

# Marillion, The Wound

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Couldn't touch it, didn't pick it, didn't get it wet  
It didn't stop the bleeding

I bandaged it, I wrapped it, stitched it, tourniqueted it  
I held it stiff and aching in the air  
Held it there til I went beserk  
Didn't sleep  
It didn't work  
Didn't stop it weeping

And the wound is your life  
And your life took on a life of it's own  
(Or so you foolishly thought)  
And your life rolled on over me Bang-Bang like 56 train wheels  
Every time I heard news of you

And the wound was in every lousy song on the radio

And the pain was like a tree-fern in the dark, damp, forgotten places  
Darkness didn't stop her growing  
New-born baby cells dividing ...  
Curled up tight unrolling day by day  
Stretching up, stretching out  
Forming the same identical shape  
Clones. There aint too much sadder than  
Clones - relentlessly emerging from the hairy heart of the wound

And the fern is beautiful in it's own way  
Uncurling in the dark  
Beautiful with no one there to see it  
As the wound weeps and aches

(Now there's some sad things known to the man from the planet Marzipan)