

Weller Paul

"Bullrush"

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BULL-RUSH - Paul Weller

In a momentary lapse of my condition
That sent me tumbling down into a deep despair
Lost and dazed so I had no real recollection
Until the rain cleared the air

Whe you wake to find that everything has left you
And the clothes you wear belong to someone else
See your shadow chasing off towards the shore line
Drifting into emptiness

There's a bullrushes outside my window
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbour
Catch the first boat that's coming in

Like a child to small to reach the front door handle
Or maybe just to scared to know what I would find
Now I feel I'm strong enough to take the slow ride
Not knowing when I will arrive

I do believe I'm going home
'Cause I don't call this place my own
I'm missing what I had
Happy times and sad
More than I ever thought could be

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