

Black and Blue

Madness

Hey you, I'm round your house again
I feel so out of place
Going to the corner shop
The men from out of space
Seems so very long ago
When we stayed out through the night
Like those days that would never end
And all those things will, never mend

Feeling kind of black and blue
But the fresh winds on the street
Free falling through the years
But I'm still on my feet

Early before breakfast time
Sometime after dawn
Gently close the front door
Leave you on your own
But now its over and I can't help feeling glad
Oh so many tears were spent
Oh so many years just went

And I'm feeling kind of black and blue
But the wind is on my back
No time for fair do wells
Don't forget to feed the cat

No time for fairy tales
No time for living hells
No time for wedding bells

'Cause I'm feeling kind of black and blue
But the fresh winds on the street
Free falling through the years
But I'm still on my feet

Feeling kind of black and blue
But the fresh winds on the street
Free falling through the years
But I'm still on my feet

Feeling kind of black and blue
But the fresh wind is on my back
No time for fair do wells
Don't forget to feed the cat.