

Ancient History

The Church

Sometimes I wonder how I got mixed up with you
You just cannot comprehend the things that I do
The truth is so fragile, the ties are so true
Lying in the nettles where the blossoms once grew

So now you're asking what is this mystery
And all these questions, ancient history

Sometimes I wonder what is left to be said
If I'm consumed and fading will the children be fed?
The roof is always creaking, the stone has been bled
You say I'm just existing and you leave me for dead

Sometimes I can see your love is a sled
Sliding down the slopes that will lead to your bed
Some of us are white, some of us are red
Some have got these visions going 'round in our heads

As you go just blow a kiss to me
And as it falls, ancient history

Sometimes a joke can get out of hand
Laughing like a conqueror in a new land
Convinced down to his buttons this was how it was planned
He turns his back on ruins, that were nothing but sand

Crossing your Alps the ice and cold blister me
And all the rest, ancient history