

Codeine

The Chant

The minstrel plays false hope
As the organ grinds
Cathedrals falling timbers
Help keep time
From the higher you fall
The more it takes time
Codeine wrestles with
The thief of night

And there's nothing left to do
One pirouette please
In cinnamon' s shoes
Catch that flight
With Mississippi blues
While codeine wrestles with
The thief of the night

Yes my friend it's all in the waiting
The little things that drive you crazy
It happened so fast
In the blink of an eye
The ghosts of the past
That play tricks on the mind

See the girl stand there^u
Without a care
The wind called Gale
Blows her silly string hair
Shadows dance on a wall
By candle light
While codeine wrestles with
The thief of the night

Codeine crazy
Codeine my baby