

# Send My Fond Regards to Lonelyville

## Elvis Perkins In Dearland

Send my fond regards to Lonelyville  
I'm staying in my well-appointed valley on the hill  
Oh, I'll grow hale on seawater  
A son on the honey milk  
And leave something to loneliness  
Sweet William will once was there to find the girl that mystic morning's eve  
There in the shade with all things up its leaves  
Waking to the marvel to be northern to be free  
You can hear the sound of southern bells follow where she please  
Some with the forked tongues they'd love  
again to unlearn  
Some for a heart a brushed yet stainless urn  
You see some say for a spell well it's the last they're seen or heard  
But for all the night falls for each alone, each alone will yearn  
Now say hello to the Blind King  
He was two hands younger and both empty of his Queen  
In her place, the lone Spade waltzed right in to a silent hymn  
See him bow and bend at twenty one and Jack the Blacksmith's crying  
This is how they come to leave their  
loneliness  
The weeks will pass in a tennis match  
Before she for him undresses  
For so long with no point for the Distant Mister and the Near Misses  
T'will be love, love from above when at length the arrow hisses  
The waterfall wallpaper clings to its dear life  
Our 2D holiday burns clear through the night  
The Holy Lonely lead their piebalds down to the tide  
Singing, oh, no my heart will not be claimed by the fire  
They cast the Independent Man his anchor and his spear  
First in gold then out the capitol and through the prism of his tears  
The moon sets to the great purse of the sea like a folding mirror  
As pointed for the promise land the Sisters disappear  
I set my prayers tonight for Lonelyville  
To fall with the snow at that lone window sill  
The ghost of the Wolf Moonlight to fall on Slater Mill  
And leave something to loneliness Sweet William will

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