

Barclay James Harvest

"Three Weeks To Despair"

Visit "[Three Weeks To Despair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Time now an empty shell
Memories in the broken glass
The daily journey to despair
Where luck's poured out till nothing's left

And she wants to run away, away from the light
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Life like an empty book
With pictures that fade and die
Tears in a bottle of dreams
Schemes that never last

He wants to runaway, away from the lies
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

I start about half eight in the morning, right
I do a bit of begging, like, till about nine at night-time
There's only one problem with the police
They keep moving me on

It's hard to make friends these days, they tell me
I was in Stock port once, right, begging and I was
kicked in the face
I know I look a bit dirty and scruffy and so on
I haven't had a bath now for two weeks bad news
Isn't it? I don't smell, do I?
All right, you've got to have a joke, sometimes

The rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Hope in an empty box
Reality in a paper cup
Empty in a hungry world
Did they fall or did we push?

They want to run away, away from the fight
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

I haven't slept for two nights, now
The last two places where I stopped, the kids burned it
down
They poured petrol on a homeless guy they set him
alight
I start about half eight in the morning, right
I do a bit of begging why can't he go out and get a job?

It's hard to make friends these days, they tell me
There's only one problem with the police, they keep
moving me on
I know I look a bit dirty and scruffy, I'm sorry about that
They poured petrol, they poured petrol on a homeless
guy
They set him alight
[Incomprehensible]

I haven't slept for two nights, now
It's hard to make friends these days, they tell me
I haven't slept for two nights
The last two places where I stopped, the kids burned it
down

They poured petrol on a homeless guy, they set him
alight
I start about half eight in the morning, right
I do a bit of begging, like, till about nine at night-time

Visit [Barclay James Harvest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.