

Bell Fable

"My First Born For A Song"

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Somewhere in this sea of Club Milks
Tea and ashtrays
There is a song
I'm in the crow's nest with binoculars
Just waiting for one to come along
I've seen the flare so I know it's there
It has me tied up at a rate of knots
No navigation, global position
Just me and this midnight oil

So take me to your king
I hear he's the man to see
And I will cross his palm

My first born for a song

Somewhere in this froth
And howling wind
There's something worth singing
Climb into the attic to write me a classic
But it's not happening
It's just Christmas up here
Between the phone calls
And text messages
The air must be thick with words
But not between us
Shoulder to grindstone
Switching to manual
Keep the head down
And I'll see you at the end

So take me to your king
I hear he's the man to see
And I will cross his palm

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