

Hard Shoulder

Show Of Hands

We were an hour the wrong side of the Avon
When the old van gave up the fight
You pulled your bags off the back seat
Left me there, walked into the night
Now I didn't mind picking up the pieces
Sorting out the gear waiting for the light
But standing there on the hard shoulder
I ran out of strength to make things right

We go back to school in the city
First in line for the back of the class
Or out on the field looking for the action
Buried in a ruck with a punch or a laugh
You left when you were fifteen
I stayed on for the safety net
It broke my fall that cold morning
You were falling then have you landed yet?

Now surprise no mystery
What we are or where we're from
Our lives our history
In a song

Now I got word you were working
The bars and the pubs all along the coast
Well I parked the car and I heard you singing
My face at the window must have looked like a ghost
Forget the stuff we wrote together
No compromise you used to boast
But hearing you play all that boy band cover trash
Now that's what really hurts me the most
No surprise, no mystery
What we are or where we're from
No life no history
In your song

You once said if you don't use it
You'll wake one day find it gone
Your guitar is standing in the corner
Why don't you come around here prove yourself wrong
We might be a little older now
Ah you know the heart beat is still as strong
And anyway I've got this hard shoulder now
You might wanna lean upon