

Catatonia, Johnny Come Lately

I'm sorry you couldn't make it
You could have seen him, so weathered and dated
He was a 'Johnny Come Lately'
And I know that you would hate him
If you'd seen his botanical leanings
First prize exhibit and all down to good spirit
He was a 'Johnny Come Lately'
And I know that you would hate me
If I envied the things that he spoke of
How I envied the things that he thought of
He was a 'Johnny Come Lately'
And I know that you would hate me
If I told you that I made some time and stayed behind
To find out how to make a garden grow
Where the sun no longer shines
If I asked too many questions and I stayed behind
To find out how to make a garden grow
But he never ever gave away the secret of this godforsaken soil

He didn't need us, just tempted and teased us
You could have been here, wishing you were here
This was a 'Johnny Come Lately'
And I know that you would hate me
He was a 'Johnny Come Lately'
And I know that you would hate me
If I told you that I made some time and stayed behind
To find out how to make a garden grow
Where the sun no longer shines
He assured me that the seeds you sold were sound
But I must have cast them all on stony ground
And now, the sun won't shine
I must have asked too many questions D
And stayed behind to find out how to make a garden grow
But he never ever gave away the secret of this godforsaken soil