

Saint Etienne, Slow Down At The Castle

Slow down at the castle
Things to straighten in her head
And she knows it's not a castle
But that's what they've always said

Shaded by the tower
As she clambers to her seat
With the ash of last night's party
Clinging grimly to her feet

Not for the first time
She's made her bed
Now she leaves that all behind
And turns her mind to playful things instead

Days spent making stories
For the faces that pass by
From the lonely tea shop owner
To the misbehaving wife

Now they're growing ever wilder
As the people start to go
Now she dreams that there's assassins
Hiding in the woods below

Not for the first time
She's made her bed
Now she leaves that all behind
And turns her mind to playful things instead

And she knows this must end
As the long shadows start to blend
She must be on her way