

Brockwell Park

Red House Painters

In the night we freeze
And you want me to tell
In London's lonesome park
Brockwell Out here, I am distracted
As fire bombs explode
Bonfire lamps glow
To the crowded road If the days weren't so precious
And no worlds where shorted wires had kept us
Things would be better than this
There's an angel by the ocean, I miss And trips on the train
Before our lives changed
The mirror I watched
Your naked body strain

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