

David Sylvian, Pocket Full Of Change

She brings me water
Sweeter than wine
Lost in the moment
Summertime

Counting the hours
Beating our time
Shallow as any heart
I could hope to find

Move with the water
Drift with the tide
With no regrets
To keep ghosts alive

When she smiles
She smiles for me
Life runs out
Like a pocketful of change
Time runs out
Like a pocket full of change

Here comes the morning
Blind and tired
Pulled by the undertow
This world of mine
This world is mine

When she cries
She cries for me
Life runs out
Like a pocketful of change
Time runs out
Like a pocket full of change