

The volunteers come for your prayers  
and some souvenirs,  
With ivory skin and boycott lessons  
Year after year.

Well I'm tracing your face up in the space of the bottom bunk,  
Oh Cordova.  
Where I cried and I cried,  
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have,  
The things that I didn't have.

Now you come to me  
With revolution's infidelity,  
With blacklisted friends and tupperware kin,  
And your big history.

Well I'm tracing your face up in the space of the bottom bunk,  
Oh Cordova.  
Where I cried and I cried,  
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have,  
The things that I didn't have.

I memorize the lullabies  
of dwindling lives.  
The lay of the land, the touch of each hand  
We lose by and by.

I'm tracing your face up in the space of the bottom bunk,  
Oh Cordova.  
Where I cried and I cried,  
I knew I was trading on things that I didn't have,  
The things that I didn't have.