

# 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 pleaseSome 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 yearnNow 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 cryingThis 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 hissesThe 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 fireThey 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 disappearI 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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