

When It Was Ours

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

A Daffodil a rusty swing
A broken bench where once sat King
A mouldy doll looks to the stars
And it was mine and it was yours when it was ours

A withered tree where birds did sing
A broken song upon the wing
Those feathered hearts looked up to mars
When it was mine and it was yours and it was ours

It was ours when I was yours
Before this place went on all fours
Now it's under lock and key
it isn't you it isn't me
It's other couples falling walls
It's other couples punctured balls
No wasp filled jars or last hurrahs
Now it ain't ours

The conversation the whisper laugh
Is overgrown like garden path
The twisted branch the crooked stairs
It was yours it was mine now it's all theirs

The bicycle with buckled wheel
Lays on the grass like how we feel
A sparrow dies then Eagle soars
Now it's all theirs no longer mine no longer yours

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it isn't you it isn't me
It's other couples falling walls
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No wasp filled jars or last hurrahs
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Revisit graveyards pubs and clubs
But don't go back to the place you love
They quickly return to distant shores
When they're not ours no longer mine no longer yours

It was ours when I was yours
Before this place went on all fours
Now it's under lock and key
it isn't you it isn't me
It's other couples falling walls
It's other couples punctured balls
No wasp filled jars or last hurrahs
Now it ain't ours