

Lucy Davies, Walking Through Suburbia

Raindrops on window panes.
Open doors to let in the rain.
Closed curtains and windows shut.
Darkend houses and steel padlocks.

Strolling through suburbia, examining all I've found.
Just wandering through suburbia, wishing you were around.

Hippies trying to live green,
Next to those who make their own daily smoke screen.
With kids in perfect pushchairs,
Stuck in the divorce's crosshairs.

I'm strolling through suburbia, examining all I've found.
Walking through Suburbia, wishing you were around.

People so much in love,
They agree to go halves in the pre-nup'.
Some folks wanting to own you,
Others just trying to get through the day.

I'm strolling through suburbia.
Just wandering through suburbia, biding my time.
Walking through suburbia, future heavy on my mind.
Just strolling through suburbia, marveling how a sane man is hard to find.