

## Hot Club De Paris

### "Prepare Repair"

Visit "[Prepare Repair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A rising tide spent drowning in days lost to one heart's  
final lament.

Thrown off like grins known only to the dead.

Plastered behind scarlet eyes - Scarlet eyes!

Plastered behind scarlet eyes, stinking of tomorrow.

I say that once a letter is written. it's not so easily sent.

Like trying to find 2 of 3, but settling for one of me  
instead.

It's a hard faith to follow: the constant give without the  
take; after the scraping through it's one less heart to  
break.

A head above water for the eyes held under a lasting  
plea for the lost mind torn asunder.

Nothing but fair trades and farewells, when the present  
tense reveals a sixth sense, when you'd die for a word  
or one less empty shell.

Visit [Hot Club De Paris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.