

# Mazda

## The Clockworks

The cheeks are red and burning  
While the eyes are wet and yearning  
For a sign from her inferring  
That it's only for a while  
The heart's taken a tumble  
Â As the dry lips grope and fumble  
To put those things he's thinking into words that she might hear

And in the end will there be any man  
Even half as sad as me? and  
If home is where the heart is  
Home has just departed  
In the back seat of a Mazda  
And I'm turning alabaster  
Baffled that you people have the cheek to laugh and smile in front of me.

I don't want to see those looks  
And I don't want, I don't want  
to hear those words

In the absence of her presence  
The lonely convalescence  
Begins with the acceptance  
That it's only for a while  
Later at the table  
He's constructing the fable  
That the reason he's not able  
Â to eat a thing's because he's sick  
Everybody tries to empathise  
A look into those empty eyes  
Tells them he's not being honest  
There must be bees in his bonnet  
If out of sight Is out of mind  
How can it be that love is blind?  
But you know I still love you  
And that must count for something after all?

I don't want to see those looks  
And I don't want, I don't want to hear those words  
Don't tell me it could be worse

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