

Hot Club De Paris

"Solanka"

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Dolls and shells, dolls and shells.
Three sheets to the wind, and swallowed by fortunes
twisted spells.
An empty hand for a lifeless eye glimmer lost and
wasted and spent on hallowed stifled ties.
I preach to the converting with a tongue less
disconcerting
And a name pulled forth from ashes scattered when
the fruits of our labour hardly mattered.
The poor obsessions of solanka.
Crash meets head in a blur of demons lost and fired
fed
Betting these last inches of rope on a new machine left
for dead.
Wasting years praying for solanka an uncharted mind
embracing spirits of another kind

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