

# Beirut, Forks and Knives (La Fete)

Uptown, the street's in a calming way  
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid  
And I find it's all our waves and raves  
That makes the days go on this way  
I heard the sad sound of words  
Spoken from a bee to the wise old bird  
Uptown, where the streets are kept to a flow  
Our ground never leaves me alive  
He means well, saying I've got stories of wine, superb  
And of course my childhood  
Forks and knives and a hospital bed  
Where I turned my life over and over again