

Yesterday I spent asleep
Woke up in my clothes in a dirty heap
Spent the night trying to make a deadline
Squeezing complicated lives into a simple headline

I have your face here in an old Polaroid
Tidying the children's clothes and toys
You're smiling back at me, I took the photo from the fridge
Can't remember what then we did

I haven't been with a woman, it feels like for years
Thought of you the whole time, your salty tears
This shitty world sometimes produces a rose
The scent of it lingers and then it just goes

Return the call to home

The worst of us are a long drawn out confession
The best of us are geniuses of compression
You say you're not going to leave the truth alone
I'm here 'cos I don't want to go home

Child drinking dirty water from the river bank
Soldier brings oranges he got out from a tank
I'm waiting on the waiter, he's taking a while to come
Watching the sun go down on Lebanon

Return the call to home

Now I've got a head like a lit cigarette
Unholy clouds reflecting in a minaret
You're so high above me, higher than everyone
Where are you in the Cedars of Lebanon?

Choose your enemies carefully 'cos they will define you
Make them interesting 'cos in some ways they will mind you
They're not there in the beginning but when your story ends
Gonna last with you longer than your friend