

## Lucy

Trampled by Turtles

Lucy, where are you now? [x3]  
Are you hiding?

Born in the fire, babe.  
Poetry on our graves.  
I forgot so many names, but I'm trying.

I think it's time to go,  
the bartender's leaning slow  
and maybe he doesn't know  
that you're blinding.

I need a night alone.  
The wind through the trees alone.  
But as if the glass alone, slow and shining.

Lucy, where are you now? [x3]  
Are you hiding?