

Keep It

Dexy's Midnight Runners

The world lives in your front room
You're sitting happy in gloom
Fate worries you, you will not give her room.
You give credit for might, inspiration and sight.
But you miss the point.
You won't join the fight,
You think to use is to lose so your clinging, pulling pleading. Try and keep it safe.
Keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
You're feeling a loss but you're not fit to make it
You offered so much but you're frightened to take it.
It never was really proved, never was understood.
But there really is no virtue in the good.
The shoutings so loud that they'd do better to mime
You're deafened and you cannot hear the rhyme.
But secrets in whispers pull you, try to tempt you. Try and keep it safe
Keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
You're feeling a loss but you're not fit to make it
You offered so much but you're frightened to take it.
You beg for help and advice, how to handle your life.
But you dare not move, you cannot pay the price.
Chances slip, you just chatter, flatter, to forget what matters.
Spout your lines, read all your books,
You hear the sounds, miss all the hooks,
Your best is what you least understand,
You hate the graft, won't join the race,
You're scared to scar your pretty face
Safe now cos your head is in the sand
Keep it...

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