

Marbles III

Marillion

III

There were almost four hundred until the black day
I discovered how high they would fly to the sky
If you used them for tennis instead of a ball..Zinging glass satellites crueller than fate
Whacked with a racket up into the blue
I'd smashed all the greenhouses on the estate
And a crowd formed a queue at the gate..

Songwriters

IAN FRANCESKO MOSLEY, MARK COLBERT KELLY, PETER JOHN TREWAVAS, STEVE
HOGARTH, STEVEN THOMAS ROTHERY

Published by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>