

Darling Alistair

Little Comets

Two types of heartache blow my life into pieces
The first is fiscal, the second does not bare repeating
Say Darling Alistair
Why'd your taxes remain way too taxing?
Is it not opportune to pose these questions?

Darling, are you on it?
Darling, are you popular?
We thought you were honest
But you keep secrets in your refrac

You have me vetted to another question answer session
Dressed down, informal like
But it still leaves the wrong impression
Your fabric's merging
Urge you to break in to something vibrant
Instead your head drops dead with silence

Darling, are you on it?
Darling, are you popular?
We thought you were honest
But you keep secrets in your refrac
Darling, you know this
Darling, are you ill-defined?
Darling, are you honest?
From behind blacked out windows of your car

Excheque my broken heart
Cancel cheques in the mail
It's like we just got started, Alistair
Home wrecker, duty bound
Two take pence in the pound
It's like you just departed, Alistair

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