

# Rooftops

Liz Lawrence

That toy that you got  
From an old cereal box  
Takes pride of place of my window ledge  
Them pop cap guns  
And your father's Bensons  
Gonna make a man out of you some day

And ain't it funny how it's all worked out  
You've got a job and a family now  
And I'm singing these same old songs  
In empty bars and cheap restaurants  
But it feels like a matter of days  
Since knock and run and all the games we played  
Sitting on the rooftops after dark  
Drinking in the sky and eating the stars

And then running home for tea  
Of mash and gravy  
The Shipping Forecast is on the radio  
Mum's in a stress  
Says she only does her best  
But we don't appreciate where the money goes

Would you even recognise me now  
I've lost love and I've fallen down  
Felt the weight of the world on my shoulder  
My young face got a little bit older  
Had my heart been torn in two  
Surely hope it doesn't happen to you  
Since sitting on the rooftops after dark  
Drinking in the sky and eating the stars

I won't tie my laces,  
I won't brush my hair  
I won't wear nice dresses on a Sunday  
I Say three Hail Mary's and I make my peace  
With Friday night DJs down back alleys

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