

Bled Red Wine

Proud Simon

The lost and found is back in my hometown.
Where a universe of sound amounts to dust on a shelf.
In a psychedelic hell souls pass by but cannot be held
One drink from the well romances all that falling out.Bloody Mary in the ground, back in my hometown
Under a mountain of doubt built up to settle down
Across the canal, the iron roads are running parallel
Toy wooden horses and summertime soldiers burning on that carousel.I heard through the grapevine that you
were beautiful at the bar last night.
I hope you had a great time blushing while you bled red wine.

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