

In Liverpool

Suzanne Vega

In Liverpool on Sunday
No traffic on the avenue
The light is pale and thin like you
No sound, down in this part of town Except for the boy in the belfry he's crazy, he's throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower like a hunchback in heaven
He's ringing the bells in the church for the last half an hour
And he sounds like he's missing something or someone
That he knows he can't have now and if he isn't I certainly am Homesick for a clock that told the same time
Sometimes you made no sense to me
If you lie on the ground in somebody's arms
You'll probably swallow some of their history And the boy in the belfry he's crazy, he's throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower like a hunchback in heaven
He's ringing the bells in the church for the last half an hour
And he sounds like he's missing something or someone
That he knows he can't have now and if he isn't I certainly am I'll be the girl who sings for my supper
You'll be the monk whose forehead is high
He'll be the man who's already working
Spreading a memory all through the sky
In Liverpool on Sunday no reason to even remember you now Except for the boy in the belfry he's crazy, he's
throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower like a hunchback in heaven
He's ringing the bells in the church for the last half an hour
And he sounds like he's missing something or someone
That he knows he can't have now and if he isn't I certainly am In Liverpool
In Liverpool

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>