

Station to Station

Melvins

The return of the Thin White Duke
Throwing darts in lovers' eyes

Here are we, one magical moment
Such is the stuff, from where dreams are woven
Bending sound, dredging the ocean
Lost in my circle
Here am I, flashing no color
Tall in this room overlooking the ocean
Here are we, one magical movement
From Kether to Malkuth
There are you, drive like a demon
From station to station

The return of the Thin White Duke
Throwing darts in lovers' eyes
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Throwing darts in lovers' eyes
The return of the Thin White Duke
Making sure white stains

Once there were mountains on mountains
And once there were sunbirds to soar with
And once I could never be down
Got to keep searching and searching
And oh, what will I be believing
And who will connect me with love?
Wonder who, wonder who, wonder when
Have you sought fortune, evasive and shy?
Drink to the men who protect you and I
Drink, drink, drain your glass, raise your glass high

It's not the side-effects of the cocaine
I'm thinking that it must be love

It's too late to be grateful
It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European canon is near

I must be only one in a million
I won't let the day pass without her

It's too late to be grateful
It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European canon is here

Should I believe that I've been stricken?
Does my face show some kind of glow?

It's too late to be grateful
It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European canon is here, yes it's here
It's too late, It's too late
It's too late, It's too late

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