

Tiny Children

The Teardrop Explodes

Half the time as I sit in disarray
I am thinking of a dream I never had
Then I awake, and for a while
I call your name in Colin's house
But tiny children have a way of falling down
Oh, I could make a meal
Of that wonderful despair I feel
But waking up I turn and face the wall
The car arrives and takes me back again
Drifting through imaginary planes
And fighting men aboard a raft
A sailing ship has run aground
And confidence is valued in these days
But each character
Is plundering my home
And taking everything that is my own
Oh no, I'm not sure about
Those things that I care about
Oh no, I'm not sure, not any more...