

No-Man

"Pigeon Drummer"

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The background buzz, the lo-fi hum,
The fallen saviors beat their ritual drums.

Their eyes alive with destiny -
Sweet delusions, which serve to set us free.

The bar room bids for tarts with hearts,
The dumbed down kids in souped up cars.

The clapped out lovers on their guard -
Smaller details written large.

Her sun-kissed skin caught in your frame,
You know you'll never pass this way again.

You wash the dirt out of your hair.
You find the words you need when no-one's there.

The moments lost.
The distant stars.

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