The Waterboys, Strange Arrangement

Its a strange arrangement I dont claim to understand it I know I created it But I never planned it

Its a strange arrangement And Im not proud Well perhaps a little ashamed If ashamed is allowed

At the death of the year In a crucial hour I exchanged the power of love For the love of power The invisible captain Must be laughing out loud I feel as if Im wrapped inside a Cloud within a cloud

Its a strange arrangement And its fascinating to see Which way the worm turns Especially when the worm is me

Runaway child
I wish you were here
The weather is uncommonly mild
For this time of year
But its no cause for pity
And its no reason to weep
Worse things can befall a man when hes
In his bed counting sheep

Its a strange arrangement An accommodation deluxe Ill send you a postcard When Ive had enough