

Story From A Thin Wall

Marillion

The music for this song later became "Berlin"
I heard the battle raging on the other side of the wall
Buried my head in a pillow and tried to ignore it all
Every night when I hear you I dream of breaking down your door
An avenging knight in shining armour to rescue you from it all
From the family business

When I see you in the supermarket
With sunglasses in the shade
Averting your eyes from the staring questions
How were those bruises made
It's family business

Children clutching to your legs
They've got so much they want to say
But daddy's sitting home drunk again
So they bite their lips and pray
And daddy don't like no strangers prying
And noses in his private affairs
And if anyone asks from the social
Well you fell down the stairs
It's family business

So I'll become an accessory
And I don't have an alibi
To the victim lying on my doorstep
The only way I could justify
It's family business

'Cos every day it's getting harder
Try to see to go away
To all the people that surround you
You have to sit down and explain
To be the writing on the wall inside
To be the pledge you call your own
And if you run into the day
You sure you know you'll find a home
You sure you know you'll find a home

The traffic lights shine upon
... and the broken home
Everyone could be so far away
... and the white lines lead the way

The writing on the wall
They're carving out the martyrs

Could've been the same this way
Could've been the same this way
Tell them I'm the same today
We could have been much younger
It could have been much longer
Until the real time
Too far
You run away today
Tomorrow
You take away the time

You took away a mind

Something to the light she said

Everyone's burning

We could have been much younger