

Pour the petrol can, around this caravan,
and watch the flames take all you own.
There's a girl that understands
like the back of her two hands,
she's all you need to know.

Cause you search for years but you lose everything you find.
There's braille for the deaf and a signpost for the blind,
there's heaven for the cruel but the devil waits for the kind.

And you follow the blackbird home, through the early winter snow.
Your footprints track you through the grass.
And you ache just to smell her clothes
and her cooking down on the stove
You see her face in everyone you pass.

Cause you search for years but you lose everything you find.
There's braille for the deaf and a signpost for the blind,
there's heaven for the cruel but the devil waits for the kind.

And you walk down to her window
press your face against the glass
only to find that she is happy in his arms.

Cause you search for years but you lose everything you find.
There's braille for the deaf and a signpost for the blind,
there's heaven for the cruel but the devil waits for the kind.