

# Vase

## Pouya

There were islands where we spent the days  
There were hunting hounds by the palace grounds, believe me  
She had circles like Romany Marie  
She would start the day with the Novocaine, believe me

By the end of the day  
There were coming shocks from the palace clocks, believe me  
There was nothing we could do or say  
We were holding hands in the garbage cans, believe me

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on a vase  
While the innkeep follows us the road gives in to haze  
And the smell of water comes  
You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on a vase

You'll never win the game  
When you wander off keep your ballots soft, believe me  
Believe me

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on a vase

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