

Lloyd Cole "Minor Character"

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Saint christopher sunday otherwise unaware
That is what she called it
She arrived was observed with her clothes in his
suitcase
Looking suitably world weary
As he drove away she came to
She sat and she waited he did not telephone
Her heart was unbroken
She could not let this be known
She said she'd throw herself off a bridge
He stood and laughed and shewalked out again
Which was when she wrote me in
To her scheme of things
She said she'd throw herself off a bridge
She said she never did and I asked her why

She just shrugged and she sighed
And turned her head away
She did not say
Saint christopher sunday otherwise uneventful
Everything never happened
To her scheme of things
She said she'd throw herself off a bridge
He stood and laughed and she never did
She telephoned to say that she'd cut her wrists instead
She beat the walls with her fists
Running red running back again

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