

The Debt Collectors

Ben Lee

In my dreams they're coming to collect
I've got something that they want
And I don't know what it is
But you hid it in my luggage
Like a needle in a haystack
So I'm running like a criminal
I'm sneaking round each corner
In a phone booth, through a window
And the air is cold around me
And I'm running for my life

Borrow, beg or steal
Everything is real
One day you might feel
Alright again

So I kissed you on the lips
You were sleeping
Like a racehorse in the evening
All that power, motivation
And the endless broken omens
And I don't know if I love you
But I really wanna own you
And I've kept you like a secret
From the moment that I found you

We can make a deal
Everything is real
One day I might feel
Alright again

And I can write my way
Out of this pain
That's a promise that you made me
In a letter that you sent me
From Chicago on a freezing day in winter
Now I feel a little lighter
But it really doesn't matter
Cos this love is not obedient
It's got its own agenda
And it wants to take me over
And it wants to pull you under
And it would like nothing better
Than to tear us both to pieces
And it won't do what it's told

Show me how you feel
Everything is real
One day it'll be
Alright again
One day it'll be
Alright again