

Joseph Arthur, Enough To Get Away

What's the difference from a Saturday night
Where the light spreads dark around the drunk hearts
In their headless hallways where bodies are
put on the market place
To happiness endlessly taking pills
With the young going down
I see nothing or nowhere
I know what I've found
Must be in paradise

Next year we will live in the country
With our money, by day the sky builds
Doing our laundry and renting us some random machines
Getting our religion and sex on the TV
Assumptions made simply to get away
Everyone old is already with me
On tiny decks enjoying midsummer weather and friendly company
And in their picture frames there you and I will be
Knowing what we've found

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Bright drops of blood so my thoughts are
I turn to lie down but sleep stays far
I'm just an echo of the song going through my head
The light behides the ghost
But I'm the one that's dead
And I think of who you be
When you're here with me
Maybe it's a spiritual disease
Sliding through shoots of oblivion into infinity
Back into our maker's hands
No more rain or controversy
Knowing what we've found

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