

Turquoise Days

Echo & the Bunnymen

Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields
Never lasts

Put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail in those turquoise days

You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over

It's not for glory, it's not for honor
Just something someone said
It's not for love, it's not for war
Just hands clasped together

It's not for living, it's for hunger
Just lips locked tight
It's not rebellion, it's not suffering
It's just the way it is

And my pistol's packed and my God goes with me
I feel easy
And I want it and I need it
And I've got it

It's not for this, it's not for that
It's not any of it
Did you say knowledge? Did you say prayer?
Did you say anything?
If not for good, if not for better
If not the way it is

Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields
Never lasts

We'll put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail in those turquoise days
Place our faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail in those turquoise days

You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over

Now I think I know
Just what to say
Now I think I know
Just what to say