

Was It Worth It

Desperate Journalist

I want to write a love song
But I don't know how to start it
So meet me at the station
We'll walk through shut down open markets
These tired and tar-tacky streets
Where you thought you'd be complete

I want to write a love song
But I never know where to start it
Where my heart is
It's just not where the past is

It's an endless road
On a dismal island
And the buses know
They've lost all their excitement
Was it worth it?
Was it worth it?

And are you still my sweetheart
The city line from home to bed
Or are you just a bit-part
Of the great drama in my head
We're all fidgety and flightless
In a masquerade of brightness
Are you still my sweetheart
Or is the dream of London dead?
I know it's been said
Commuter belt regret

They're all endless roads
On a dismal island
And the traffic knows
They've lost all their excitement
Was it worth it?
Was it worth it?

And the trash all flutters
And you paint it with wings
And the shopfronts shuttered

And you're straining to sing
Oh, was it worth it?
Was it worth it?

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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