

Give Me Comfort

Liz Lawrence

Give me comfort, keep me safe and sound,
I never met your mother but I know she'd be proud
We went walking down the old canal
We were so young and foolish but no better now

And all these senses and all these scenes
I find it hard to read your quiet eyes
All that's left of floating in between
I find it hard to sleep between those lines
Those lines

Ahh...

Shadows biting at my scuffed boot heels
I've got a loose connection like a scratched film reel
And some are searching for the loves they lost
Oh they're just desperate wanderers with their dumb lit soul

And all these senses and all these scenes
I find it hard to read your quiet eyes
All that's left of floating in between
I find it hard to sleep between those lines
Those lines

It's a funny old world
Oh what a funny old world, you say

Ahh...