

Drum Courts—Where Corals Lie

These New Puritans

This is the
This is the land where corals lie
beach into the sea.

Your lips are like a sunset glow
Your smile is like a morning sky
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie
The land where corals lie.

Some request my eyelids closed
So I'll leave my eyelids closed
It's time, it's time