

Breakfast in bed

Frank's up, he's gone, he's run away, 5 years wishing his life away
He knew nothing made sense, when he was living in the future tense
Look up, it's an airplane, I know, there (there) he goes again,
He'll wave from the window seat, getting younger with every heartbeat..
Goodbye, he wrapped it up, in a box that she could never drop,
Life's too short to be a martyr, isn't that what we've got a heart for...

Me, I still remember that time
When everybody was doing just fine
When the last bell rang in my head
And I still got breakfast in bed...

Let's drink to '76, hi-fi stereos and hockey sticks,
Playboys under the bed, Neil Young playing in my head,
All the boys down at the disco, ice girls melting in the snow,
Spinning 'round, living for the moment, waking up to another no, no, no
Frank lived he took a chance, every song, every dance,
Out there doing his thing, telling everyone Elvis was king..

Me, I still remember that time
When everybody was doing just fine
When the last bell rang in my head
And I still got breakfast in bed...

Come down now, my little pussy cat, I'm tired and (I) need a little this and
that,
It's not an easy way to make a living, all this dancing all this singing,
For everyone rich, there's somebody sinking, maybe that's what got me
thinking,
Let's build a rocket to mars, let's book a ticket to the stars....

Me, I still remember that time
When everybody was doing just fine
When the last bell rang in my head
And I still got breakfast in bed...

Franks up, he ran, he got away

Cracks

Cracks in the pavement, kiss me my love and then do it again
Shame I can't keep it, this moment I'd like to play it again

And hey, you must be, the girl who still loves me
And so it makes me so very happy
To see

Cracks in the pavement, kiss me my love and then do it again
Shame I can't keep it, this moment I'd like to play it again

Is that all or nothing can stop us we're falling
It's so good to be leaving
But love, I'm still seeing

Cracks in the pavement, kiss me my love and then do it again
Shame I can't keep it, this moment I'd like to play it again

And there's people, there's always people,
But we won't miss them (they won't miss us)
Now we're leaving.....

Jimmys song

Jimmy used sing this song,
He'd stand up with his boots on,
With his slicked back hair and a funny smile
He'd get the words wrong

Jimmy used live in this room,
I believe he left a broken heart or two
He had the whitest teeth on this side of the street
But he always got the words wrong

I know the sun comes up and the sun goes down
And we all get tired of the merry go round
But jimmy loved you and you loved him
There's always something bad in every good thing

Jimmy used sing this song,
He stayed up late that night with you in his arms
But when he held you tight and whispered in your ear
He got the words wrong

Jimmy used sing this song
He walked out and from that night on
He always said he'd rather be found dead
Than get the words wrong

All those pretty horses

Underneath the yellow, the mimosa, I smelt the scent of death
All those ghosts they kept coming round
To the house I never left
Faithful love, I am sorry, I could never sleep alone
Now this fever has left me empty
And I feel like a sinking stone

Underneath the lamplight, I can see her and I know she's still alone
Standing there, always waiting for someone else to come
Beating heart, it is still there, keeping me awake at nights
Inside me, there, out on the stairs
Underneath the red light

And all those pretty horses, never came to anything
It only took one good one to bring me back in.....

Faithful love, I am sorry, I could never dream alone
All the time that got wasted,
chasing a sinking stone
Underneath the yellow, the mimosa,
I left it all behind
On a horse made of paper and a dream that wasn't mine

And all those pretty horses never came to anything.....

Skinny

Skinny comes from Summertown, she sings like some old folk singer
Always forgets who I am, never knows what I might bring her
Got to wake, wake up in time, got to think of all she has
And will forget in time, turn her up and turn her over easy

Skinny comes from Summertown, she walks like she's my Lolita
Says that I'm her new old man but never cares if I should leave her
Sundays, Mondays, she don't care, I kiss her salt taste, kiss her hair,
Got to think of all I have, some day she'll be gone forever

Skinny comes from Summertown, she sings like some old folk singer
Mr. Man has up and gone, I never thought she would pull that trigger

Nothing is ever forgotten
Rewind and hit the play button
Come back now all is forgiven
You're my only reason for living

Magnets

Magnets moving, north and southing
Maths and music
Laws of distraction
Time's not money and can't be borrowed

Apples falling, rocket ships launching
Weights and pulleys
Paris is burning
Empty Sundays waiting to be
Mondays

Weather men talking
Highs and lowing
Love and migraines
Pills and let's try agains
Mother earth, am I your son?

Those regrets

Someday you'll be standing there, wishing you hadn't done that to her...
And she won't know it,
And all the times you could have said what was going on inside your head
Now she can't hear it,
You tell her friends you're still alone
And you'll never make it on your own

You tried her on, then took her off,
And never thought about the cost
Now she can't feel it
She let you in and took you home, you left your fingerprints on her soul
Now she can't heal it
And so you fell but never jumped
And so you died but never loved

And those regrets will poison you yet,
Every bridge you burn, every letter never sent
With those regrets, the gambler shoots himself
Knows he can't get back, what he never had

Earthquakes start with little cracks
The whole world knows she's not coming back
But you can't see it
That sinking ship never left a clue
You were the captain, you got the news,
Did you believe it?
And so you fell but never jumped
And so you died but never loved

Someday you'll be standing there, wishing you hadn't done that to her.

Panic blues

I am walking in a field, by a centipede of light
I hear the broken whistle of a train
Faces pressed against the fogged up window panes

Was it you, was it you I saw
White hat and shoes, walking through
New Orleans while I just stared
Suffocating, out of air

And by the way, did you feel the same thing, the same thing too?
I forgot to ask, do you feel the same way as I do....panic blues...

Are you lithium, are you leaning
On my broken down heart still ticking
Are you neon, are you pain
I can't wait to hear you explain

Was it you, was it you I saw
With your cigarette and your hair cut short
We hardly knew but now we do
It's too late, it's too late

And by the way, did you feel the same thing, the same thing too?
I forgot to ask, do you feel the same way as I do....panic blues...
Do you want to know, I can't eat, I can't sleep
I can't breath, I can't see.....panic blues....

You can't teach an old dog new tricks

I took it all, I put it back
And that was all, that was that
But I couldn't sleep, I knew it then
I had to let it go and when

I got the chance I let her fly
I took all of your good advice
Let her go but she came back
Bet you never thought of that....

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
You can't teach an old dog new tricks

And was it then as the skylarks fell
Was it when, I couldn't tell
I heard the tock of the ticking clock
that broke the spell as the hammer fell...

I hit the road and got knocked down
Full of stops like a telegram
Sent a letter saying got it wrong
I'm not myself, I'm coming home

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
You can't teach an old dog new tricks

Home, sweet, home

Home, the word still makes me cry
When I read it in some book
Or hear it on a train
So many miles from

Home, never broken always sweet
Whispered like somebody's name
That I should know....

Home, I've been away too long
To know where I come from
To draw a map and say
There, that's where I come from
That's where my friends still live
I miss them still it seems
An ache that never
Ceases to amaze me

Home, a ringing telephone
A voice that tells me, "hey
You've been away too long
From home, that place where you came from
And where you still belong"
Another Christmas missed

At home, a place we made our own
We built it stone by stone
Home, sweet, home