

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, The Black S

On a ship to nowhere
On a dark and tranquil sea
Im sinking with a cargo
Of the things that cannot be
On the far horizon
the final sunsets fall
And Tuesday becomes Wednesday
Becomes any day at all

Everything we do
Nothing remains true
I am frightened Im a liar
And Im tortured by desire
Every single day
In all the simple ways
I am torn apart inside
by the things Ive tried to hide

down the dusty roads we go
And down the leafy lanes
And down the long and winding road
The landscape stays the same

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