Cordova

Alula

The volunteers, they come for your prayers
And some souvenirs
With ivory skin and boycott lessons
Year after yearWell 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 haveNow you come to me
With revolution's infidelity
With blacklisted friends and Tupperware kin
And your big historyWell 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 haveI memorize the lullabies of dwindling lives
The lay of the land, the touch of each hand
We lose by and byI'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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