

Jeff Finlin, Miracle Along The Way

The Madonna rides a motorbike
Talks to me of sordid bliss
Loves the nothing in enough
And the emptiness inside a kiss
She picks me up and we do that thing
Do that thing she likes a lot
It has nothing really to do with me
Just everything that she ain't got

Every day, I can see you there
Faraway is right here if you dare
Understand I never asked for this
It just happened to me one day
In a miracle along the way

Sha la la sha la la la la

Moses picks me up at eight
Coffee at the local shop
He parts the sea before my eyes
In the bottom of his paper cup
Parts the sea before my eyes
With everything that's all gone wrong
And says everything there is to get
You've had inside you all along

chorus

I saw you disappear that day
Round the corner drunk at noon
You measured life and measured me
From our reflection in a tablespoon
Well something happens there alone
In between the white and black
Where loneliness becomes your name
And ya know ya need to change it back

chorus

Sha la la sha la la la la