

Deborah Conway, Alive And Brilliant

Way above
The clouds are black
They say it's gonna pour but I haven't been keeping track
So now we're here
In this cage
The Ferris wheel of love, my love what a charade
It's been a long time since anyone meant what they said
One step forward
Two steps backward
I won't wrestle, you won't talk back
Three deep breaths I'm still alive and brilliant
Turn around
And be polite
I'm so sick of listening to your crap about the breasts you like
Look at me
I am restrained
I'm not screaming like some jealous adolescent here in vain
So you got me
On this ride
What was it darling what exactly did you have in mind
Ferris wheel
Up and down
Is this some dumb metaphor to tell me you're not hanging round