

Sing the Song

The Districts

I heard it from Paulson, or is he me?
As he lay out in the bath stared up at the grout
Iodine hue stains drippingBernice is curled up, reposed, smooth and bare
Beneath sheets of floral blankets and halos of hair
As the drip drip singing, like the mockingbirds, was laughing at me
Don't just sing the song boy
Where someones tears fell quiet
Don't just sing the song boy
White romance since departed
Don't just along dear
Your bitter heart once shook with vigor, now
Pluck it from the stem when it's drunk on dew
If velvet skin is thin enough you'll see inside it too
Well I am not in season
So your flame I cannot brace
In memory it seems to me that it was all so sweet
But with throes the heart's replete
Don't just sing the song boy
Where someones tears fell quiet
Don't just sing the song boy
White romance since departed
Don't just along dear
Your bitter heart once shook with vigor, now
Very few grapes can fuel a good fire.
Very few grapes can fuel a good fire.

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