Corduroy

SYML

When the violet hour is soft upon your eyes
When the wine runs out and all we have is time
Out of all the broken tongues you hear tonight
I hope I say it right

Blue corduroy '89
Oh I was a pleasant boy, soft and mild

When a foreign place don't make you feel alive
And a patient heart forgets how to be kind
It's a burden that will carry through your life
And God knows that ain't right
Only God knows if he's right

Fields black as coal spring to life
And I have dreams of a bitter war in a peaceful time

When you realize it's not your fight
And you can't avoid a chance to reconcile
Lay 'em down, the stones, the stones will never cry
No stone will ever cry

No stone will ever cry

When the poison fruit tastes sweeter than you like
It's a fertile place to propagate a lie
While you're waiting for the nausea to subside
Let's drink to what is right
Let's share a drink tonight

Spend it in wartime and save up in peace
Love will be all that you need
Spend it in wartime and save up in peace
Love will be all that you need

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