

Trash Can Sinatras, Only Tongue Can Tell

Once upon a sign I read a warning and it said
'When in Rome don't feed the lions'
What is meant I can't hazard a guess
But now I've learnt my lesson I'm a better person
I'm filled up with high hopes and I'm fed up with soft soaps
Long in the tooth and short on wisdom
Up to here with the ache of it

And if the matchmaker calls hand in hand
With a catch of the day I'll rise to the bait
But it'll still be more than a heart can take
More than feeling great
More than a tongue can tell
I'd need to take leave of my senses to get a moment's rest
Following in footsteps
Footsure in fancy dress
Head in my hands I'm making plans
Hoovering up for the day

When the matchmaker calls hand in hand
With the catch of the day I'll raise to the bait
But it'll still be more than a heart can take
More than feeling great
More than a tongue can tell

And the itch to get rich quick
Has never been so hard to reach
With my hands tied behind my back
Shin deep in cement and sand
Just like the anchor-man I broke loose
And crashed to the sea bed
Clutching the shortest straw
And if you threw me a line that's as smart as you think
It wouldn't stop me sinking down to cry
On what flashed before my eyes