

m j law "West Country Tales" Lyrics

At the Beach. Days spent in the sun, days spent on the beach. We felt we'd come upon something so out of reach. We swore we'd never leave, but the world kept drawing near. It tore us from our dreams, and landed us back here. Does it bring to your knees? Does it shake your core beliefs? When you find yourself so free don't you wish you'd always be?

History Follows. There's an ache behind my eyes, and I think it's time I tried to be more the man you want me to be. But I miss the way we were before I knew how much it hurt you when I let these things just happen to me. Those times before when smoky bars and books and woods defined me, I can't ignore the fact that something's missing. And I know what you abhor: it's my past you can't ignore; and it rankles that you'll never own it.

In Fulvia's death. Nothing to say: it's fallen apart, the lines that you wrote to your little heart I've forgotten. It's always the same: each time that we part the memories fade, they're kept in the dark for later. Now would it be so hard to never fall apart when I do? You know I've seen the scars: you've patterns on your arms like I do. So we're the same and that's all that there is, but how soon we forget and time drives a rift between us. On and on it goes, life etched in vinyl. On and on it goes. Is nothing final?

King of the river. Betty came by on her way, said she had no place to stay. I couldn't help but be enchanted by her tale it's so romantic. But that's okay, or so they say. Betty came again today; still she had much more to say: have I seen the things she's seen? Will I follow where she leads? Yes always, just like today. But it's gone too soon, fading into black with the phases of the moon and my lack of tact. When will I see you again? Can we still be friends? I really don't know at all. It's gone too soon, faded into black, and the phases of the moon won't hide my lack of tact.

Leben ist schön I'm in tow, retracing your steps to the bar and all around us, these people who know what you are (they think). Knocking back gin and tonic, if 'Leben ist schön', it can't have been something chronic, so now it's my turn to think. The people gather round, but they don't see what we've found. They push and shove, point and stare, though they still don't see what is there. You always held something back but now it's time to let go, and though you still have your fears I know you must know I care.

Nameless # 1. I'm still not sure what you meant when you said that, but you're sure making me nervous so won't you tell me what you want me to be thinking, and how sweetly I'll acquiesce. I'm losing you; you've slipped right through. I've never felt so cheated or let down by myself; I'm so beat up. I never thought it would come to this: a fall, a pull I can't resist. Put down the phone. Put down the phone and come running to my open arms. They're open wide for you to fall into, just like I'm cut open wide for you to see right through: I mean what I say this time.

Nameless # 2. All this time, you've only been waiting on a dream. I won't help you because I can't win. I wish I'd never seen you and the things you learnt too young, the damage that's been done. It cuts you to the core, can you take much more?

Nina. Down town on a Saturday night, she's got a big thing about a guy dressed like Nash Kato, and wants to know if he would like to take her see The Deftones. A scenester girl in her DMs and dress she's got me watching her eyes watching me get depressed at all the people out there who are doing their best to dance to Britney now. All she wants is to be a rock starlet.

Something beautiful. Lazy Sunday and I've got nothing to say but I still call her anyway. We go out walking to catch some air; I've got stale smoke stuck in my hair. The cars rush by on down the street, I've got pins and needles in my feet. Supermarket yoghurt never tasted so good: I'd go get some more if only I could. Something beautiful is passing over me. I fall against a wall and she is all that I can see. We walk back home dead on our feet; she says she wants some more to eat. We sit and watch the perfect day sunset and fade away.

The River Song. It's warm this evening, I feel the river draw me near. It's like I'm dreaming, as I smell the smoke and taste the beer. You pass me leaving, your tired eyes have battled through a day of nothing worth seeing, I wonder if you could still turn away and come my way. On the mighty river flows, racing through our hearts it goes. The path away from it you chose is not for me. But you're doing nicely: you've made your mummy oh so proud, but I can't help feeling you miss the things you're not allowed.