

# Nothing Completed

Joshua Burnside

Beat well, heart of little lentil  
Growing fast inside the belly of  
The one I love the most  
I will not lie, the path ahead is daunting  
Haunted by those pesky little ghosts  
That moan 'you don't know what you're doing? Do ye?'

And when the gold on my finger catches my eye  
To my surprise my hands are not the hands of my  
Father's or grandfather's but my own, how strange?  
It was only yesterday  
The cool dangling earrings swayed and touched my neck  
As my mother lent to kiss me  
Farewell, for the evening  
Thank God, for childminders and wine  
And a few hours peace

Because the truth, is this love's a burden  
A garden to maintain, and nothing's completed  
Nothing's completed  
Da da da da da  
Nothing's completed  
Nothing's completed  
Hmmm mmmm

And that perfume still lingers  
In a dusty corner of my heart  
And when I wake to a start to find that I'm much older  
Yet no older! Seems time it is no javelin, soaring, glinting  
In the sun, more like the track that circles round each lap  
You find you're back where you began

Farewell, to my evenings  
Oh god  
And to so many friends  
They'll hardly recognise me  
And their woes will seem oh so quaint  
Oh, what I wouldn't give  
For a few hours' peace, nothing's completed  
Da da da da da  
Nothing's completed  
Nothing's completed  
Da da da da da

Well, I know, I know, I may be getting a little ahead of myself  
But it grieves me so to know that same day I will leave you  
Oh, the betrayal  
But don't think on the soil above me  
Or the worms wriggling in my skull  
I'll be finally free you see, of my love for you and your love for me

Yes, I'll be gone, where the air is thinner  
Lost in a moonlight shimmer  
Far, far out of reach  
With the fruits of my labour rotting  
On the side of a motorway, nothing completed  
Nothing completed

Da da da da da  
Nothing completed  
Nothing completed  
Da da da da da  
Nothing completed, oh