

Del Amitri, I Was Here

Though the coffins are calling I'm not coming
I'm too young to listen and I'm still scrawling on
see-saws and slides, skipping ropes and swings,
Toothpaste and trousers, watches and wedding rings.
She shouted to me under the juggernaut roar,
"This is the Bad Life, what are we here for?"
And wonderful world why are you full
of endless monotony and tiresome fools?
These people that surrounded me were damaged and done
and we were as compatible as swimming pools and slums.
And why are you grinning from ear to ear,
Isn't this the Bad Life?
Though there was leads in the petrol and bacteria in the beer
Though she moved away and left me hopeless, I was writing
I Was Here.
She said this Bad Life that I'm leading is deceiving and depriving me
I said why don't you try relieving me, while she was reading
I was stealing from the library.
And sweetness and sadness lived in sin
with built-in indigestion the new buildings held their stomachs in
Goodness and Badness were hardly anything
I wanted to love her but she was never in
Though they were taking out tongues in the land of the gun
though the sweating was getting near
Though her head was hung saying I did not become her, I keep writing
I Was Here
Though the dusts were growing in my lungs and some
were turning backs on the babies turning blue
And I adore you but before you say "I adore you too"
Say I Was Here, and so were you