

Out For A Smoke

The Saw Doctors

We don't know how great a flame
Is being sought beyond the waters of these shores
I'm lying here directionless
Somewhere i hear the slamming of a door
The darkest clouds were onto me
I'd taken to the bed both day and night
There were times when i'd turn back the clock
I'd love to start again and get it right

It's gone beyond a joke

Diesel engines in the night time
Drawing beet down to the factory
RIP
The cead mile failte at the half door
History

The bones of our ancestors
Are buried in the field behind the shed
They could be lying there oblivious
Underneath cement before I'm dead
Roundabouts and one way streets
Double yellow lines to beat the band
Still takes you longer to get anywhere
Simple things so hard to understand

It's gone beyond a joke
I'm going out for a smoke

I've seem the after-birth of beauty
Where the genius' and the monster's worlds collide
When the swinging of the pendulum's the strongest
It's always the greatest, wildest ride
With the evenings getting shorter
I wonder can we forge another dream
Gather up the pieces and assemble one more winning team
A century's the most you'll see
Not a long time really to be here
Trying to get the balance right
The health, the drugs, the lovin' and the beer

It's gone beyond a joke
I'm going out for a smoke...