The Frames, Giving Me Wings

You're a fool man
You throw it away
You kill her
With your confidence

In the old days
The cause you embraced
The simple things
That people over complicate

Speaking in lies
Known to yourself
You're speaking at length
On all those days

Will you come with me
And we'll be ourselves
And we'll walk into the light
And you colour yourself
In golden wings

You're never yourself
Not even with me

Will you come with me
And we'll ask the dust
It's on my way
It's all my concentration
Can hold

But you alienate me
You throw it down
And rip it off
When nothing's feeling right
And I'll show you how
You can sellotape it on

You're giving me wings
So I don't have to jump
And you're giving me will
So I can carry on

Dissimulate and celebrate this
Time we had alone