

Sewn Up

Rogue Wave

Children walking
Under mulberry skies
The old conductor
Feeds his army of spies
I'm sewn up
And waiting on you

See you walking
With a suit and a tie
Do you tread water
Or just skim off the sides
I'm sewn up
And waiting on you

Never raised or held a hand to call her
Papa's got a brand new bag of squalor
The professor just told me
It was water under the bridge
Never got a trophy
I guess it's the language that it is
It's the cover of the paper
It's just the nature of the biz

Picked some wingtips
From the old lost and found
New world disorder
In a stereo sound
I'm sewn up
And waiting on you