

St. Thomas, With The Feather

My girl has gone away
For the summer
The tunes are out now
I don't know why
The last thing I heard
Was from my mother
I'm fading out
I don't know why

I'm going down
With the feather
I'm going down
I need a sound
I'm going down
With the feather
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I need a sound

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La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-oh-la-lau
Lei-da-dei-do
Lei-dei-dei-dei-dei-la-la
Lai-la-lai-la
Lai-lai-da-da-lai-lai-da-da
Lai-lai-lai-lai
Lai-lai-lai-da-dei-la-dei-da-da-da