

Phideaux, Headstones

I've been running all my life
Like a chicken heading for the knife
Inside the farmer's pen
Most of me was left behind
In school where I first learnt to write
With my father's pen

Mighty was the sword I thrust
Until the words betrayed my trust
And secrets gave away
I was young and juvenile
Inferno hot and volatile
I had so much to say

And the children in the park are playing
Suspiciously they look to me
Like headstones in a graveyard swaying

Sometimes it is hard to see
That all we have is what we need
I'm always wanting more
When you're lost with no one else
It doesn't help to find yourself
It helps to find the door

And the children in the park are playing
And the headstones are silently waiting

History is littered with
Has-beens who have never lived
Do not look away
This could be your destiny
Unless you learn that you are free
And leave behind the chains

And the children in the park are playing
And the headstones are the only thing staying...