

Viejas Locas

"Pontchartrain"

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Sunday:

Dark water draining north, the heat
Swells and bursts like plague.

Sunday:

Ever-so-faint slow tambourine
Glides onward toward the grave.

Who drew the line?
Who drew the line between you and me?
Who drew the line
That everyone sees?

Darling,
Lake Pontchartrain is haunted:
Bones without names, photographs framed in reeds.

Darling,
What blood our veins are holding.
The overpass frozen, fires ablaze at sea.

Who drew the line?
Who drew the line that cuts to the skin, buries me in?
Tell me who drew the line.
Darling, don't close your eyes.

(Lie as darkness hardens.
Lie of our reunion.
Oh lie if God is sleeping.
Oh I believe you now.)

Darling,
Lake Pontchartrain will cradle me,
And all you left behind.

Listen:
Ever-so-faint slow tambourine
Is marching back through time.

