

Kirsty Hawkshaw, On Ultimate Things

A dream cannot be shared
Contradiction holds on tightly
He won't give the facts away
Like the brightest shooting star
Can't give the dark the light of day

Situation decides
It won't always hold you tightly
Situation decides
Still your mind
Is beyond your reach

My love
As a child has no plans to grow
Foolish forecasts self indulgence
No future only fairground rides
Fear of pain desire for pleasure

Situation decides
It won't always hold you tightly
Situation decides
You always seem to drive me
Back inside myself

Our dreams
Should not be shared
Fantasies are only temporary
The facts never clash
It surrounds me
Like loves subtle protection
But I can still hear
The war next door

Back inside myself