

Echo And The Bunnymen, Turquoise Days

Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields
Never lasts
Put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days

You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over

It's not for glory
It's not for honour
Just something someone said
It's not for love
It's not for war
Just hands clasped together

It's not for living
It's for hunger
Just lips locked tight
It's not rebellion
It's not suffering
It's just the way it is

And my pistol's packed
And my God goes with me
I feel easy
And I want it
And I need it
And I've got it

It's not for this
It's not for that
It's not any of it

Did you say knowledge?
Did you say prayer?
Did you say anything?
If not for good
If not for better
If not the way it is

Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields
Never lasts
We'll put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days

Place our faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days

You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over

Now I think I know
Just what to say
Now I think I know
Just what to say