

Tray

VOLA

You gave up my repair months ago
Now I'm breathing your air down below
There's a dog in the bay left unbound
Will you greet me the day I come around?

Excuse my while I strain my blinded eyes
Excuse me while I drain another life
My terrain is slipping away, ah
And your champagne is still on a tray, ah

I gave up my distress years ago
You were never impressed, feeling low
In the bright chandeliers bottles burst
From illusions to peers and then reversed

Excuse my while I strain my blinded eyes
Excuse me while I drain another life
My terrain is slipping away, ah
And your champagne is still on a tray, ah

Lost in waves and never found
The covenant fails
Reaching for a higher ground
With seven inch nails

My terrain is slipping away, ah
My dark horse refrains from the day

My terrain is slipping away, ah
My dark horse refrains from the day, ah
All my rats are begging to stay, ah
And your champagne is still on a tray

Still on a tray
Still on a tray
Still on a tray
Still on a tray
Still on a tray