

Korean Tea

Jonathan Wilson

Would you like to come to my house and play records,
And drink the rest of this Korean tea?
There's been hardly anyone there, in my house, lately
Hardly anyone there, you will say, with me
I'm trying not to tap that emotion
The one where you're feeling alone
There'll be hardly anyone there, you will say, in the jungle
Hardly anyone there, you will say, with me

It may be five minutes of fame
But it's arriving just a little too late
It may be five minutes of fame
But it's arriving just a little too late

I'm waiting on this vaulted ceiling
Flying buttresses for the boys and me
Thousands and thousands of Watts of electrical power
As the interface between you and me
We grew up in these towns, where no art was around us
Still, a few of us could even see
There'll be hardly anyone there, in this museum with us
Be hardly anyone there, you will say, with me

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But it's arriving just a little too late
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And if the band just never plays
The curtain never falls
And if the curtain never falls
The band will never play
Ah...