

## The Copa

The Pretenders

Your long blonding hair of heavy salty sea  
Like a curtain when it closed over and above me  
Locked the vicious sun like the wings of passing gulls  
Empty you held nothing, hollow as the washed-up shells

I woke up this morning with the Copa on my mind  
Those days of cryptic signals, I was sad to leave behind  
A scarf tied to a shutter, no one else would look to find  
Oh, I still wake up in the morning with the Copa on my mind

Sitting on the rock that looked onto the ocean  
Walking to the waves as they brewed a magic potion  
Calling them like faithless dogs, your commands and whims  
While the crashing on the rocks rose to the sky like ancient hills

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You knew it was the end as you watched me from the gate  
I waved my boarding pass and didn't hesitate  
Security, security, I took off my shoes  
Turned around and you were gone

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