

Pomegranate, O Why Cry?

Everybody knows there's an opening
There's a silver ring
And everybody's even
Everybody knows there's an open door
There's a running sore
And everybody's leaving

Everybody's seizing on what everybody's got
And everybody's leaving such a lot
And everybody's wasting time and everybody knows
That everybody's wasting such a lot

Everybody knows there's a hungering
There's a famine thing
As long as it's not me then
Everybody knows there's a lack of space
In the human race
But knowing ain't believing

Everybody's seizing on what everybody's got
And everybody's leaving such a lot
And everybody's wasting time and everybody knows
That everybody's wasting such a lot

Underneath the mattress lies the fear of being alone
Sleeping with a stranger and a broken mobile phone
Underneath the bedclothes lies the fear of being alive
And o why cry?