

# 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...