

# Marianne Faithfull, After The Ceasefire

After the ceasefire that they swore would last  
She had the bright idea "to hell with the past!"  
That's where love lay bleeding licking at its wounds  
The times were never changing sticking to their guns  
She thought she really meant it, that's the honest truth  
She felt it in her marrow, she felt it in her boots  
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefire.

The man she married, he was something else  
He adored the chaos, smashing all the delft  
The man she married, he was something else  
He had the sudden notion it's time to call a truth  
It's time to lead a quiet life for the love of jeeze  
Let's sit down together and engage in talks of peace  
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefire.

He was irish catholic, she had english blood  
They met in a good restaurant, they gave the secret knot  
She ordered fish and lentils, he the kidney stew  
She played with bold impulses, wine turned his lips blue

They left in separate taxis to the same address  
In case someone was watching, and there they did confess  
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefire.

It was all the others' fault, they thought at any rate  
After the ceasefire to put an end to hate  
She was reaching for her knife, he a fork and spoon,  
They sat about devouring the poison of the moon  
Shared a fatal cigarette neither one would light  
Their breath was flame enough, nobody said goodnight  
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefire.

After the ceasefire that they swore would last  
They had the strange idea of living in the past  
That's where love lies bleeding licking at its wounds  
The times are never changing sticking to their guns  
They sit about devouring the poison of the moon  
The times were never singing the same tune  
After the ceasefire  
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