Soft Touch

Everything But the Girl

There's a brown shirt swapped for a thin blue tie There's a black truth swapped for a thin blue lie There's a slim man sporting a clean cut dream There's a slim man courting a wide extreme There's a fly-blown flag in a dry-bone town There will be no ships because they've all gone down There's a man with a medal but he'll never sleep There are guns in his head, they say the war was cheap There are heaped up dreams on the mounds of slag There are moped up tears as the hours drag There's a suitcase gone and there's an empty drawer There's a broken cup lying on the floor There are questions asked in the house tonight There's a wife been involved in a pillow fight There's a husband there who she hardly knows There's a patched up dream for a winter rose There's a soft touch finally come to blows