

Back On Board

Aztec Camera

Heard it said, it's a stupid thing, everything that I follow through

Never got to our God, you see; abandoned with the taste of the new

And every time that whistle blows I'm stranded in my shoes

Get me back on board, pull me up with grace

Get me back on board, let me be embraced

'Cause even after all those words I want you for my own

Touch me when the sun comes up and tell me that we're home

We'll take a train to the graves again

That we can learn the value of life

Kick the snow with our shoe-

heels; shivers give me a smile in the night

Hey, honest to goodness, girl

I'd kiss you with the lips of the Lord

But to be honest to goodness, I feel I have to wait for the word

And every time that whistle blows, I'm stranded in my shoes

'Cause I'm always, always trying to be the archetypal free

The strangest something went to sleep, I buckled at the knees

So here we go, digging through those dustbins, giving things new names