

She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain

Aldous Harding

When I started out
I had much more than I have now
Oh, the map
You'll see you have a long way back
And not again

Living for the things I love
Killing the ones that love me

Always there's a marriage
Sad, true, and they do

Breathing time is a lonely state of mind
When it comes to eating time
How will I know the meal is mine?

One day
You won't have to prove your love in any other way
But not today

Breathing time is a lonely state of mind
When it comes to eating time
How will I know the meal is mine?

Opening night
I remember all the lines

Okay
Love is the name of the game
You made such a mountain
She won't be coming round