

# Del Amitri, Ceasefire

Good luck and lost love's knife  
cut a path leading through my life  
I weave through the gusts of change  
as a kite might through the sky.  
I feel down and degraded  
like I felt when you and me began to tire  
And we stopped long ago  
But I thought it was just ceasefire.  
I can leave the past behind like any normal man can do  
But what I find most of the time  
is that I have been left behind you.  
I can feel time pushing me forward  
so what does it matter what direction I'm pointed in?  
No one else used to sing my sad chorus  
Now I feel that they too have joined in.  
Bad luck and lucky breaks  
cut paths right through our lives  
We follow the blind man's bluff  
like lorries follow white lines in the night.  
And by our nature we are kept alone  
No matter how long your nails  
you can't cut out of the womb.  
And if I can't crash off-course  
You must be marooned  
and we will not be able to go back to  
the source of this wound.