

## Hard For Young Lovers

The Cinematics

You told me you were leaving  
With a note pinned to my bookcase  
You said you could not bring yourself  
To tell me to my face  
Too many cold summers have passed  
Since we were last in love  
And I've laboured too long in the rain for too little  
You need more now than I can give  
More than I can show for the time I've spent  
With my brothers-in-arms but trouble and pain  
You said you left your share of the rent  
Between Victor Hugo and Maynard Keynes  
I just miss you  
There's nothing Left round here  
And I just miss you  
Times are hard for young lovers  
And I just miss you  
You told me not to try and find you  
If I ever cared about you  
If I could, I'd remind you  
Of the fine times I will have without you  
I'd love to say you've been a fool  
But I don't know that I could say it and mean it  
The truth is you're a saint to have seen it this far  
Just sitting, staring at the walls with me  
I've got nowhere to be tomorrow  
Maybe at the bottom of the river  
The state that I'm in, no mortal-sin  
Could hold me here now  
Now the Union's set a course for sorrow  
Maybe I'll paint pictures of my father  
You know I had to make a stand  
If that old beast had to die  
Did they have to stab it with that glint in their eye?  
Did they have to look so bloody happy?  
I just miss you  
There's nothing Left round here  
And I just miss you  
Times are hard for young lovers  
And I just miss you