

Echo & The Bunnymen

"Turquoise Days"

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Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields
Never lasts
Put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days
You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over
It's not for glory
It's not for honour
Just something someone said
It's not for love
It's not for war
Just hands clasped together
It's not for living
It's for hunger
Just lips locked tight
It's not rebellion
It's not suffering
It's just the way it is
And my pistol's packed
And my God goes with me
I feel easy
And I want it
And I need it
And I've got it
It's not for this
It's not for that
It's not any of it
Did you say knowledge?
Did you say prayer?
Did you say anything?
If not for good
If not for better
If not the way it is
Just when the thought occurs
The panic will pass
And the smell of the fields

Never lasts
We'll put your faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days
Place our faith
In those crimson nights
Set sail
In those turquoise days
You've got a problem
Come on over
You've got a problem
Come on over
Now I think I know
Just what to say
Now I think I know
Just what to say

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