

The Faceless

"Southern Belles In London Sing"

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Scarlet boots, the kiss of death
Patience and the end of it
Blended angels, whispered love
Countdown til it's gone, for long
Velvet voices, haunting slow
Darkened nooks, with bright decor
Georgian femmes are gone for weeks
Southern Belles in London Sing

I'm staring down the Eppley gate
Two more days before the plane arrives-
And you'll be standing here with your smile
Carving up the lobby seats
Pushing down the caffeine drinks
Checking the arrival screens for yours

A hundred feet above the landing
There's a girl gliding down
She's floating toward me now
Her sleeves are all stretching out
And the jet is following behind

Wake up

London skids a grinding halt
Last night left to spend apart
Your bags are packed by now for home
Stories of the tour unfold
Booking Agents
Broken Nose
Butting heads with creeping dolts
Georgian Femmes are gone for weeks
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