

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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