

The Church, Ancient History

Sometimes I wonder how I got mixed up with you
You just cannot comprehend the things that I do
The truth is so fragile, the ties are so true
Lying in the nettles where the blossoms once grew
So now you're asking what is this mystery
And all these questions, ancient history
Sometimes I wonder what is left to be said
If I'm consumed and fading will the children be fed?
The roof is always creaking, the stone has been bled
You say I'm just existing and you leave me for dead
Sometimes I can see your love is a sled
Sliding down the slopes that will lead to your bed
Some of us are white, some of us are red
Some have got these visions going 'round in our heads
As you go just blow a kiss to me
And as it falls, ancient history
Sometimes a joke can get out of hand
Laughing like a conqueror in a new land
Convinced down to his buttons this was how it was planned
Turns his back on ruins, that was nothing but sand
Crossing your Alps the ice and cold blister me
And all the rest, ancient history