Paris

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It was seven in the morning when the spark
began to give. the bath was spilling over, my
self pity spilling with it, so i, i fled the country
to start it all again and found myself in paris in
the cemetery rain.
dear anne came to me and took me by the arm
showed me old disasters embedded in the palm
warned me of a lady with the sun behind her head.
with a a granite neck, a singer who can never sing
again. but you, my love:
you must come, come to joy, turn your head to the sun
its down to you, you can shine, you can shake all the
sorrow from your palm.. its down to you if you dare

to come to joy.
what was it i ran from, what burnt away inside?
four hundred schoolboys and a lawyer at my side
always running with these legs going nowhere
a ghost in the system, and angel on the stairs...
but oh! this time....
i shall turn, turn my head to the sun..
they are marching out of me.. one by one
walking free. oh! theyre going out of....
oh! i can feel it moving, this time i'm really moving.
are you ready to come, come to joy well its really down to
you if you dare to enjoy... its down to you... hold the key
in your hands.. it's all in the palm of your hands

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