

# Operetta

## The Church

A song about you  
You're in a song  
Are you good or evil  
Or just right or wrong

Where's the boys all dressed in green  
In the gap that lies between  
Where's the girls all dressed in white  
In the deep heart of the night

Where's the men all dressed in black  
None are ever coming back  
Where's the men all dressed in black  
Where's the ladies dressed in red  
All are dancing with the dead

Song about you  
Just a song  
Are you stranger still  
Or do you belong

Life is short (phosphorescent rim of the sun)  
So don't be long (turn to face it as the comets come)  
Use your free will (a cloudy blanket, a moving storm)  
Or get trapped in a song (as love thaws)

In summertime  
Umbrella trees down by the sea  
Limbs like men to bend low  
You turn and you see me

Music plays  
Space between the notes full of haze  
Piano, drums and trumpets  
Just like the old days

A song about you  
You're in a song  
Are you good or evil  
Or just right or wrong

In summertime  
Picking up an insistent distant beat  
Beachcomber come home now  
Come in from the heat

Interweaving leaves (where's the men all dressed in black)  
Once she was a skeptic, twice she believes (none are ever coming back)  
The wind that thinned and skinned us (where's the ladies dressed in red)  
Underneath (all are dancing with the dead)

(Where's the boys all dressed in green  
In the gap that lies between  
Where's the girls all dressed in white  
In the deep heart of the night  
Where's the men all dressed in black  
None are ever coming back

Where's the ladies dressed in red  
All are dancing with the dead)