

# Rainbows in the Dark

Tilly and the Wall

One, two, three, four!

I was kidnapped real young by the sweet taste of love  
Built a fondness for things that just weren't good enough  
I cradled the crow, always shooed off the dove  
Which tagged me a naïve son  
So the fortunate kids, yeah they left on their lights  
And they stuck up their noses and started some fights  
Their parents all cackled at dirt on my hands  
While my father was slaving, my mother explained it  
Sometimes that's just how it is  
So my sister went kissing a maple-skinned boy  
Finally held up her fists, said "I'm done being coy!"  
And the neighbourhood, bored, started buzzing with joy  
We finally had front-page news  
Although it was sad, I couldn't help but laugh  
Such ridiculous hate in the hot summer sweat  
I laid on my back, let the punk record spin  
The sloppy guitar, it was shooting out stars  
It all went to my heart, yeah some rainbows in the dark  
So I called up danger, my friends and some strangers  
They stumbled and wavered, but caught me a saviour  
They slipped me the blood in the whole of the vial  
But I didn't feel them change  
Then I met a man with a fist for a hand  
Held me flat on my back, taught me how to give in  
Some phrases were shot, pretty roses got tossed  
The gift of a fat-lipped grin  
Now they're drilling my teeth while I'm soiling sheets  
With my lover, she's counting the diamonds on rings  
And even when truth doesn't help with the sting  
Out of no numbers, some harsh looking colour  
You pull them out, feel they're changed  
No need for a thousand cranes  
So I thank the city, the lights that it's spinning  
The friends that I have and the shoes we're not shining  
The drunk horn's so violent, all spinning out sounds  
But the colour's so vibrant, the colour's so loud  
The newly-born crying realizing what life is  
The eyes of my grandfather right before dying  
The see-saw of all, its rickety bounce  
The feeling of coming, the feeling of going  
The mother, the child, the tame and the wild  
The sleeping in minor, the gold leaf, the tire  
The crooked, the straight, all the hip and the fake  
Oh, I'm finally feeling the stitching of beautiful seams  
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river  
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river  
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river  
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river  
Hold back the river, hold back the river, hold back the river