

# 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]