

Of Illusions

Quidam

You used to be my home
We'd think up the most terrific stories
Making plans and looking the world down the neckline
Now something's missing

Remember the old bus stop
It was a mecca for drunkards, one day heroes
So many times we'd cry up there staining our shirts
With cheap red wine

Now I look at you but I cannot see you
You soak up your life like a sponge
And me, well... I'll drink up another coffee
I'll keep on wasting my faith

An interview with you I've seen in that colour magazine
Confident of what you want
You'll make investments
The winner takes it all, takes it all

Now I look at you but I cannot see you
You soak up your life like a sponge
And me, well... I'll drink up another coffee
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Let's write our words up on the wall
'Cos the great thoughts don't come back
Leave them here let them flow
They will matter there