

Antje Duvekot, Noah's Titanic

Molly is dead and the birds have gone south
Said the joker to the thief
My nerves are live wire and I'm burning on fire
Got a paper in my pocket and a coupon for a cup of peace
Truly there was nothing that we really lacked
Except the feeling of alive
That's why I turned to art, that's how you got to jail
And now you're out on bail, fairytale, searching for the Holy Grail
And closer to the truth than the kettle to the stove
And the moment that I noticed that I didn't wanna know
I got a pain in my heart, a burn in my throat
They go down to my belly, got a bullet of a load
I got an ache in my head, my confidence broke
Got a lot of lost time on the shoes of my soul, yeah
"Jesus, joker," said the thief
This can't be my life
Oh, something's been thrown, like an arrow or a stone
Now the solitude is warmer and I'd rather be alone
We lost our friends to the everyday
To the drugs and the dreams
To the girls in the bars, the boys in the cars
When your shitty little love life reaches just to the horizon
And you're closer to the truth than the kettle to the stove
And the moment that I noticed that I didn't wanna know
I got a pain in my heart, a burn in my throat
They go down to my belly, got a bullet of a load
I got an ache in my head, my confidence broke
Got a lot of lost time on the shoes of my soul
Yeah, the light at the end of the tunnel isn't really a light
If we got any closer we would find that it's only a mirror
Reflecting our search lamps here in the darkness
Here in the homeland
We'll always be searching
For permanence in quicksand
And frenzied collecting things that we just can't hold
But we will hang on with our teeth
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