

# Civil Light

Ian Moore

Pictures of you, I'm lookin' for  
Something I can claim  
I wait for a knock on my door  
but it never came  
music, it comes in from the streets  
soft and subdued  
straining my ears to make out the sounds  
through the din of the afternoon  
It's then that you know what you do

going out for a winters walk  
Civil life wasn't for today  
Called all the numbers in my black book  
but everybody seemed distant and strange  
maybe it's just how you feel on a winters day

Somebody cruel indecision set you up by yourself  
and you go downtown, you act like they know you  
better to show them than to show yourself  
show yourself

lookin for quiet then it calls  
something I can name  
but the shortness of days leaves me rudderless  
and I find myself drifting again  
facing bellmont and fairlyfair  
connect myself to courtly kind  
with their wit and their cutting words  
pare the skin that is left behind  
cut to the critical mind

somebody cruel indecision set you up by yourself  
you go downtown you act like they know you  
better to show them than to show yourself  
show yourself

Pictures of you x4

I can claim

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Lyrics submitted by Piers Forrest.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>