

Shadowboxing (Piano Wolf Version)

Ed Harcourt

Hanging off the bridge by a fingernail
Trapped in the harbour when the ship set sail
 Boy you're one card short of the pack
 Begging for your baby to take you back
 Stubbed a cigarette out on his hand
 Scrawls her name across the sand
 But it disappears like King Canute
The tide didn't like his attitudeAlways shadowboxing
 Face up and throw your gloves in
 Lose your imaginary friends
 Always good for nothing
 She can't ever love him
No man is ever innocentBouncing off the walls with no wish to land
 Erase your fingerprints and your retina scan
'Cause there's no point in the life that he should lead
 Chain his leg to a piano and sink through the weeds
 Gone are all the dreams that last forever
 He towed the line when never meant never
 They had something better than the cynical beast
Weren't sucked in by the popular diseaseAlways shadowboxing
 Face up and throw your gloves in
 Lose your imaginary friends
 Always good for nothing
 She can't ever love him
 No man is ever innocent

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