

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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