

Faint, The

"Southern Belles In London Sing"

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Scarlet boots the kiss of death.
Patience and the end of it.
Blended angels whispered love.
Countdown till it's gone for long.
Velvet voices haunting slow.
Darkened notes with bright decor.
Georgian femmes are gone for weeks.
Southern belles in London sing.

I'm staring down the Eppley gate.
Two more days before the plane arrives and you'll be
standing here with your smile.
I'm carving up the lobby seats.
Pushing down the caffeine drinks.
Checking the arrival screen for yours.

A hundred feet above the landing.
Theres a girl gliding down.
She's floating toward me now.
Her sleeves are all stretching out.
And the jet is following behind.

(Wake Up)

London skids a grinding halt.
Last night left to spend apart.
Your bags are packed by now for home.
Stories of the tour unfold.
Booking agents broken nose.
Butting heads with creeping dolts.
Georgian femmes are gone for weeks.
Southern belles in London sing.

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