

Banks Tony, Another Murder Of A Day

Banks Tony

Still

Another Murder Of A Day

She dreams china white behind her eyes of china blue

Her future wrapped in velvet and her memories wrapped in warm cotton wool

And the coffee grounds
are burying the hours that she killed
in another murder of a day

Her patience starts to crumble
like a rock that turns to sand
and time breaks down to seconds
when you're waiting on a man

She's checking out the doorway while she's checking out the guy
Whose drunk imagination is climbing up the ladder of her silk clad thigh

And the cigarettes
are burning up the hours that she killed
in another murder of a day

Her patience starts to crumble
like a rock that turns to sand
and time breaks down to seconds
when you're waiting on a man

It seems so long since yesterday
The time goes by so slow
When you're waiting on a man, waiting on a man to show

She shivers in a cold sweat that she's trying to ignore,
As she wraps her shaking fingers round the loose change by the phone,
She needs him more than she'll admit and more than others need to know,
She hopes the knots that tie her stomach are only butterflies,
The time goes by so slow
When you're waiting on a man, waiting on a man to show

She prays that no one pays attention
As she punches out the call,
As she fumbles with the number
That the panic still doesn't show,
She prays the lights stay green all night
and that the traffic doesn't slow,
And that the knots that tie her stomach are only butterflies,

Only butterflies, fly by every day
When you're waiting on a man, waiting on a man to show

There he stands behind the door,
She reaches for her coat to go,
And she wanders away in a dream
She wanders away in a dream

As she threads her way home through the neon washed alleyways
She flirts with the shadows and skirts round the victims
Of a night that'll sleep through the day
that cast out its refugees and throws out its debris,

She turns the key in a lock to a fairytale world
that she guards with her ghosts and her faithful familiars
who attend to her shrine in the patchwork cathedral
observing the ritual with silent compassion and prayers

On the candlelit edges of a tightening circle
She arranges the photographs faded and yellowing
Memories left of her friends and her family
Respectfully turned to the wall

She turns up the sound on a second hand radio
and drowns out the noise of the world that she lives in
Her conscience her witness her life is her courtroom
And the man she left waiting is waiting to murder a day