One Better Day

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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, mockFurther 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 timeSurrounded 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 sayWalking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoesNow 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 sayWalking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoesWalking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoesThe feeling of arriving when you've nothing left to loseWalking 'round you sometimes, hear the sunshine
Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

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