

The Church, Too Fast For You

Come down, another day
Morning streaked on a perspex screen
The screaming beaked blackbirds peck
The wrecked eyes of last week's lies
The sandman gets shallow sleep
He tries to weep for the grown-up things
One last peep for policemen
A'resting in the woodland side so steep

Oh and I hope I'm not going too fast for you
And don't believe it when they say it's over
It's not over

There's an ice age due on Wednesday
Overcast sky, blocks of fortune
The bridges sigh, the sweethearts are blank
They never thank, you know they never even try
Winking at the paperboy, paperwork
Overloaded portrait
Let it jerk you back to yesterday
That's where the curtains start to fray