

Mystery Jets, Last Bench

<Climbed up the ladder
But I fell right down
Haven't got a stitch
So I'll wear a frown
It needs a miracle
For the blind to see
The bridge of hope
And this chestnut tree

One day you were there
And then you were gone
Up for the ride
But got dragged along
Down at the heel
But I must admit
New pairs of shoes
Fall to pieces, bit by bit

Every street is mean
In this dark city
For a lost stranger
There is no pity
I'll keep on walking
From dusk through dawn
This song I'll keep singing
For you, to forewarn

Two steps forward
And four steps back
I climbed up the ladder
But I fell right back
I'm down at the heel
But I must admit
New pairs of shoes
Fall to pieces, bit by bit