

Gregory And The Hawk

"Lanscapes"

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Keystone bridges clip the sky from window seats.
Lean right over me.
Smell my promises to take a pleasant start,
Ease a sense of heart, give a little bit.

Maybe you were my song.
Don't have to stay too long.
Fed up with your friends...
Whatever I could do to mend it now.

Phone lines follow us like heartbeats in the dusk.
Hold my hand and gush.
Sweet landscapes from the bus.
Ah the straw your neck is strong as a drawbridge in
stencil.
Work all week and find defeat in the tent's intense
tendrils.

On the mend we line 'em up
Oh, Viperous
The slippery facts we tend to trust
Oh, Viperous

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