

Impressions of You

The Virgins

There's a glass on the edge of the table
There's a mask in the eye of my mind
Big shadows moving down over the carpet
Clouds seem to pass in through the blinds

I went riding down to the shore
Seagulls gliding over the sea

So say goodbye to me
If I never see you again
At least we have a sun
Back east where the boys all sit on their hands
I'll do impressions of you

Inside of the box that's made out of seashells
I keep a watch; slides off my hand
Old folded letters with pictures of sailboats
Ones that you drew in ballpoint pen

I go riding down to the shore
Seagulls gliding over the sea

Just say goodbye to me
If I never see you again
At least we have a sun
Back east where the boys all sit on their hands
I'll do impressions of you

Somewhere on the beach
Riding in the sky
Flying on my back
Grinding on their teeth
On the bus so hot
Heartache in my eyes
I'll fix with ease
Searching the streets

Just say goodbye to me
If I never see you again
At least, at least we have a sun

Way back east where the boys all lie to their man
I'll do impressions of you

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Lyrics submitted by Olivia Bartolini.

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