

# Southern Belles in London Sing

## The Faint

The scarlet boots, the kiss of death  
Patient in the end of it  
Blended angles, whispered love  
Countdown 'til it's gone for long Velvet voices, haunting slow  
Darkened notes with bright decor  
George and Velms are gone for weeks  
Southern belles in London sing I'm staring down the Epley Gate  
Two more days before the place arrives  
And you'll be standing here with your smile I'm carving up the lobby seats  
Pushing down the cafe drinks  
Checking the arrival screens for your A hundred feet above the landing  
There's a girl riding down  
She's floating toward me now  
Her sleeves are all stretching out  
The magenta's following behind  
Wake up Runners give a grinding halt  
Last night left to spend apart  
Your bags are packed by now for home  
Stories of the tour unfold Your booking agent's broken nose  
Budding heads with creeping dolts  
George and Velms are gone for weeks  
Southern belles in London sing Southern belles in London sing

Songwriters

ANDREW PAUL PETERSEN, JACOB JOHN THIELE, MICHAEL WAYNE DAPPEN, CLARK ALAN  
BAECHLE, TODD EMIL BAECHLE, STEPHEN ANTHONY ST J HOVINGTON Published by  
Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>