

Valentine and Garuda

Frank Black

I have a flask but I do not have the wine
I have a suit but I do not have a dime
Oh pity me Garuda
I don't where to begin
I had a love and she called me Valentine
I walk alone on streets below these peaks
Of stone that block the sky
My hands have lost their grip through fingers slipped
The rarest ever damselfly
I had a love and she was always true
I had a drink yes I gambled then she flew
Oh pity me Garuda
And turn my hands into wings
I'm coming back to the station I am due
My eyes are small and dark
My pigeon heart is pumping blood so fast
I fly above the earth for what it's worth
I search for love lost in the past