orion

Color bottle

Orion, won't you give me your star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wineOrion, light your lights, come guard the open spaces
From the black horizon to the pillow where I lie
Your faithful dog shines brighter than its Lord and master
Your jeweled sword twinkles as the world rolls bySo come up singing above the cloudy cover
Stare through at people who toss fitful in their sleep
I know you're watching as the old gent by the station
Scuffs his toes on old fag packets lying in the streetOrion, won't you give me your star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wineAnd silver shadows flick across the closing bistro
Sweet waiters link their arms and patter down the street
Their words lost blowing on cold winds in darkest Chelsea
Prime years fly fading with each young heart's beatOrion, won't you make me a star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on your love and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wineAnd young girls shiver as they wait by lonely bus stops
After sad parties no one to take them home
To greasy bed sitters and make a late night play
For lost virginity a thousand miles awayOrion, won't you make me a star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on your love and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wineLove is sky-line, Orion

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