

Shadowboxing

Ed Harcourt

Hanging off the bridge by a fingernail
Trapped in the harbor when the ship set sail
Boy, you're one card short of the pack
Begging for your baby to take you back

Stubbed a cigarette out on his hand
Scrawls her name across the sand
But it disappears like King Canute
Tide didn't like his attitude

Always shadowboxing
Face up and throw your gloves in
Lose your imaginary friends
Always good for nothing
She can't ever love him
No man is ever innocent, innocent

Bouncing off the walls with no wish to land
Erase your fingerprints and your retina scan
There's no point in the life he should lead
Chain leg to a piano and sink through the weeds

Gone are all the dreams that last forever
He towed the line when never meant never
They had something better than the cynical beast
Weren't sucked in by the popular disease

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