

Juliet Turner

"Sorry To Say"

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This is the sky before you, hope that you can see it.
Still miles to go before you hit the chill stars, start
feeling the cold.
Feed your curiosity, this could be the start of
something new.
Quiet fears in these darker years so we ask for quiet
miracles.
Bored fool, ah you cry for the moon, then you lock
yourself inside at night.
You want to die for all the lonely, this could be your last
adventure,
One big heroic gesture.

But you can't find a music lover and you can't tear the
system down
And you couldn't save the school children on a
Saturday in a small market town.
Sorry to say we are not that ambitious cos we get
scared.
And days can be long and the nights can be vicious
when we get scared.

Now you lie there in your tv chair asleep among your
memories,
I must speak fast before you're lost to the past and you
are lost to me.
I'd say there are monsters beneath your bed
But there's an angel with a hand on your head.

But you can't find a music lover and you can't tear the
system down
And you couldn't save the school children on a
Saturday in a small market town.
Saturday in a small market town.
Saturday in a small market town.

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