

Thea Gilmore, Juliet

They found sixth-form poetry scrawled on the walls
on your old bedroom
And Friday night is going to free-fall,
through Club Rust, angel dust and sweet perfume
And you remind me of some art-house black and white I saw
they'd coloured it with chalk
And are you wise? Wise beyond your years or,
or are you all talk?

Now, don't you think something's gonna happen soon?
It's been so long now since they changed that tune.
Oh, Juliet keep that in mind

Well there is something so beautifully chic
about burning out so young
When you accessorise with bruises on your cheek
and cool tricks of the tongue
You're spending Saturday alone drowning heartache out
with cheap red wine
I know you want to make the news but lately all you do
is memorise the headlines

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Oh, Juliet keep that in mind

Sometimes you'll count the days
And sometimes you'll just slip away
There are watches to unwind
And ladders still to climb

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Oh, Juliet keep that in mind
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