

Fionn Regan

"The Lake District"

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From the banister I can see you,
Cough and blast rainbows.
27 summers press against the powder room windows
Unreturning eyes are learning the language of your
wrists
You twist them towards the chandeliers and say "Who
will be my witness?"

On a beaded rug on Jerusalem Hill watching the trawler
roll in
Let's start at the beginning,
the drunk shouts who's your tailor on the preference
Of a power failure slashing out its darkness
The steeple riggers round the spire scramble
For holy work lights on great hooks hanging
You straighten your quiff and mimic a stiff
The jury's back and it's a crushing blow
To those who wish you ill and woe

You are the Lake District
You don't need to speak
Writes in the air in chalk
Like subtitles walk across a foreign film screen

From the landing I can hear your hay bale laughter
singing
It breaks the white horse hearts, of all those
assembling
To be an ornament that sparkles
It's clear those here would kill
But there's nowhere to hide if you become a city on the
hill

On a beaded rug on Jerusalem Hill watching the trawler
roll in
Let's start at the beginning, in a dingy parlor by
lanterns swinging
But the ancient caverns of your eyes, welling
The tale of Russian head scarf, landing
On your collar bone from your blouse, protruding
You tighten your belt so it's closer felt

The jury's back and it's a crushing blow
For those who wish you ill and woe

You are the Lake District
Marry me
In a registry
Like a foreign film scene

Let others publish our thoughts
Take my hand and we will waltz
Below the cathedral vaults
Spinning like a foreign film reel

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