William's Heart

Camera Obscura

A postcard of Byron by the bed It's a reminder of every word that he said To die in the arms of a twenty year old A figure of porcelain with moves so bold You'd love to have a heart of gold You would have to have come from a better mould To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Ending the shift of a sleepless night Tossing and turning and holding on tight To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Want to know about William's heart? Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad? Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again? Is he lost? Does he need a friend?

Lying to those who know you the best Keeping a secret close to your chest To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old The agony of the late night pub Talking too much, old age is a curse Want to know about William's heart? Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad? Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again?

Is he lost? Does he need a friend? William where have you gone? Will you return to me? William where have you gone? Please return to me

If it's a single man or a single malt That I take in my arms when I'm feeling low You'll say honesty has made me cruel I say you're soft and you're made of wool You are made of wool