

Another Day

This Mortal Coil

The kettle's on, the sun has gone, another day
She offers me, Tibetan tea, on a flower tray
She's at the door, she's want's to score, she really needs to say:

"I once loved you a long time ago, you know
Where the winds own forget-me-nots blow, you know
But I couldn't let myself go
Not knowing what on earth there was to know
But I wish that I had, 'cause i'm feeling so sad
that I never had one of your children."
Across the room, inside a tomb, a chance is waxed and waned
The night is young, why are we so hung-
up, in each other's chains
I must take her, I must make her, while the dove domains
See the juice run as she flies
Run my wings under her sighs
As the flames of eternity rise
To lick us with the first born lash of dawn
Oh really my dear, I can't see what we fear
With ourselves, sat here between us
And at the door, we can't say more, than just another day
Without a sound, I turn around, and I walk away