

Cordova

Alula

The volunteers, they come for your prayers
And some souvenirs
With ivory skin and boycott lessons
Year after year Well I'm tracing your face up in the space
Of the bottom bunk, oh Cordova
Where I cried and I cried
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have
The things that I didn't have Now you come to me
With revolution's infidelity
With blacklisted friends and Tupperware kin
And your big history Well I'm tracing your face up in the space
Of the bottom bunk, oh Cordova
Where I cried and I cried
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have
The things that I didn't have I memorize the lullabies of dwindling lives
The lay of the land, the touch of each hand
We lose by and by I'm tracing your face up in the space
Of the bottom bunk, oh Cordova
Where I cried and I cried
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have
The things that I didn't have

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