Lost

Just Jack

Picture this, 2:30 on the hottest night in June
He awakes for no reason and checks his watch by the moon
And his mouth feels as dry as his eyes as he struggles to rise
And stops to contemplate his wifes thighs as he does up his fliesHe finds his slippers where he left them under the chair
Behind the two cups and an old copy of Marie Claire
And he switches on the coffee machine
That of course works like a dream
Catches sight of his reflection in the silver surface sheenAnd it's a face he knows well although it should look less abused
With all these moisturizers and the skin products hes used
As he moves through the kitchen, his homage to brushed steel
Across the new pine floorin' thats plastic but looks realPast the plasma with the wide screen
And the cinema surround sound
And he stops on his favorite spot by the window and looks down
On the orange lit street at the edge of the private car park
Where his Audi TT is waitin' safely in the darkKeepin' it all inside of you
Somethin' will have to give
And if you could youll take it back
But you lose your way in the way you liveNow he can hear wind chimes tinklin' out on the balcony
And his phone beepin' out a text message in the same key
He checks it and its Jill who used to be his secretary
Before they started an affair and things began to get really scaryNow his wife Mary is gettin' weary of his lies
Like shes read the whole sordid story in his eyes
It doesnt help that Jills now sayin' that shes two weeks late
His mental state is really startin' to deteriorateHe never knew how he got so out of his depth
Or why hes broken more than all these promises kept
And its been ages since he slept properly
His sleeps now broken by these dreams of extra-marital activityTryin' to recapture the rapture he used to get
From his material possessions and endless retail therapy sessions
Shoulda listened to what his dad said before he died
The best things in life are the ones you cant buy, sonKeepin' it all inside of you
Somethin' will have to give
Wish you could buy a ticket back
But you lose your way in the way you liveHe used to feel so safe up here in his shrine to Ikea
Away from the shouts and the louts and the girls
With the over painted pouts
And the queers and the dykes and the kids in their box fresh Nikes
Deliverin' rocks to the house across the street

On rusty mountain bikesHe used to feel so safe up here in his shrine to Ikea
Away from the shouts and the louts and the girls
With the over painted pouts
And the queers and the dykes and the kids in their box fresh Nikes
Deliverin' rocks to the house across the street
On rusty mountain bikes

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