

Curt Smith

"Mine Fields"

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I come home, don't know where you are
You must be working pretty hard
I feed the cat half a can of food
And I sit at the table and wait for you
I don't like doubting that this old love will hold
But I have my moments when I'm just waiting for it to
explode

(chorus:)

Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today
It don't matter how I walk, I could get blown away
Underneath the soil and the flowers
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours
There's not a lot of air in this third-floor flat
You want to go outside, you want to get some back
You have said that you cannot breathe
When you're caught up inside here with no reprieve
I have been trying not to hold you to your lines
But I feel you leaning out more all the time

(chorus)

"Forever" is a word I leave on the shelf
I don't want history to repeat itself
So I take it night by night
And I try not to hold you too tight
And I have been dancing up and down the words
Trying to find out why things are not the way they were.

(chorus)

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