

Marty Willson-Piper

"A Drink To Drift Away"

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Pale, woven with the threads of fear
Fade, as shards of glass
Fall from your eyes like tears
Who can wait this long
To know if they belong
The boulevard of neon stars
The rush and hiss of passing cars
The roar of laughter in the street
Sad crowds shuffle on their feet
The peeling paint of deep regret
On faces hung with cigarettes
The strays and waywards looking down
The comfort of the underground
Hide, underneath the arches from the rain
Time, has deeply cut the telling lines of age
A drink to drift away
As night time turns to day
And aspirations have all gone
And no-one knows whose side they're on
Kisses are reserved for graves
Nothing grows and no-one waves
Dark the rings around your eyes
Reveal all you have sacrificed
Half your concentration on
Your shell is there but you have gone
And time creeps slowly grinning by
Expecting you to shrink and die
But still the pulse of life is there
Pushing you on and pulling your hair
And as you dream of your escape
You carry on and seal your fate
The rain is red and you are blue
And even the lies have the ring of truth
Tomorrow never ever comes
Chained to the past by what you've done
Priests and gamblers hand in hand
And rules that no-one understands
God takes bets on whose to hell
Another lonely prize to sell
The blades of reason drip with blood
Without the challenge of if they should
And still the light is burning on

With music playing all night long
Waiters tired have left their bars
As bitter men act out their farce

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