After the Ceasefire

Marianne Faithfull

After the ceasefire that they swore would last
She had the bright idea: "To hell with the past!"
That's where love lay bleeding, licking at its wounds
The times were never changing, sticking to their guns
She thought she really meant it, that's the honest truth
She felt it in her marrow, she felt it in her boots
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefireThe man she married, he was something else
He adored the chaos, smashing all the delft
The man she married, he was something else
He had the sudden notion it's time to call a truce
It's time to lead a quiet life for the love of Jesus
Let's sit down together, and engage in talks of peace
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefireHe was Irish Catholic, she had English blood
They met in a good restaurant, they gave the secret nod
She ordered fish and lentils, he the kidney stew
She played with bold impulses, wine turned his lips blue
They left in separate taxis to the same address
In case someone was watching, and there they did confess
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefireIt was all the others' fault, they thought at any rate
After the ceasefire to put an end to hate
She was reaching for her knife, he a fork and spoon
They sat about devouring the poison of the moon
Shared a fatal cigarette neither one would light
Their breath was flame enough, nobody said goodnight
After the ceasefire, after the ceasefire

Songwriters
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