

Flying Colours

Sunburned Hand of the Man

Shout if you will, but that just won't do
I, for one, would rather follow softer options
I'll take the easy line, another sip of wine
And if I ignore the face you wore
It's just a way of mine to keep from flying colours
Oh, don't lay your bait while the whole world waits
Around to see me shoot you down, it's all so second rate
When we can last for days on a loving night
Or for hours at least on a warm whisper given
You always pick the best time to rise to the fight
To break the hard bargain that we've driven
Once again, we're flying colours
I thought we had it out the night before
And settled old scores, ooh, but not the hard way
Was it a glass too much? Or a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match, did we want them to?
In a fancy restaurant, we were all aglow
Keeping cool by mutual permission
How did the conversation get to where we came to blows?
We were set up in a red condition
And again, we're flying colours
Shout, but you see, it still won't do
With my colours on, I can be just as bad as you
Have I had a glass too much? Did I give a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match, did we want them to?
We act our parts so well, like we wrote the play
All so predictable and we know it
We'll settle old scores now and settle the hard way
You may not even live to outgrow it
Once again, we're flying colours, flying colours

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