

Open Book

Ed Harcourt

It's clear to us this love affair
Has self combusted everywhere
And I don't feel so debonair
My piano collects dust

A funeral with no mourners
I wish that I'd turned corners
To see the signs that warn us
But I didn't make a fuss

Well, my life keeps on spinnin'
It's this drunken procession
I can't learn my lessons
These plates that I'm spinnin'
Soon they'll smash on the ground
Make a loud crashing sound

And I am still an open book
And you can have a secret look
Inside
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As children make their way to class
I sit and raise another glass
'Cause you don't dwell much on the past
When it keeps haunting you

Oh, the marching band stomps down the block
And makes the babies' cradles rock
And my keys, they don't turn the lock
Perhaps I don't want them to

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