

Gates Of The Country

Black Lab

April, back in New York, the thirty first floor
It seems somehow every thing's changed
The kitchen too small, plates on the wall
The sound of machinery

May, where have you been? Who were you running with?
Wasn't he someone you used to call home?
Where is the ring? Where is the boy who went traveling alone?

She's much better without me
She walks through the gates of the country, her hands at her side
And I smile as I watch her walk by
Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is better off now

June, the curtain is shut, the patterns are cut
The maid who will wake you at dawn
Pulls out a chair, pulls down your hair
It's just like you wanted

July, what's going on? What are you running from?
Why are you sleeping alone on the floor?
Some people change, others hang on till they can't anymore

She's much better without me
She walks through the gates of the country, her hands at her side
And I smile as I watch her walk by
And somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is better off now

[?] she's much better without me
She walks through the gates of the country, her hands in the air
And I smile as I watch her walk by
Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes, yeah, she is better off now