

Lucy

Trampled By Turtles

Lucy, where are you now?
Lucy, where are you now?
Lucy, where are you now?
Are you hidin'?
Born in the firebed, poetry on our graves.
I forgot so many names. But I'm trying.
I think it's time to go. The bartender is mean and slow.
Maybe he doesn't know that you're blinding.
I need a night alone. The wind through the trees alone.
My eyes in the glass???. Slow and shining.
Lucy, where are you now?
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Lucy, where are you now?
Are you hidin'?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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