

Having A Good Time

Black

restless in the pale moonlight, the scratching of the stars
like the growing pains of tv heroes
that fade away like scars; so slow
to a pindrop speck of cobalt blue
from a rainbow, just like from a rainbow
headstones as far as the eye can see

let the heartache begin
the spiral take you down again
there's space to grow, there's room to breathe
it only hurts you while you fall
and then it doesn't hurt at all
it only hurts you as you drop
and then it stops
but it's cold here, as cold as sitting
in the dark sea of tranquillity
so high and dry, dreaming of my
having a good time

laughter in the street below
the sweep of passing cars
late night carousers spilling out on to the streets
from late night drinking bars, oh yes
and they all say will you marry me?
'cause I need a rainbow, yes i need a rainbow

headstones as far as the eye can see