

Failure

The La's

No you can't throw failure over your shoulder
If you don't look after - you gonna look back
No you can't hurry forward...it's holding you back
In the grip of an onset you run for a cover
To hide from your Mother and your sister
Your brother...through you long to tell of
The stone that remains - you can't move a
Muscle - you're wrapped up in chains...so you
Wait in your room - bound to the doom
To talk with the skeleton in the closet...
So you waited for days and you walked
In the maze and you lay on your bed
With your head in a daze and high in
A corner in a cupboard on a shelf
You turn a corner and walk into yourself
And you check your condition and your
Shape and your health...
So you open the door with a look
On your face, your hands in your
Pockets and your family to face
And you go downstairs and you sit in
Your place...