

There's a portrait
In a back room
Which I keep for days upon
Which I relent
And gaze for hours on
The muscle, skin and bone of some
Imaginary friend.

So how about it?
Show me please how I
Will look in twenty years
And let me please
Interpret history
In every line and scar
That's painted there in front of me.

It doesn't matter what I'm thinking
What I tell myself to do
I'll end up calling.

I stay in to defrost the fridge
Now the kid has gone to bed
A feeling of dread
At least when she's around
The trouble's there
It's worse to wake up with her
Falling round the room.

Listen Johnny, you're like a mother
To the girl you've fallen for,
And you're still falling

Listen Johnny, you're like a mother
To the girl you've fallen for,
And you're still falling

And if they come tonight
You'll roll up tight
And take whatever's coming to you next