

Chariot

Beach House

A sunny day in their chariot
Were they waving back to you?

Losing touch, not that much
She was running back to you, to you
No more

But you said, "Angel's wings, time we spent"
Nobody knows how close it will come
The rite of the sands
My heart in your hands
Women chasers, the wives abide
You build a plane to take a land you divide

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The way you chased her, the cadillac
Back on the coastline with the sun on his back
Women chasers, the scarlet land
He will be taken, but they'll all love him back

A sunny day in their chariot
Were they waving back to you?

One last call
One last call