

I Should Have Helped

The Cribs

You should take it back in no circumstance
I understand, remember
the man on the street is wrong
again

I used to think I knew something that
No - one else knew
I was a fool
When a lonely voice in a lonely town
Just couldn't tell
I should have helped out

And the times you'd wait
Outside the corn exchange
With ghosts and rain
You were lost when the cloud came down
My friend

When a loved one's dead
You look at the sky
In a different way, but that's ok
Cos perfect things still can break your heart
that's not to say I'd ever change that

There's always still guilt