

Kevin Coyne

"Some Dark Day"

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They say that women are made of bliss
All lips and eyes to flash
All ears of gold and perfect beauty showing
It's all trash

They say that God has arms of Heaven
Smashing crutches laughing
One hundred weight of fleeces
All chaste for his creation but

They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day
And some dark day
They're going to find they're lying

They say that money makes nasty men
Crushes hearts inside us
They shout out chunks of history
And St. Paul to guide us

I've heard my mother say
"Son, help grown ladies cross the road"
Though she doesn't realize
Grown ladies crush her toes

They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day
And some dark day
They're going to find they're lying

Some loudmouth speaks of perfect sex
All sweating, muscles coming
I don't know where they got the lie
I just see rooms all rocking

When people say, "Shake hands and smile"
I see the beast all hairy
All they see is a golden mirror
A landscape, lakes and fairies but

They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day
And some dark day
And some dark day
They're going to find they're lying

My father says
"You must not know because we know already"
He prefers the greens kept right down
He likes his cakewalk steady

I do believe that school taught me
To remember sticks and lashes
Though people tell me school was nice
All flags and toothy flashes but

They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day
And some dark day
They're going to find they're lying
Come on

Well, okay new boy, hold my hand
Wear the helmet of the dawn
Kiss the smart man close to you
Watch his fist, ooh, here it comes

They say your Vicar wants to help
But that is not true
He's like the rest all in the pen
A pocket's waiting for you

They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong
They're wrong, they're wrong

And some dark day
And some dark day
You're going to find they're lying, okay

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