Red House Painters, Brockwell Park

in the night we freeze
and you want me to tell
in london's lonesome park
brockwell

but out here
i am distracted
as fire bombs explode
bonfire lamps glow to the crowded road

if the days weren't so precious
and no worlds where shorted wires had kept us
things would be better than this
there's an angel by the ocean i miss
and trips on the train
before our lives changed
the mirror where i watched your naked body strain