

# Tindersticks, How He Entered

This is how he entered  
How he came in  
With an open heart and his eyes wide  
A rubber in his pocket  
Without socks, and a skip in his step  
In an ill-fitting suit with something up his sleeve  
A silver of a dream, a last gem  
And the fear in his eyes of how dear it was held

This is how he entered  
How he came in  
Falling from the back of a transit van  
Crumpled,  
Desperate for relief from the humdrum  
Each step a story, a song in the making  
Each step cemented the living  
The broken hearts left behind  
They were just material to him  
And how they would come to pursue him  
How they would eventually come to drag him back than

This is how he entered  
How he came in  
When his hair cold he stood in the doorway  
Like a lost dog holding his missing poster  
Just to be sure - to be sure everyone knew just how lost he was  
Telling his story he broke onions and sang songs  
The street walkers carol  
Soft tissue  
The fear of emptiness  
Planting holes to grow some money  
These were his songs  
And this was how he came in

This was how he entered  
How he came in  
With chips in his pocket  
Just waiting for the chance to get into the game  
With his head combed and the checks on his shirt just right  
He sang of it but knew nothing of it  
The house of cards by an open window  
Pack of frazzles  
An unsolvable puzzle  
He knew nothing of what you needed from him  
He knew nothing of giving  
He only knew of his desires  
He only knew of that woman

This is how he entered  
This is how he came in

This is how he entered  
How he came in