

August Was a Heavy Month

Bob Geldof

I'll take another photograph
Before the old one fades
It reminds me of those things that past
And quickly passed away
But it comes on in the early night
Creeping up on you
Those scenes of devastation
Crushing down on cue
These days are growing colder now
The light is growing dim
August was a heavy month
And now the nights are drawing in
Poor Baby Blue's wrapped up again
Inside her final pain
I'd help her if I could I say
She puts us all to shame
Alright, alright I know I've got a lot
Left to answer for
But am I the only one to blame
And anyway who's keeping score
But the grass seems so much brighter now
She's spilled her blood again
August was a heavy month
Wash it down September rain

Baby Blue picks up her life tonight
And rushes for the Chelsea train
All the stars shine down on her tonight
And August was a heavy month

The photograph is cracked and torn
From being picked up, put down
Like some holy relic
Whose worshippers are found
Searching through their sacred books
For the holy grail of "why"
But the total sum of knowledge
Knows no more than you or I
Alright, alright says Baby Blue
Who doesn't really understand
August was a heavy month
But winter came at last.