

## Some Dark Day

Coyne, Kevin

They say that women are made of bliss  
All lips and eyes to flash  
All ears of gold and perfect beauty showing  
It's all trash

They say that God has arms of Heaven  
Smashing crutches laughing  
One hundred weight of fleeces  
All chaste for his creation but

They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day  
And some dark day  
They're going to find they're lying

They say that money makes nasty men  
Crushes hearts inside us  
They shout out chunks of history  
And St. Paul to guide us

I've heard my mother say  
"Son, help grown ladies cross the road"  
Though she doesn't realize  
Grown ladies crush her toes

They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day  
And some dark day  
They're going to find they're lying

Some loudmouth speaks of perfect sex  
All sweating, muscles coming  
I don't know where they got the lie  
I just see rooms all rocking

When people say, "Shake hands and smile"  
I see the beast all hairy  
All they see is a golden mirror  
A landscape, lakes and fairies but

They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day  
And some dark day  
And some dark day  
They're going to find they're lying

My father says  
"You must not know because we know already"  
He prefers the greens kept right down  
He likes his cakewalk steady

I do believe that school taught me  
To remember sticks and lashes  
Though people tell me school was nice  
All flags and toothy flashes but

They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day  
And some dark day  
They're going to find they're lying  
Come on

Well, okay new boy, hold my hand  
Wear the helmet of the dawn  
Kiss the smart man close to you  
Watch his fist, ooh, here it comes

They say your Vicar wants to help  
But that is not true  
He's like the rest all in the pen  
A pocket's waiting for you

They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong  
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day  
And some dark day  
You're going to find they're lying, okay