

Down South

Tiny Ruins

Now you're down there
Where the day ends gracefully
None of the brutality of further South

Swallows fly low
Promise of a warm tomorrow
While me here, I'm staving off sorrow

Over here, over here
Where the day crawls to its sticky end
None of the grace of home

Me just a blank face on the end of the phone
Me just a blank face on the end of the phone

Remember when we were down south
Amidst squalor and hilarity
The time when I socked you one in the face
Down by the post-box in the early morning
Down by the post-box in the early morning

I'd been up, and out, a good part of the night
Searching the gutters for your body
And I was so beside myself with worry

You were ok
Mildly embarrassed
I stormed off in a rage
To my day-job as a waitress

Remember when we were down South
Amidst squalor and hilarity
Remember when we were down South
Amidst squalor and hilarity

Please remember my face
The way I wore it when I was worried
Please remember my face
The way I wore it when I was worried
Please remember my face
The way I wore it when I was worried