

The Leavers (IV) The Jumble of Days

Marillion

Our lives slowly unravel
Like wool pulled from sweaters
We'll knit something new somewhere else, so forget us
We are the Leavers
You'll stay and we'll travel
You'll know where you are, always
We'll be vague in our jumble of days
We can never be sure
But be sure of one thing
When the thrills are all done
We'll be gone

The Remainers can try to persuade us, and tame us
And train us and save us and keep us at home
As we try to fit in with the family life
The mind-numbing comedown
The trouble and strife
All the misunderstandings, defensive attacks
The walls we don't dare relax
And the hurt in your eyes, I know you know that I pray
For the phone-call that takes me away

We won't be much use to you dead