

Here On The Eerie

Prefab Sprout

It's much more beguiling, than children at play.
The mind meets dilemma, with a heart in decay.
How they reconcile art with
What was I going to say?
I called because you're in a position to help.
With a limited talent, but impossible wealth.
How they reconcile love with
It sure is a problem
But don't go away.
Cool critique of new Gomorrah,
Or schoolboy crush on Che Guevara,
Face yourself or
Give it away.
Hearts grow numb and conscience weary,
Mutiny here on Eerie,
Face yourself or
Give it away
Don't start pretending,
You've feelings anguish,
If you'd prefer to dance.
Please stop talking,
Of things you know nothing.
The truth well will make you ill.
So chew on the safest,
The blandest of food.
And avoid the specifics,
That might ruin the mood.
A universal prescription
Continues to elude.
Love becomes you, a happy burden.
But other lives stay neatly curtailed.
Recognize that,
It won't go away.
Hearts grow numb and conscience weary,
Mutiny here on the Eerie.
Face yourself or
Give it away.
This star crossed lovers business, astrologeewhizzness,
Go rhyme your runes in June.
Don't turn tearful, or mystical on me,
I'm not your seventh son.