

## One Better Day

Madness

Arlington house, address: no fixed abode  
An old man in a three-piece suit sits in the road  
He stares across the water, he sees right through the lock  
But on and up like outstretched hands  
His mumbled words, his fumbled words, mock

Further down, a photo booth, a million plastic bags  
And an old woman filling out a million baggage tags  
But when she gets thrown out, three bags at a time  
She spies the old chap in the road to share her bags with  
She has bags of time

Surrounded by his past, on a short white line  
He sits while cars pass either side, takes his time  
Trying to remember one better day  
A while ago when people stopped to hear him say

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine  
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

Now she has walked enough through rainy town  
She rests her bag against his and sits down  
She's trying to remember one better day  
A while ago when people stopped to hear her say

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine  
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes  
Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine  
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The feeling of arriving when you've nothing left to lose

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