

Ben Christophers, Remote Control

Draws in the rocket tails and wonders why
steel strung nerves still creak
when the wind blows
switch the sound off and step off the train
keep walking until you're free again

Remote control
from the pale parade
all the souls caught on shirt tails

Stepping over the subways blood stream
racing hounds and turnstile
caught like butterflies in sellotape
keep flapping until you're free again

Remote control
step away you know it's easy to deceive
you'll sink so fast you'll have no time to breath
the time bomb seeks its way into the soul
when the bow breaks
tin soldiers fall
remote control
round and round and round and round

Remote control
the pale parade
all the souls caught on shirt tails
and they sway

Turn the sunshine on it must be time for love
but do the sinking needs dissolve the will to love again
I found a better way to hold the things I need
while open-ended heads deceive what they believe
remote control