

## Tea Party "Empty Glass"

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These premonitions  
Shine like stars that  
Fall to earth too fast  
I see the empty glass

Where do we belong?  
Tell me Major Tom  
Because nothing is making sense  
I listen and lament

For golden years  
That pass like thunder  
And soldier on through time  
This empty glass is mine

Where do we belong  
Could you help us Major Tom?  
Because nothing is making sense  
I listen and lament

A star man will come  
When diamond dogs run  
We need ground control  
We're losing our souls

A star man will come  
When diamond dogs run  
We need ground control  
We're losing our souls

We're losing our souls  
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We're losing our souls

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