

One Hundred Things

Deacon Blue

Poorly
You're more than poorly Jimmy
More than that
Worse than that

This is a case of photographs
Smudged and dropped and laughed at
Here's some things that came in post
Letters never sent but wrote

Shelves of books not opened
Browsed in and bored you
Unlocked things that should have been fastened down

To be burned
To be burned Jimmy
To be gone forever

So you're
Down town raking bins
Through carry outs and skins
To find the hundred things that led you here
So you're
Down town raking bins
Through carry outs and skins
To find the hundred things that led you here

Long night walking hills
Scratched and cut
Bruised and hurt
With all your tension and your guilt

Stories of the beer and care and speed you spilled
Pleased at your speaking
Worried by the content
About this love and this land and this firmament

Forgotten how to dream
Started just to scream
Forgotten to return
To return Jimmy
To fight your way back

[CHORUS]

Tired
Well I'm tired too Jimmy
More than that
I'm angry at that
Well now that I'm finished
This small town world seems so much bigger
It didn't seem important then
Between jobs and flags and parliaments

But our small time world seems bigger
And maybe more worth fighting for
Maybe at the heart of things

They'll be clowns
And we'll be kings

[CHORUS]