

## Sewn Up

Rogue Wave

Children walking  
Under mulberry skies  
The old conductor  
Feeds his army of spies  
I'm sewn up  
And waiting on you

See you walking  
With a suit and a tie  
Do you tread water  
Or just skim off the sides  
I'm sewn up  
And waiting on you

Never raised or held a hand to call her  
Papa's got a brand new bag of squalor  
The professor just told me  
It was water under the bridge  
Never got a trophy  
I guess it's the language that it is  
It's the cover of the paper  
It's just the nature of the biz

Picked some wingtips  
From the old lost and found  
New world disorder  
In a stereo sound  
I'm sewn up  
And waiting on you