

Mike Scott, Strange Arrangement

Its a strange arrangement
I dont claim to understand it
I know I created it
But I never planned it

Its a strange arrangement
And Im not proud
Well perhaps a little ashamed
If ashamed is allowed

At the death of the year
In a crucial hour
I exchanged the power of love
For the love of power
The invisible captain
Must be laughing out loud
I feel as if Im wrapped inside a
Cloud within a cloud

Its a strange arrangement
And its fascinating to see
Which way the worm turns
Especially when the worm is me

Runaway child
I wish you were here
The weather is uncommonly mild
For this time of year
But its no cause for pity
And its no reason to weep
Worse things can befall a man when hes
In his bed counting sheep

Its a strange arrangement
An accommodation deluxe
Ill send you a postcard
When Ive had enough