

belle

she has no-one to hold her now, she doesn't even know how
or if it's true or isn't true, mistakes are accidents we choose
pouring out of my head, I put my trust in love instead
i cannot live with the thought
that all her words were just drinking talk.....

i dream of hollow ships and clocks and empty trains that never
stop
love and hate were brothers then but never were they ever
friends
she gives me an old photograph and whispers now don't you
laugh
i would have loved you then
but love i didn't know what i didn't have

belle, belle,

time gets twisted in a ribbon, wrapped around her worried
fingers,
still i give her all my love but she never seems to get enough
she has no-one to hold her now, she doesn't even know how
or if it's true or isn't true....
mistakes are accidents we choose

belle , belle

Stones

I'm out of my head by the living room wall,
you're down in the kitchen trying to fall.....
down,
how many days have gone, in this particular way,
to the sound of the piano, playing out in the hall.....

I'm out of my head where the wallpapers warm
You're out in the rain falling
down.....

sticks and stones built our home,
but words will never hurt us,
so send me down another drink,
let's make a toast to love....

now I'm back in my head and the future smell's fine,
these are good times it's said, just a matter of time,
time to move into the sun, with my hat on my head,
I might fall into love, like I fell out of bed...

repeat chorus

I'm out of my head.....

thin blood

foresight never gave a wonder child, perfect never made a
happy life
murmurs in the heat of a distant afternoon,
where nothings going nowhere
and the piano's out of tune
i remember this, i remember that
my daddy in a white shirt and a cricket bat
i remember that

thin blood never helped a growing boy
anxious in the spell of a cruel world
school days gone in a blinking of an eye
the best days of our lives had only just begun
i remember this, i remember that
my brother running wild under a bowler hat
i remember that

and if our hands were joined again, would we all sing along
to that old familiar love song our families always knew
and if we held each other strong like children sometimes do
would the marks of pain be rubbed away from thin blood too?

foresight never gave a wonder child, perfect never made a
happy life
murmurs in the heat of a distant afternoon,
where nothings going nowhere
and the piano's out of tune
i remember this, i remember that

pretend

have you ever noticed that
she never smiles in photographs?
i used to think it was just that
she was unhappy
but now i know it's something else
something i had never known
she can never stop herself
from thinking of what might have been

and does she pretend
to keep me from breaking
and does she pretend
and what should i expect from someone so broken?

and when we fell in love i thought
i could make her smile again
but the camera never lies you know
it's true that she's still waiting
and when we make love it seems
that she's not always there with me
i can never tell if she's
gone somewhere, i can never be

and does she pretend
to keep me from breaking
and does she pretend
and what should i expect from someone so broken?

and if we had a second chance
to live our lives out again
would she smile in photographs
and never have to pretend

mr smile

speeding down the road, at the end of the day
all the worried faces saying
say, how many more days like this
must they're be
let me see i'll count them out
as long as you live in this peculiar way
with your head to the ground, your back bent double
grey
oh, mr grey
oh, mrs grey

wooden steps and hollow legs of conversations
big mistakes are never heard of
now new deck of cards has been dealt
since we last saw Richard
he just packed his bags, kicked his heels
left a black mark on the name of family
oh, such a disgrace
to see his face is cracking
into a smile
oh, mr smile
oh, mrs smile
the last time i saw Richard
he was learning to smile

Lemon

her heart was a lemon
a lemon she said
she nearly died twice
from not having a spare

1,2,3
came knocking on her door
mr death and his pony
still keeping the score

then all the kings horses
and all the kings men
tried to put my baby
back together again

but 1,2,3,
third time lucky
he cried
mr death on his pony
took her out for a ride

Coming up for air

She still has her hammer but she can't find the nails,
To build us a boat that will.... get us out of here,
We've been drifting on trade winds and too many beers,
But now she feels ready so she's coming up for air....

And save some of herself from all of those people
that think they know who she is
think they know better
she'll save some of herself from dreams that will never come ,
to anything or anyone

She's driving through traffic and counting all the cars
And wonders if she's thinking the same things as we are
And if running is escaping, well, that's alright with her
She's been too long at the bottom,
Now she's coming up for air

And save some of herself from all of those people
that think they know who she is
think they know better
she'll save some of herself from dreams that will never come
To anything or anyone

Little heads

I've got a picture of you
You're maybe 21, maybe 22
With baby on your back
Your very first one
What did it feel like then
Not knowing how it would end?

And here you are again
Now you have more or less three of them
Sitting in a row
Like three little eskimos
Smiling at their dad
Not knowing that they've been had

And today is mother's day
And now you have five
And three call to say
They miss you now you've gone
But don't cry because you feel
You're done something wrong

It just happened you said
I love their little heads
I love their little heads

and dreams of something else

A tiny virgin Mary blue sits alone
And all the boys she ignores
Until the right one comes along
And fills her full of grace
And so she marries him
But not for love
But for something else

A house, a home, a rolling stone stays on the wall
And all the roads that she could have,
She never did get going
Just like her dad, she knows she'd
Rather be free but throws
Away the key
Herself
And dreams of something else

Trembling she sees all her words
Still colliding
Moving so fast
She cannot
Ever hide from the sparkle and shine of
Their darkness

A tiny virgin Mary blue sleeps alone
And all the dreams she ignores
Until the right one comes along
And fills her full of grace
And soon she starts to wake
But not for long

A big mistake

She's got her dress, she's got her ring
And a little baby growing somewhere deep within
Her heart is nearly breaking from all the talk around
If she could she'd run away from this empty little town

She knows that he is good but not nearly good enough
Not since she found the list and wished she'd never picked it up
Her friends said she was lucky now she knows just what they
mean
Since Tuesday she just stays inside singing let it be.....

And the clock never stops,
Sunshine or rain
And the day never ends
It just comes around again.....

She's got her dress, she's got her ring
Now everyone agrees, she's got the real thing
But hope will drive her crazy and she never will admit
That after all is said and done
She's making a big mistake

how to say goodbye

leaving isn't quite the same, he said to me,
as running away
if you're scared or tired of what you're scared of
why should you stay?
he loved to say goodbye
and always counted out the time
'til he was free, to get up and leave
to learn how to breath
again

slipping out to have a cigarette with someone else that he'd
never met,
ask her if by the way would she like to run away
and try to forget?
or just not to stay, to leave without saying why

to get up and go ,to catch the last train
to get in some car and drive out again
to never come back this way....
and have to say....
goodbye, so long, farewell, au revoir
goodbye, so long, farewell, au revoir
goodbye, so long, farewell, au revoir