

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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