

Ed Harcourt "Open Book"

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It's clear to us this love affair
Has self combusted everywhere
And i don't feel so debonair
My piano collects dust
A funeral with no mourners
I wish that i'd turned corners
To see the signs that warn us
But i didn't make a fuss
Well my life
Keeps on spinnin'
It's this drunken procession
I can learn my lessons
These plates
That i'm spinning
Soon they'll smash
On the ground
Make a loud crashing sound
And i am still an open book
And you can have a secret look
Inside
Inside
As children make their way to class
I sit and raise another glass
'cause you don't dwell much on the past
When it keeps haunting you
Oh the marching band stomps down the block
And makes the babies' cradles rock
And my keys they don't turn the lock
Perhaps i don't want them to
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