Empty Glass

The Tea Party

These premonitions shine like stars that Fall to earth too fast I see the empty glass

Where do we belong Tell me major tom Because nothing's making sense I listen and lament

For golden years that pass like thunder And soldier on through time This empty glass is mine

Where do we belong Could you help us major tom Because nothing's making sense I listen and lament

A starman will come When diamond dogs run We need ground control We're losing our souls

A starman will come When diamond dogs run We need ground control We're losing our souls

We're losing our souls We're losing our souls We're losing our souls