chains chains chains

Elvis Perkins in Dearland

Whose eyes are those
Too fair to be but the night in day's clothes
Speak, speak it I beg if you know it
Just say it plain
Lorraine'sWhat thing is this
At my feet, at my heart, at my wrists
If you know anything, I have to insist
That you explain
Chains, chains, chains
Chains, chainsThen what am I
If bound to walk in chains 'til I die
Reaching wildly out to the sky
With no particular aim
A flame and all aflameAnd what are these
Put my mind out to deep, deep seas
I won't see the forest, I won't see the trees
'Til they're gone with the flame
Names, nameWhose eyes are those
Ought to be careful or simply keep them closed
I see them now wherever I go
Set to the solemn refrain
Chains, chains
Oh, oh oh
Chains, chains, chain, chains

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