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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