

## 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

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

And if the band just never plays  
The curtain never falls  
And if the curtain never falls  
The band will never play  
Ah...