

Uneven & Brittle

Peter Murphy

I stay away,
When you burn me like fire.
I'm unmatched as I'm lazy.
You spit as you say:
I get crushed by my dreams
That I clawed and begged for.
It's myself I deceive.
I got all I asked for!
If I wait in deep sleep,
There's nothing there to pray for.
Uneven and brittle.
Is there fruit on our tree?
Those altered dreams
That I saw there,
Now look back at us cracked.
And loving care notions
Break as they retract.
It's the morning here now,
There's some peace, but no laughter.
It's myself I deceive.
I got all I asked for!
If I wait in deep sleep,
There's nothing there to pray for.
Uneven and brittle.
Is there fruit on our tree?
The spirit master from whom we spent
I sit now and see, all mine was pretense
Eh eh
It's myself I deceive.
I got all I asked for!
Uneven and brittle.
Is there fruit on our tree?
It's myself I deceive.
I got all I asked for!
Uneven and brittle.
Is there fruit on our tree?

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