Volumes

Matador

Borrowed grapes from stores of gold
Put plastic back where metal's sold
Men in quarries connect their bomb
One, two, three, a new SaigonCheck the bottle, is it full?
Have you found which pin to pull?
Boys in shirts get dirty hands
Smoke kills seagulls on the sandsThey have pages, they take ages to read and to learn
They're heavy to carry and easy to burn
Volumes have secrets, take them on holiday
Book them a room, save them a moment, swallow their swoonPretty things all in a row
Flowers who can't seem to grow
Finding the pearls then finding the blood
Then finding the water is woodThe something I wanted has just flown by
It looked at me sideways and told me to try
I hope it's a message from someone obscure
I hope it's the man next door

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