

Send My Fond Regards to Lonelyville

Elvis Perkins In Dearland

Send my fond regards to Lonelyville
I'm staying in my well-appointed valley on the hill
Oh, I'll grow hale on seawater, a son on the honey milk
And leave something to loneliness, Sweet William will
I once was there to find the girl, that mystic morning's eve
There in the shade with all things up its leaves
Waking to the marvel, to be northern, to be free
You can hear the sound of southern bells follow where she please
Some with the forked tongues they'd love again to unlearn
Some for a heart, a brushed yet stainless urn
You see some say for a spell, well it's the last they're seen or heard
But for all the night falls for each alone, each alone will yearn
Now say hello to the blind king
He was two hands younger and both empty of his queen
In her place the lone spade waltzed right in to a silent hymn
See him bow and bend at twenty one and Jack The Blacksmith's crying
This is how they come to leave their lonelinesses
The weeks will pass in a tennis match before she for him undresses
For so long with no point for the distant mister and the near misses
It will be love, love from above when at length the arrow hisses
Now the waterfall wallpaper clings to its dear life
Our two-d holiday burns clear through the night
The holy lonely lead their piebalds down to the tide
Singing, oh no my heart will not be claimed by the fire
They cast the independent man, his anchor and his spear
First in gold then out the capitol and through the prism of his tears
The moon sets to the great purse of the sea like a folding mirror
As pointed for the promise land the sisters disappear
I set my prayers tonight for Lonelyville
To fall with the snow at that lone window sill
The ghost of the wolf moonlight to fall on Slater Mill
And leave something to loneliness Sweet William will

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