

Kind Of Like Spitting, Born Beautiful

They were born beautiful,
So right away
They swore they could get themselves a house someday,
And read to each other
Despite all the others that had passed through their back gates.
They were both radiant and far away,
Living on a diet of romance and faith
Until history crept in and wouldn't leave them.

It's a classless kind of fate,
It holds it's ground in the way that death just makes you wait.
New fear to edit the cutting room floor where their hopes are.
Cos it's not pretty,
And if you had to watch a movie of it,
I'm sure you'd both be horrified,
Horrified and bored.

All the hope that gets shafted
To bet on the good life.
With all the granite etched in,
They may as well have been man and wife;
All the fits he'd throw,
Feeling her anger grow.
It never gets found lost in used to be's,
And you're left with so much wasted energy.
So now to cold satellites that have crashed to earth:
Welcome home.