

Everything But The Girl, Soft Touch

There's a brown shirt swapped for a thin blue tie
There's a black truth swapped for a thin blue lie
There's a slim man sporting a clean cut dream
There's a slim man courting a wide extreme
There's a fly-blown flag in a dry-bone town
There will be no ships because they've all gone down
There's a man with a medal but he'll never sleep
There are guns in his head, they say the war was cheap
There are heaped up dreams on the mounds of slag
There are moped up tears as the hours drag
There's a suitcase gone and there's an empty drawer
There's a broken cup lying on the floor
There are questions asked in the house tonight
There's a wife been involved in a pillow fight
There's a husband there who she hardly knows
There's a patched up dream for a winter rose
There's a soft touch finally come to blows