

# You Am I, Heavy Comfort

Did you catch her in the window?  
Do I run or do I mend.  
Praying for heavy comfort  
To fill his pockets with his hands.  
Men in chip shops, milk bars, postmen  
Used to fork out for your mouth.  
And now the compliments have stopped  
Since every asset's headed south.  
He was a sharp one what a looker.  
The last drunk to hang around.  
Get well she could colour knickers  
Just for the mirror now.  
Had a dream once it was morning  
In a dress that never frayed.  
And now your friends are like eyelashes  
Too many dropping off these days.

For forty seconds today  
I was sure that we were feeling the same way.

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I was sure that we were feeling the same way.