60 Thompson

The bell boy brings you coffee There are letters from every shore There are flowers of the season Heels are capsized by the door

You're well protected Cold as you must be to survive But I know somewhere behind your barricade There's a love that can be made

And in my blood Your ghost is crying living tears And I can't switch them off Or turn them down or out

You are a night flower You bloom as I fade And you drag me in deeper Behind your barricade

With the love that can be made Behind your barricade Yes, and how long can I stay?

And this addition of yourself You don't believe in anymore We'll face the chat show at 8:30 And we'll freeze in the applause

Who am I to argue? Here everybody must get paid May you bloom forever Behind your barricade

Looking for a love that can be made Behind your barricade Yes, and how long can I stay Behind your barricade? Where true arrows seldom stray Razorlight