

Patchwork

Drugstore

Well I know it's wrong
And I know it's selfish
It's such a short life
There's so little time
You see this pattern
A patchwork without any direction
All cobbled together
In odd shape and size
Take my hand now
We'll go through this mess together
But my hands are sweating
You somehow slip away
I tried to phone you
No need to shout, now
I tried to love
But never looked that hard
'cos this blues is a swirling ocean
The green, my ambition
Red is the passion
There's a lot of red
There's a lot of red, oh...
Such a short life
It's such a short life
Yeah...