

Ralfe Band

"Albatross Waltz"

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Moon will rise, moon will fall. moon will rise and fall but
no-one seems me crawl along your darkened hall. In
your room amidst the gloom I can see geraniums are
all in bloom while you sleep in the afternoon. Dogs will
howl and as you sleep I lay a towel upon the body of the
freak, who died in your arms last week. A hurricane is
on its way, I can see the apple trees begin to sway,
while the nuns forgot to pray.

Above you now the albatross is sighing, the kings they
are all dying cause there's no one to anoint them and
the swords are all broken, broken in two.

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