

# Hazel O'Connor, Meantime

Hazel O'Connor - Gerard Kiely

Here comes my friend Michael,  
grin written over his face  
Walking with a kind of a swagger,  
walking with a kind of a grace  
He talks the talk, he tries to walk the walk  
He makes you laugh, he makes you really mad,  
He'll lick you with an acid tongue  
Make you feel he's right,  
when you know he's wrong  
He says life's a bitch and then you die,  
and then you die

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime,  
he keep on smiling  
In the meantime, maybe in the meantime  
like Michael says it's Mardi Gras

I don't think that life's like that,  
choice of word is bad  
Maybe it's a kind of a lesson,  
maybe it's a sort of a map  
We talk the talk, we try to walk the walk  
It makes you laugh, and makes you feel  
like you've been had  
and maybe we will live many lives

Keep coming back 'til we realize it's in our hands  
We choose to do wrong or do right

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime,  
he keep on smiling  
In the meantime, maybe in the meantime  
like Michael says it's Mardi Gras

The sun comes up and the sun comes down,  
in the meantime  
and the world keeps turning and  
we're living and learning  
In the meantime  
and I think of you and wonder what you're doing,  
in the meantime  
Do you think of me and  
what there could have been in the meantime

Here comes my friend Michael,  
grin written over his face  
Walking with a kind of a swagger,  
walking with a sort of a grace  
Lick you with an acid tongue  
Make you feel he's right,  
when you know he's wrong  
He makes you laugh, he makes you really mad.

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime,  
he keep on smiling  
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