

Waves of Rye

Department of Eagles

Ghastly protector

Save me from this waste

He's drifting asleep faster

Drowning the waves of rye

Spinnin' round the ballroom floor

Round and round the ballroom floor

Never seen but always saught after

After, after

Ghastly protector

Save me from this waste

He shakes me up like no other

Laughing in my face

He's mouthing off like a bastard

Drowning in those waves of rye

Spinnin' round the ballroom floor

Round and round the ballroom floor

Never seen but always saught after

After, after

Heaven is a ballroom

With high celings

Filled with white balloons

And smoke machines