

The Church

"Wam Spell"

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Echo drenched inside reverb rain
Your festive summer you just couldn't blame (wait ?)
We became free into darkness then
Until the night silence distance froze

Our house stands never empty
Our house filled with strangers pity
Well I'd say I put it down to this warm spell
And I must admit I don't know you very well

Hear him laughing, his memory walks the garden
I say it's all right I still believe in you
We pretend nothing ever changes
Shivering we don't stay too long

In the back seat awake and dizzy
Journey's over, it left me sleepy
Well I'd say I put it down to this warm spell
And I must admit I don't know you very well

One hot night solid air like blankets
My father's piano dreams of the sun
His fingers tingle, anticipation
Down the hall we shudder back tonight

Our old house stands never empty
Our old house filled with strangers pity
Well I'd say I put it down to this warm spell
And I must admit I don't know you very well

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