

Destination

The Church

Far below the surface, where the women sway
Green shadows greet another day
Drowned for the moment, on an empty ocean bed
And I cannot lift my head

Late for an appointment, clothes everywhere
I cannot find my memory anywhere
Ah disappointment just doesn't care
Off in the distance just waiting there

Take back her keys, what shall we do today
Maybe a little lunch down at the ghost cafe
Sand in my sandals, my blood feels like red wine
They say, hey everything will work out fine