

The Sheila Divine "Monarchs"

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Well here in the east
We seem to drag
Just an assumption
For you to brag
In a tunnel of wrong the sermon is long

All baiting questions
Form a line
That seems to happen
All the time
In a puddle of wrong the serum is strong

Its space, it's a dark force
With a face that could destroy
Monarches
Boundries
Republics
And me

Your lucky numbers
Once were mine
Those shoes you walk in
Don't have a spine
In an ocean of wrong the sailors sing songs

Its space, it's a dark force
With a face that could destroy
Monarches
Boundries
Republics
And me

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