

Josephine Collective "Clementine"

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The winter sun is hanging high up in the sky
Like a tangerine in crooked cream
And soft, cascading lines
Singing high and low, and glow and glow
Across the horizon line
It reminds me of a time of mine
With eyes that open wide and drown the light

Turn on, tune in, drop out
Pay the piper with a paper slip
Eyes open, trip on it

Oh, Clementine
You'll never be mine
I'll never be yours
Oh, Clementine
You'll never be mine
I hate to see you die before you're born

Now is the winter of your discontent
We're the disenchanting children
And we, and we won't stand for this
We spread like a cancerous brain
We'll put you in an early grave

We gave up, we gave you everything you could hold

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Pay the piper with a paper slip
Eyes open, trip on it

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