

# Shore to Shore

Johnny Flynn

Shore to shore, got some land between  
Island life is living from a cup of broken queens  
Hit the jackpot rolling through a pipe dream in a knot  
And I'm missing what was pissing up the wall that I forgot  
I forgot, I forgot

I am the bus driver, give me some grace  
You've never seen me and you don't know my face  
She was no Katie Harrol it was cold, it was blue  
And it only happened despite me or you  
Me or you, me or you

Smoking paper to the crimson flashing bars  
Drinking cocktail wine or cottage cream and passing strangers' cars  
Live in one room housing with a roof to meet the sky  
Spelling Jesus won't you please us 'cos you seem a damn nice guy  
Damn nice guy, damn nice guy

We listened to passengers stamping old songs  
And we lose what's to lose when you haven't done wrong  
Drums too slow for a funeral beat  
No strumming of strings and no stamping of feet  
Of feet, of feet

It's awfully considerate of you to think of me  
And it's not so hard to see you smoking fags and drinking tea  
It's the crummy lost at seasick with a floating on the waves  
To join the other flotsam with the ripped up queens and knaves  
Queens and knaves, queens and knaves

There lies a lady, she's gone and she's gone  
She'll be a fine lady before too long  
But I hit her head and she finished her walking  
She shouldn't be dead, she was too busy talking  
Busy talking, busy talking

They can fill a cup or two and still disturb the peace  
It's never made it all the way from shore to shore, from west to east  
I read that independence was a lightness in your step  
You walked away, I felt so heavy at the start of every day  
Every day, every day

I've been waiting an hour and the bus hasn't come  
I've been cursing my God for the lack of the sun  
I've been ruined by destiny, lowered by fate  
And the upshot of this is I'm going to be late  
To be late, to be late