave and pick
the flowers where we lay and heaven
knows they're out of place

We're only left to stop and stare
at faces old and faces new
It must be something in the air
that makes them look the way they do

We'll watch them limp into a run
Let's you and i have all the fun
We'll drive them out before we're done, we're done, we're done, we're
done, we're done, we're done, we're done, we're done

Oh, I've seen their shape before
It's fitting that they take a quiet form
I'm not the only thing that calls you, calls you
And nothing draws the blood-- no, draws the blood
so like a half-closed door,
and it's the only thing that calls you, calls you, calls you, calls
you, calls you, calls you, calls you, calls you

Lyrics submitted by Melissa Frazee.

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