

## Beirut "Forks And Knives"

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Uptown, the street's in a calming way  
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid  
And I find it's all our waves and raves  
That makes the days go on this way

I heard the sad sound of words  
Spoken from a bee to the wise old bird  
Uptown, where the streets are kept to a flow  
Our ground never leaves me alive

He means well, saying I've got stories of wine, superb  
And of course my childhood  
Forks and knives and a hospital bed  
Where I turned my life over and over again

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