

Deacon Blue, One Hundred Things

poorly - you're more than poorly jimmy
more than that worse than that

this is a case of photographs
smudged and dropped and laughed at
here's some things that came in post
letters never sent but wrote
shelves of books not opened
browsed in and bored you unlocked things
that should have been fastened down

to be burned to be burned jimmy to be gone forever

so you're down town raking bins
through carry-outs and skins
to find the hundred things that led you here
so you're down town raking bins
through carry-outs and skins
to find the hundred things that led you here

long night walking hills
scratched and cut and bruised and hurt
with all your tension and your guilt
stories of the berr and care and speed you spilled
pleased at your speaking and worried by the content
about this love and this land and this firmament
forgotten how to dream started just to scream

forgotten to return to return jimmy to fight your way back

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tired well i'm tired too jimmy
more than that i'm angry at that
well now that i'm finished
this small town world seems so much bigger
between jobs and flags and parliaments
but our small time world seems bigger
and maybe more worth fighting for
maybe at the heart of things
they'll be clowns and we'll be kings

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down town raking bins
just to find the hundred things
down town raking bins
just to find the hundred things