

One Better Day

Madness

Arlington House, address no fixed abode
An old man in a three-piece suite sits in the road
Stares across the water, he sees right through the lock
But on and up like outstretched hands
His mumbled words, his fumbled words, mock
Further down a photo booth, a million plastic bags
And an old woman filling out a million baggage tags
But when she get thrown out, three bags at a time
She spies the old chap in the road to share her bags with
She has bags of time
Surrounded by his past on a short white line
He sits while cars pass either side takes his time
Trying to remember one better day
A while ago when people stopped to hear him say
Walking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes
Now she has walked enough through rainy town
She rests her back against his and sits down
She's trying to remember one better day
A while ago when people stopped to hear her say
Walking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes
Walking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes
The feeling of arriving when you've nothing left to
lose
Walking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

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