

## Southern Belles in London Sing

The Faint

Scarlet boots, the kiss of death  
Patience and the end of it  
Blended angels, whispered love  
Countdown 'til it's gone, for long  
Velvet voices, haunting slow  
Darkened nooks, with bright decor  
Georgian femmes are gone for weeks  
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I'm staring down the Eppley gate  
Two more days before the plane arrives  
And you'll be standing here with your smile  
Carving up the lobby seats  
Pushing down the caffeine drinks  
Checking the arrival screens for yours

A hundred feet above the landing  
There's a girl gliding down  
She's floating toward me now  
Her sleeves are all stretching out  
And the jet is following behind

Wake up

London skids a grinding halt  
Last night left to spend apart  
Your bags are packed but now for home  
Stories of the tour unfold  
Booking Agents  
Broken Nose  
Butting heads with creeping dolts  
Georgian Femmes are gone for weeks  
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