

Tempest

John Grant

In the halls and in the churches
They were preening on their lofty perches
And holes in their conspiracies
And they were looking right at me

Come play Tempest with me
Or maybe Millipede
We can while away the hours
Away from the hordes
I've almost reached the yellow boards

I hear the doors of institutions
Opening and slamming shut
They were desperate for solutions
They were drowning in their elocutions

Come play Tempest with me
Or maybe Centipede
We can hang out in the mall
It's where I feel at home
And I don't want to be alone

Come play Tempest with me
Or maybe Centipede
We can hang out in the mall
Away from the hordes
I've almost reached those nasty green boards