

Postal Service, The "Brand New Colony"

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I'll be the grapes fermented, bottled and
served with the table set in my finest suit
like a perfect gentleman.

I'll be the fire escape that's bolted to the
ancient brick where you will sit and
contemplate your day.

I'll be the waterwings that save you if you
start drowning in an open tab when your
judgement's on the brink.

I'll be the phonograph that plays your favorite
albums back as your lying there drifting off
to sleep.

I'll be the platform shoes and undo what
heredity's done to you: you won't have to
strain to look into my eyes.

I'll be your winter coat buttoned and zipped
straight to the throat with the collar up so
you won't catch cold.

I want to take you far away from the cynics in this
town and kiss you on the mouth.

we'll cut our bodies free from the tethers of
this scene, start a brand new colony
where everything will change, we'll give
ourselves new names, identities erased.

the sun will heat the grounds under our bare
feet in this brand new colony.

everything will change...

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