Echo & 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