

Station To Station

Jay Farrar

The return of the thin white duke throwing darts in lover's eyes

Here are we, one magical moment, such is the stuff

From where dreams are woven

Bending sound, lost in my circle, dredging the ocean

Here am I, flashing no color tall in my room overlooking the ocean

Here are we, one magical movement from Kether to Malkuth

There are you, you drive like a demon from station to station

The return of the thin white duke, throwing darts in lover's eyes

The return of the thin white duke, throwing darts in lover's eyes

The return of the thin white duke, making sure white stays

Once there were mountains on mountains

Once there were sun birds to soar with and once I could never be down

I got to keep searching and searching

Oh, what will I be believing and who will connect me with love?

Wonderful, wonderful, wonder when

Have you sought fortune, evasive and shy?

Well, drink to the men who protect you and I

Oh, drink, drink, raise your glass, raise your glass high

It's not the side effects of the cocaine

I'm thinking that it must be love

It's too late to be grateful, it's too late to be late again

It's too late to be hateful the European canon is here

I must be only one in a million

'Cause I can't pass the day without her

It's too late to be grateful, it's too late to be late again

It's too late to be hateful the European canon is here

Should I believe that I've been stricken?

Does my face show some kind of glow?

It's too late to be grateful, it's too late to be late again

It's too late to be hateful the European canon is here

Yes, it's too late

It's too late, it's too late, it's too late

The European canon is here

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