

## Deep Pockets

Gaz Coombes

I'm out late, there's a half naked crowd of people  
Let them in with their blank cheques & deep pockets  
Hard living, paint peeling, all the dark days  
Little rays of light moving I couldn't let go

In the bar her name is Jonny, the boys love her  
Time waits, the light revealing all the dark ways  
Bad feeling, it's you I need, I'm tired of the phone calls  
Do I give myself to the outside?

It's no fun  
When I spend my time in cars  
Like the stars  
But it's ok  
I'm ok  
In a smaller orbit  
Let's run like horses

A lot of ways I could start making little changes  
But I'm too stoned in the back seat again, I couldn't stop it  
Then the panic soon surrounds me like deep water  
So I give myself to the outside

It's no fun  
When I spend my time in cars  
Like the stars  
But it's ok  
I'm ok  
In a smaller orbit  
Let's run like horses  
There's a black star  
Right in my line of vision  
Oh I miss her  
But nobody  
Nobody gets forgotten  
Run like horses