

Mad Dogs And Englishmen

Late of the Pier

Broken watches, feeling fractious
I know you don't love it so
Falling over, off the tyre
I know it seems too far

This garden is growing over
This hard ice I'm roaming on
Watch out
Fat chance that you'll ever get another chance to be a cover up
My head and wipe a flannel

Falling over aeroplanes and
Wanting to be derelict
Work together
Love each other

This garden is growing over
And nothing can ever be said for you, and that's just
Here's your answer: Why bother?
I've never been nothing other
Than the boy with the words that lose control