

Say Nothing

Baxter Dury

Waiting for the life
Nothing but the chances
Say nothing, say nothing, say nothing

And I'm the slum lord
And when you sit on the side of the motorway (Say nothing, say nothing, say nothing)
Rain pouring down your arches
And the cars rushing past you (Say nothing, say nothing, say nothing)
And you're semi-dozing, not caring

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And I lie down
And let the cars run over my lifeless body (Say nothing, say nothing, say nothing)
Each wheel represents pain
Necessary for all of us (Say nothing, say nothing, say nothing)

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Baxter loves you
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