

Belle Epoque

Lieutenant

A day of rest is hardly ever
A day at rest's a callow sigh
A day at rest is hardly ever
Hardly ever sealed in time
Follies raged at night
Who's denied?
The furs and feathers
Orchids shine on
Passer's by
Then a railway is laid
And the horses are well fed
There's a lust for a uniform
And a grand parade
The summer guns mark how they lost the belle époque
The railway stays the one way sound of shots
A gilded age is hardly ever
Aware of where it's follies are
A gilded age has hardly ever
Not embrace it's tragic flaw
Children sleep safely at night
Sweet pronounced
The park is full
The trees in bloom
Bellies full
And hearts alive
The summer guns mark how they lost the belle époque
The railway stays the one way sound of shots
They dug a trench then discovered how to fill it
The bread goes bad faster than a spare bullet
They discovered, discovered how to fill it
Faster than a spare bullet
A palace untested decay
A heart at rest is merely fallow
No, this heart is simply asking
To be acquitted from the gallows
The summer guns mark how they lost the belle époque
The railway stays the one way sound of shots
(x2)

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