Pinball Machine

Bell X1

Tear that trickles from your eye to your ear
Like a pinball machine
Arm that melts over me
Like Salvador's dream
Light that spits across the ceiling
'Cos someone burst the stitches on the curtain of nightMaybe it's all about sowing my seed
But subject to conditions and not while you bleedI follow you at a distance
Bounced through others eyes
Like a pinball machine
Dressed as Mr. Walker
But in disguise
I could have been a contender
But instead I'm content with
The gin and tonic dressing gown I lament
One night only
The great and the glory
Let's see if it sticksYou still love me
I believe
If push came you'd shove me
I believe you share my bed
You share the blame
I believe

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