

Middle East

"Ninth Avenue Reverie"

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You say you want to be buried beneath the mango tree
Where every northern summer you'll come back to life
You say you want your ashes mixed up with your lover's
salt

Where every Sunday night he'll eat a little more of you

You say you can't stop crying; it's just the power of the
song

Riding on the midnight bus again

You say that you loved him but you were just too young

You say that's why you still wear the ring

You say a lot of things

You say that your daddy was a painter of sorts

But I never saw him paint a thing

He just kept the tins underneath his bed

And sniffed a different colour every night

And dreamed of a place up in the sky

Where everyone's a painter 'til they die

You say you don't like flying on the aeroplanes

That even the sea birds must get lonely out there

You said you were quitting after your next pack

And you said once that I was beautiful

But for all the pretty ladies in Beijing

I couldn't stop my drinking

And you say a lot of

You say a lot of

You say a lot of things

You say you can't stop dreaming about your funeral
day

Where all your long-time friends will be crying for you

I'd be up the back with a rose in my hand

And I'd give to you in death what I could not in life

