

Dark Fields

Show Of Hands

In the dark fields,
there are lovers talking,
he takes her arm,
and as she pulls away,
she says,
I don't know how,
you became a stranger,
but you became a stranger,
to heal your heart now,
this is my endanger,
places mine in danger
once again,
and leave me empty,

and he says,
enough, now,
words like that will tear me up,
but to you,
it's just talk,
so turn around and walk,
away,

above the headlamps,
above the headland,
witness stars suspended,
over this sad sea,
so she calls out,
nothing's changed,
everything stays the same,

and he says,
enough, now,
words like that will tear me up,
but to you,
it's just talk,
so turn around and walk,

so no more anger,
no more false emotion,
the truth is stronger,
than blind devotion,
to a cause,
we both know it's not yours,
we both know is not yours
then she says,
enough, now,
words like that will tear me up,
but to you,
it's just talk,
she turns around and walk,
she turns around and walks,
into the night,
and she says,
I had to speak to make it right,
but our words once said,
but are words once said,
are better in the air,

better in the air,
than in your head...
...she says