

Hours Last Stand

Elvis Perkins in Dearland

Now, now woman
Sweet, sweet child
Little baby
The black, black night
Will famously make of every little thing one Look here lady
Do you want to see me cry
Out your lovin' or a little suicide
Is all that's left to me
The daylight's pounding my eardrums So now I make my stand
My pride in hand
My lonely love Swing low Mayflower
Hear my pearls
Listen, honey
To your little hummingbird
Very carefully
For he may not sing it more than once Love you, baby
Like mariners love the sea
When I go to Heaven
I swear you will go with me I've seen it vividly
Daydreaming in the sun
But make no mistake
I'm now awake
My lonely love
My lonely love Whoa oh, oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh
Whoa oh, oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh Midnight, midnight in the cat's eyes
And to the devil the chicken spirit flies
Finally, not so unlike the dove The hours last stand is in your hands
My lonely love
My lonely love
My lonely love

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