

The Church, A Month Of Sundays

Badman's woman with that look in her eye
You stop to wonder as she passes by
Something inside you is never the same
Something outside you is always to blame
Follow her home where she lives with some friends
They have some good things to add to the blend
The games expanded, invaded the place
You're the only one who's forgotten his face

You're saying no no no I must be on my way
But it really has been a pleasant night
And you go so slow hope they'll ask you to stay
And indifference gives you a fright

Walking outside you come to a door
You go inside and you wonder what for
At least it's good to be out of the wind
You turn around and the clocks all begin
Just like the winter your memory thaws
Just like the ocean your memory pours
So many pieces to match or to find
So many doubts to have in one mind

It's hard to see how the tables have turned
It's hard to see how the people have learned
It's hard to watch the past drizzling past
It's hard to watch them picking the cast
And it stacks up badly that it never makes sense
You sense that sensation is who's paying the rent
And she beckons to you with her fingers and lies
She says: can't you slice the price of your paradise