

The Tea Party, Gone

Broken moments in time
Could still shine,
But they're getting old...
If you could see the world with my eyes,
You'd be so surprised, at what you'd know,

So, if you see my angel of light,
With her sweet wine,
Could you let me know?
Because I think she's gone again.

Fatal are these moments of trust,
That please us, and who would know?
Helpless in these passions of life,
Now strife won't let me go,

So, if you see my angel of light,
With her sweet wine,
I think she needs to know...
That I've gone again.
I've really gone again.
I think I'm gone again...

...Oh so lonely