

Darren Hanlon

"Record Store"

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Step into the great outdoors
After all it would be wrong to stay inside
I know
When the first chimney takes its chances
And despite their branches all the leaves decide
It's time to go
And cover up the crimes
Of the seasons passed before

Every footpath leads into another footpath
I can't find the place to stop
The endless chore
But it's time that I went visiting
These guys I know who've bought themselves a shop
A record store
A humble hole in the wall
Could you ever want for more?

I'll be hanging in the record store
Store
Store
Oh

Do they find me annoying?
My constant questions cloying?
Oh

I have seen you when your skies get overclouded
And your eyes are breeding grounds
For tears
You could do worse than come on down
To a place that's built to specialise in sounds
For sore ears

For years they'll search for other cures
Your life's a film, who writes the score?
I'll be hanging in the record store
Store
Store
Oh

What treasures in the shelves
For he who searches, she who delves

Astral physicists explain
The mysteries that surround it
But the record stays still
While the world spins around it

All the rest are vicious lies
Callous and unfounded
The record stays still
While the world spins around it

Yeah the record stays still
While the world spins around it
The record stays still
While the world revolves around it

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