

Pulled Along by Love

The Mutton Birds

Down on the platform
Shapes in a sandstorm
Lines of faces
Keeping their secrets
They're thinking about the weekend
They're thinking about new clothes
They're thinking about touching
But everyone's watching

They're buttoned up against it
And all of the King's horses
And all of the five senses

And dreams so fleeting
Where the carpets are deep
And the ends are all meeting

And they're pulled along by love
They're pulled along by love
And they're pulled along by love
Pulled along by love

Maybe he's a good son
Maybe he has bad dreams
Maybe she's staying
But she thought about leaving
And maybe those two have been
Together for ages
Or maybe they're strangers
From different stations

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The sun comes up on you and me
We fall out of bed and we work all day
And we're thinking about the weekend
We're thinking about new clothes
We're thinking about touching
But everyone's watching

We're buttoned up against it
We wrap ourselves round it
Like fire in a blanket
And dreams so fleeting
Where the carpets are deep
And the ends are all meeting

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