

## 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...