

Inspiral Carpets "Sackville"

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You once had a home, a job
A family and pride
But we all have a price we'll pay
When things go wrong inside
Don't wear diamonds
And now you don't wear gold
And in the bruises on your face
There's stories to be told
In the shadow of a cold stone
Freezing to the bone
But you keep a warm fire burning in your soul
'Cause you're gonna spend a black night
Console a sad man
In a hungry city with a million hungry hearts

When you stand in Sackville
It's a different world from the one
You knew where little
Boys meet little girls

As you tread your path
Through a jaundiced corridor
Where each day has no beginning and no end
There are those out here
Who claim to be so good
I suspect that Jesus holidayed in Hell
Oh what you'd do for a hot drink
Or a warm coat
Or what you'd give
For a means to get you outta here
It rains upon your head
Lines on your face become
Rivers into which you cry your secret tears, secret tears
Secret tears, secret tears

When you stand in Sackville
It's a different world from the one
You knew where little
Boys meet little girls

The first night we saw you
We were laughing at you

We were hanging on the side of the Cortina
Oh yeah you seemed so strong
Stronger than a man could ever be
Laughing with your sisters in the rain
Dancing on a curbstone
When last you saw her
But when the trick goes wrong there's no one there to
help her
There's not a thing that I can do about it
I guess I'll just go home and write a song about it
Song about it
Write about it
Write about it

When you stand in Sackville
It's a different world from the one
You knew where little
Boys meet little girls
It's a cold and trembling girl
Leans into a strange car
Nods unspoken words to an unseen
Driver sitting there

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