

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
Their 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 opposite bed
And i bet Nero and Pilate could easily explain
How policemen and pirates get stoned in glass houses
Just finding their way.