

## **Fatima Mansions "Broken Radio #1"**

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At the platform's end, where the crowd grew thin  
and the light was dim on our shoes  
where we sat there so tense,  
not to touch though we meant to (I think)  
There was no will, no spell  
to breach the night and stop the talk  
She tossed her hair and home did walk

Broken radio  
Broken radio

On the day that I was born  
there was no big flash and no great storm  
but the man read the news in Dutch and warned,  
"I'm gonna play 'Je T'aime' on my hunting horn."  
In my cradle I was most impressed--  
So this is what you call success

Black Seamus cried, "My shamrock has died  
and my father's gone back to Peru."

The frost-damp town wore a fat-guts frown  
and the DJ's played Brian BorÅfÃfÃ,Ã¹  
The Sunday's sticky, home with rain  
Sedition never entertained

Broken radio  
Broken radio

Murder the past and all who sail in it  
If the past is a wreck then all who sail in it  
make me realize it's time to move on  
but all the ships and the planes have gone  
I'm in a savage place with a timid song  
Mumbled words...[maybes?]

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