

## Marbles

Tindersticks

Her haircut, she looked pudgy and made-up  
In that dress growing ever tighter  
It was saddening the lengths she had gone to  
To appear more attractive  
In the process losing something  
We never knew but still missed  
You knew you were lost as soon as you saw her  
You saw your life as a series of complicated dance steps  
Impossible to learn, they had to come naturally  
Together you squirmed and wriggled  
And I could only jerk along behind

They're going to hurt you  
They always will

She is now with me, inside of you  
And I could only stare wide-eyed  
As everything closed in around the three of us  
Things you never saw, talking of the power and rescue  
That were rushing through our body  
And it's good

She opened the door his face bruised and swollen  
Before he knew, pushed, falling down curved stairs  
Our message lost and our plans forgotten  
Surrounded by men in suits, and black shiny shoes  
Moving in, kicking, stamping  
Bland expressionless faces  
A handful of marbles thrown in a dustbin  
Memories, memories

In a northern town there were amazing rows of standing stones arranged on the southern slope  
They got out in the last few seconds of consciousness  
Look for their inscriptions one day, the most distant ocean plains, those who make the desert island  
I saw you in a tin bath in red water  
Were the ones who went to Washington to do their laundry  
They wanted to see the mysterious hurricane  
I never believed in New York, or where you intended to stand  
But we don't actually want to see the shipwrecked  
I just had to go  
They came