

Yesterday on my estate there was a murder, though it was not me who killed your other lover, saw you standing in the limelight, such a charming man you gave me such a fright. I carve it up, I carve it up. Show me a rope and cling to the madness of delicate hope. Please take a seat; rewind the clock and stop, I cannot sleep through these dark times. I'm holding on. Cling to the madness, I cannot sleep through these dark times. Oh, I'm holding on to yesterday, such a charming man.

The eyes, those eyes, you'll wait for me? I'll signal and manoeuvre.

Bleak mid-summer, you threw away more than you could afford to lose; more than you could understand from a string of five nights. Childish games, childish plans, you've lost more than you could know. Don't you cover my eyes - I'll strike you down in the street but now I'm glorious and victorious in defeat.

Go and have your fun and paint the town a deep red. A small town man in five nights I'm victorious.

Temptation increasing but the freak now is no longer yours. Dust has settled in a black cloud, I turn to you. Dust draws nearer my heart grows nearer. I wonder what we're what doing, I question what we're here for. Such is life, such is rhythm, such is custom now. Now, it was my insolence that was put to bed, I'm drowning in this place I call my home. Look left, look down, look to the east now. Into the clouds, the elegant clouds; don't put me down.

I'm torn, two, three. Stop talking about the way I'm not and start talking about the way I am. You planned this all along. Tell me where we're gonna go from here. Hanging on. What you see is what you, get you. I'm thinking of my darling girl I lost at sea. Moving till the crowd shakes, whisper words into my ear. What you see is what you are. Hanging on.

We are united, we are one, on this Holy day. But we are sordid and we are wrong; I can feel your grace. I'll wear my Sunday dress, my sunday best. Please follow me, I shall follow you, if you will follow me - the lights are blinding me, the lights. My palms are sweaty, my heart is throbbing, take me back. In my sunday dress, sunday dress. I will. I will.

It's all different names for the same thing. Alone on a train, aimless in wonder. Outdated map, crumpled in my pocket. I didn't care where I was going, it's all different names for the same place. Coast disappears the seas drowns my soul. I've no words to share with anyone. Boundaries of language quietly cursed, all different names for the same place. All different names for the same thing. They're all different names for the same place. Different names.

When I see you I really see you upside down. I pick you up and turn you around, it turns you around. Its bursting at the seam, the spectrums A to Z. Don't feel discouraged, don't feel afraid this is fact not fiction for the first time in years. I'm reaching for the phone, I slur a plea - it's too late, it's seven oh three. Give me a reason to stay.

Burn it down because your heart is an empty room. Homes faze and it ages when you're away while spring blooms then you'll find a love that's new. The chase is all you know and I stopped running months ago. Where else could you be? There's so many possibilities to not be alone. It disappeared with everything that you help dear - don't shed a single tear, it's all you see when you're at home, alone. Out on the street, don't be alone.