## Hazel O'connor "Meantime"

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Here comes my friend, Michael Grin written over his face Walking with a kind of a swagger Walking with a sort of a grace

He talks the talk
He tried to walk the walk
He makes you laugh
He makes you mad, really mad

He'll lick you with an acid tongue Make you feel he's right when you know that he's wrong He says life is a bitch and then you die and then you die

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime We keep on smiling In the meantime, maybe in the meantime Like Michael says, it's Mardi Gras

I don't think that life's like that Choice of word is bad Maybe it's a kind of a lesson Maybe it's a sort of a map

We talk the talk
We try to walk the walk
It makes you laugh
And makes you feel like you've been had

And maybe we'll live many lives Keep coming back till we realize it's in our hands We choose to do wrong or do right

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime We keep on smiling In the meantime, maybe in the meantime Like Michael says, it's Mardi Gras

When the sun comes up
And the sun goes down in the meantime
And the world keeps turning

And we're living and we're learning in the meantime

And I think of you
And I'm wondering what you're doing in the meantime
Do you think of me
And what there could have been in the meantime?
Yeah

Here comes my friend, Michael Grin written over his face Walking with a kind of a swagger Walking with a sort of a grace

He'll lick you with an acid tongue Make you feel he's right when you know that he's wrong He makes you laugh, he makes you mad, really mad

But in the meantime, maybe in the meantime We keep on smiling In the meantime, well, maybe in the meantime Like Michael says it's Mardi Gras

Well, maybe in the meantime We keep on smiling In the meantime, well, maybe in the meantime Like Michael says, it's Mardi Gras

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