

Fold the Cloth

Cate Le Bon

(No clouds of greeks)

(The mouldings on)

(Our floor)

I know these halls

I've loved them all

We can't forget

The house

When you hear the sound of all the people on the ground

It's too late to come around, tuck your belly in your chest

And see how close we are

Seven shades of brown drip from the bannisters and now

You know you need to come around, put your belly to the crest

And see how close we are

Your face, so sweet

Not bones, not meat

(Just gradings of)

The shore

(Oh priestly pray)

The ash has died

We can't forget

The house

Fold The Cloth

Oh cut the cloth oh

Fold the cloth

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Oh cut the cloth oh

Fold the cloth

Oh cut the clo-oth

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

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