

Running Across Thin Ice With Tigers

John Foxx

He said he was a saint
And he had some colour movies
"You will grow older and then younger
Tattooed like a loser"
Long streams of silence connect hand to hand
With the memories in the car parks
And the flowers and the sand

So here are the wings and the burnt out suits
Here are the maps of all your youth
Here where the songs are all of longing
Here where the skies are always haunting
And I'm running, yes I'm running....
I am running across thin ice with tigers

He was talking as I glanced away
At silver tortures in colour vision
It was a golden time
A time of bones and flowers
There was an angel in a ruined suit
Stranded on Broadway
I gave him change and he gave me the time of day

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