

## A Month Of Sundays

The Church

Badman's woman with that look in her eye  
You stop to wonder as she passes by  
Something inside you is never the same  
Something outside you is always to blame  
Follow her home where she lives with some friends  
They have some good things to add to the blend  
The games expanded, invaded the place  
You're the only one who's forgotten his face

You're saying no no no I must be on my way  
But it really has been a pleasant night  
And you go so slow hope they'll ask you to stay  
And indifference gives you a fright

Walking outside you come to a door  
You go inside and you wonder what for  
At least it's good to be out of the wind  
You turn around and the clocks all begin  
Just like the winter your memory thaws  
Just like the ocean your memory pours  
So many pieces to match or to find  
So many doubts to have in one mind

It's hard to see how the tables have turned  
It's hard to see how the people have learned  
It's hard to watch the past drizzling past  
It's hard to watch them picking the cast  
And it stacks up badly that it never makes sense  
You sense that sensation is who's paying the rent  
And she beckons to you with her fingers and lies  
She says: can't you slice the price of your paradise