

Juliet Turner, On Short Loan Only

on short loan only.

i have no breath left, perhaps i'm drowning.
for sure there are a lot of tears, but i'm not crying.
funny that, being dead.
that i might weep for love, but only in my head.

they take the tray bring round the tea, customs calling.
they've ribboned off a room for eating in and another room for grieving.
whiskey burns, sheds the coats,
but the ones who need it most are too ragged in the throat.

chorus.

and they would have me sing of you that you were just on loan, another flower in the basket of the
but if i bite the tongue that speaks of you and i change your room around,
will i forget you, will i forget you any faster?

you were a weight upon their shoulders, they carried you so far.
too big for sympathy at school, a bright and lawless spark.
they're building up your image now and they're playing by their empty social rules.

chorus

and they would have me sing of you, that you were just on loan.
another flower in the basket of the master.
but if i bite the tongue that speaks of you, and i change your room around,
will i forget you, will i forget you any faster?

sometimes i dream that you are back.
imagine what it would be like,
to see how'd we spend the day,
but i think we'd still only fight.
you haven't gone beyond my love, beyond my care.
there has to be a heaven somewhere.

its good to be remembered, but i know you'd hate their show,
and i wish before you left that they had thought to let you know.
its good to be remembered, but i shouldn't have let you go,
and i wish before you left that i had only let you know.