

# Ocean Colour Scene, Policemen And Pirates

The house caught on fire in the winter  
The bosses lay slain  
And each of the workers decided to ten-fold their pay  
And they saw in the mirror  
The sun had been shot down in flames  
And nobody minded the hole in the sky or the rain

But it doesn't really matter when the judgements are said  
'cos we all take our chances to find out  
Romance is in some others bed  
and you might burn your fingers  
Hook your best rings for those  
Who'd have you standing naked  
Then publicly auction the use of a hose.

All the children were laughing  
There faces in half at the pain  
At the girl who liked talking to walls and jumpin' at trains  
And the words that ring true  
In the playground of fools will remain  
And nobody minded the hole in the sky or the rain.

But it doesn't really matter  
When the rights have been read  
'cos we all take our chances to glance at the wife in the oposite bed  
And i bet Nero and Pilate could easily explain  
How policemen and pirates get stoned in glass houses  
Just finding their way.