

# I Should Have Helped

The Cribbs

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