

# Running Across Thin Ice With Tigers

John Foxx

He said he was a saint  
And he had some colour movies  
"You will grow older and then younger  
Tattooed like a loser"  
Long streams of silence connect hand to hand  
With the memories in the car parks  
And the flowers and the sand

So here are the wings and the burnt out suits  
Here are the maps of all your youth  
Here where the songs are all of longing  
Here where the skies are always haunting  
And I'm running, yes I'm running....  
I am running across thin ice with tigers

He was talking as I glanced away  
At silver tortures in colour vision  
It was a golden time  
A time of bones and flowers  
There was an angel in a ruined suit  
Stranded on Broadway  
I gave him change and he gave me the time of day

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