

Augustine

The Verve Pipe

Augustine
You light up like the Lafayette marquee
You soften like a Botticelli queen

Solitaire
A diamond that is way beyond compare
But humble like a quiet morning prayer
And you pray she'll take you there
Augustine

Augustine
As lavish as the chapel of Sistine
As simple as a T-shirt and blue jeans

Southern Cross
Thunderous stadium applause
Quiet as the woods of Robert Frost
If you let yourself get lost in Augustine

The moon it has a dark side
It pulls the ocean to a low tide
Leaves dreadful rotten remnants of the sea
The surface underwater graves
Above Aurora Borealis waves
And soon you'll ride the waves of Augustine

Remember there's a dark side
It's tantamount to lover's suicide
And the dirty rotten remnants of your past
The dream becomes a living hell
And if you find it hard to bid farewell
You're underneath the spell of Augustine

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