

The Church

"Warm Oily Voices"

Visit "[Warm Oily Voices](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Baby sleep Dark in a winter of Coral
And sheets of powdering snow

In a cafe somewhere wont you visit us there
But you drink up your wine and you go

The people next door are making these noises
That Seeping into this dream
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices
Starting to whisper the theme

The smoke in this place must have gone to your head
And we're falling and flailing down (YEAH)
And the metre keeps ticking outside on the road
And the outskirts ***** of town

The people next door are making these noises
Seeping into this dream
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices
Starting to whisper the theme

Morning brings aching, amnesia shadows , like a tray
of
colours and rice
In an old river bed of yellows and reds
And your hands and feet are like ice

The people next door are making these noises
Seeping into this dream
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices
Starting to whisper the theme
The people next door are making these noises
Seeping into this dream
The people next door are making these noises
Seeping into this dream

Visit [The Church](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.