Alone

The Beautiful South

Like the contents of your handbag
You don't know why it's there
People ask you where you're heading
You just answer "anywhere"

We don't mean to be this vague
It just happens that we are
No-one asked us to elaborate
We just shrug our shoulders and be

And like the stories that just happened
No-one thought of, no-one planned
We could have ruled, we could have conquered
Then we could have been a man

We could be ex-husband
We could be ex-wife
But no-one looks at the menu in a greasy spoon life

Alone, alone
Half an hour is seven hours
One day is several months
Alone, alone
A month is a calendar
A year can be a decade spent
Alone

He knows "hello" in eighteen languages
"I love you" in only one
By the time he's got his phrase-book
The chance is usually gone

And we feel ourselves quite prepared
But quite prepared for what
We always took the lead
Before we actually knew the plot

And you can tell where we've been shopping
By the bags beneath our eyes
Make-up shoulders burden

But the smile never lies

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We could be ex-wife
But no-one looks at the menu in a greasy spoon life

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So empty at the airport
You don't set off the doors
We used to feel like chorus girls
And now we feel like whores

Hearts built like reservoirs
Words built like dams
Thoughts built like juggernauts
Our actions built like prams

And when the wind blows into our face
We should be warmer and not colder
Well, what price the charges
On this cargo that we shoulder

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Half an hour is seven hours
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And we only smoke when bored
So we do two packs a day
And we've lost the difference
Between bored and lonely anyway

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