

A Few Words For The Dead

Marillion

Can you make it on your own?
Can you take it by the throat?
Make your own luck, learn the skills
Get in early for the kill
It carries on
Pick up the weapon
Marry it, give it your name
Define yourself by it
Take it down the disco
It carries on
Trigger happy, pullin' power
Lady killer, take them out
See the weirdos on the hill
Come to get you if you stand still
It carries on
Somewhere in history you were wronged
Teach your children to bang the drum
Tell all your family, tell all your friends
Teach your brothers to avenge
It carries on
Or you could love
Or you could love
Or you could love
You could love, you could love
Lie down in the flowers
In the blue of the air
Open your eyes
Why use up your life for anything else?
No need to fight for what everyone has
What do you need?
It's already there, it's already there
It's already there, it's already there
You could love, you could love
You could love
So he carried the stars in his pocket
He drank the sunrise till he was drunk
He embraced the angels
They swam like little minnows in his blood
Ghosts in his eyes, out walking beside him

Laughing like children in his mind
They chanted his mantra together
Together, together, together
You could love, you could love
You could love
You were happy

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