

## Madness "One Better Day"

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(McPherson/Bedford)

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Arlington house, address: no fixed abode

An old man in a three-piece suit sits in the road

He stares across the water, he sees right through the  
lock

But on and up like outstretched hands

His mumbled words, his fumbled words, mock

Further down, a photo booth, a million plastic bags

And an old woman filling out a million baggage tags

But when she gets thrown out, three bags at a time

She spies the old chap in the road to share her bags  
with

She has bags of time

Surrounded by his past, on a short white line

He sits while cars pass either side, takes his time

Trying to remember one better day

A while ago when people stopped to hear him say

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine

Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

Now she has walked enough through rainy town

She rests her bag against his and sits down

She's trying to remember one better day

A while ago when people stopped to hear her say

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine

Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine

Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

The feeling of arriving when you've nothing left to lose

Walking round you sometimes hear the sunshine

Beating down in time with the rhythm of your shoes

The feeling of arriving when you've nothing left to lose

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