

Hours Last Stand

Elvis Perkins In Dearland

Now, now woman
Sweet, sweet child
Little baby,
The black, black night
Will famously make of every little thing one
Look here lady,
Do you want to see me cry
Out your lovin' or a little suicide
Is all that's left to me.
The daylight's pounding my eardrums
So now I make my stand,
My pride in hand
My lonely love
Swing low May Flower
Hear my pearls
Listen, honey
To your little hummingbird
Very carefully
For he may not sing it more than once.
Love you, baby
Like mariners love the sea.
When I go to Heaven,
I swear you will go with me.
I've seen it vividly,
Daydreaming in the sun
But make no mistake,
I'm now awake
My lonely love
My lonely love
Midnight, midnight in the cat's eyes
And to the devil the chicken spirit flies.
Finally, not so unlike the dove
The hours last stand is in your hands
My lonely love
My lonely love
My lonely love