Chains, Chains, Chains

Elvis Perkins In Dearland

Whose eyes are those too fair to be but the night in day's clothes Speak, speak it I beg if you know it, just say it plain Lorraine's What thing is this at my feet at my heart at my wrists If you know anything I'll have to insist that you explain Chains chains chains What am I if bound to walk in chains 'til I die Reaching wildly out to the sky with no particular aim A flame and all aflame What are these put my mind out to deep deep seas I won't see the forest I won't see the trees 'til they're gone with the flame Names, name Whose eyes are those ought to be careful or simply keep them closed I see them now wherever I go set to the solemn refrain: Chains, Chains, Chains

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