

All Sweet Things

No-Man

the run-down streets, the civil wars,
you don't go there anymore -
it's how you used to live.the trampled hopes, the made-up laws,
the itchy feet, the pub quiz bores -
it's so hard to forgive.weekend slimmers count their chains,
still wanting someone else to blame.
you watch them come and go.
empty nightclub escapades,
they tell you more than words can say -
that open doors get closed.the empty rooms, the empty house,
someday soon, you'll work it out -
still finding the way back home.the schoolyard ghosts, the playtime fears,
you take your pills, they disappear -
the people that you've known.chorus:
all sweet things,
all sweet things will come again.when the heartbeat slows.
when the silence grows.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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