

Lydia, The Ink Will Never Dry

Maximo Park

Near the Palace Hotel, where you
used to dwell, engraved against
your wishes (one of your greatest
misses) – you hope the ink will
never dry. You're fooling yourself.
You feel set-up. You're telling
yourself you don't believe in luck.

On Princess Street, where we
used to meet, we knew not where
we were treading, or how the dye
was spreading – you hope the
ink will never dry. You're fooling
yourself. You've been set-up.

You're telling yourself you've done
enough. Lydia, tell me how hard
can it be? I don't know about you,
but it feels good to me. Every day
we're miles away from where we
are supposed to be. I don't know
about you, but it feels good to me.