

Beach Talk

David Keenan

Part of me died that sharp morning by the seaside
When you handed me your last cigarette

Remnants of night I'll wipe away
Like sleep from your eye
We'll go rolling down the avenue

Yeah some people they laughed
When you paused
And I rushed to take the photograph

Think we can make it, I said
What good would that do?
'Cause you got me and I you

Checking my bets
Pockets were emptied on your doorstep
I could be on to a winner yet

In from the cold, we'd escape
Before your family came home
Let's save tomorrow for regrets

Yeah some people will laugh
At my ideas
'Cause I know dear you can see through that

I'll spray our message on walls
What good would that do?
You've got me and I you

Two hands wandering through wastelands
Pondering escape
Big plans sitting at the bandstand
Sheltered from the rains

I'll spray our message on walls
What good would that do at all?