

Catatonia, Lost Cat

Lost cat in Arthur Street, black and white
If you go, I'll come without a fight
I'm sick of hearing damning words of you
Come cursing through my head
And I'm too proud to sit here, chasing time
Wasting things we shared or thought we had
You said, I'm you, digging a home
Truth is you left a long time ago
But you can turn it on and play the innocent
Though you've been caught
And I'm too proud to sit here saying everything is
How it was, never been this sure

Take it from where you want to grow
There's always tomorrow
I'd rather have you smile than have you fall
N matter where you go
Ten men in trial of love succeed
All those in Arthur Street will walk free
And you can turn it on and play
At anything you ever wanted to
'Cause you're not dull and I'm not strong enough
To carry on wondering, how we're gonna see this through