

# Sometimes

## The Drones

The yellow cab drivers  
The trams on their wires  
The heels on the pavement  
Collecting outside  
The all seeing window  
It's clairvoyant glow  
Where each new indulgence  
Is born and on show  
And it all starts to seem  
Like love's possible now  
A fairy god mother  
At every checkout Sometimes  
You won't believe it's true  
Sometimes  
But then others  
You just need a new you  
You could be Coco, Amelia  
Gertrude Bell or Britney  
You'd have the eyes of a gorgon  
Skin like Anne Frank's  
They'll ask you your secret  
But don't kiss and tell  
Just say thanks You won't recognise me  
Won't know who I am  
Like I'm on the witness  
Protection programme  
Keeping all my receipts  
And my enemies close  
Sometimes they flee from you  
Sometimes they don't  
Sometimes  
They put the fear in you  
Sometimes  
But it's always done for your own good See you could be  
Pan frying low flying human meat  
All willingly  
Esprit is just nonsense  
But nonsense feels free  
A freehold on your soul's

Worth its weight in gold

Take it from me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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