

Premiata Forneria Marconi "From Under"

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A lover collecting ladies
A poet connecting raindrops
A rock'n'roll star, a gambler's seven
A saint on a train to heaven
If you don't like your number
Trying to get out from under
Providence comes and offers sweetly
Swallow the dream you like
Some buy a dream crutch to survive
Somebody says, "don't sell me lies" ...
So providence kindhearted lady
Sent round all her salesmen
With toy revolutions and more ...
Cadillac gurus
Old Jesus new circus
Blind fifties revivals
The wind up pelvis band
Keeps on playing
Still someone's saying
"don't sell me lies"
So providence called her last friend
Heroin the charming ocean
Patient enough for every problem
Silent enough to drown so many good friends
Providence of illusion
Providence whore of fat kings
Leave them alone!
Lady you'll never get them
Lady you'll never win
They are miles from your zoo
Even sad
Even dying of sadness
They are the winners
Beautiful winners
They are the land of your fall ...

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