

Paul Tiernan "Belle"

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She has no-one to hold her now,
She doesn't even know how
Or if it's true or isn't true,
Mistakes are accidents we choose
Pouring out of my head,
I put my trust in love instead
I cannot live with the thought
That all her words were just drinking talk
I dream of hollow ships and clocks
Empty trains that never stop
Love and hate were brothers then
Never were they ever friends
She gives me an old photograph
And whispers now don't you laugh
I would have loved you then but love
I didn't know what I didn't have
Belle, belle
Time gets twisted in a ribbon
Wrapped around her worried fingers
Still I give her all my love
But she never seems to get enough
She has no-one to hold her now
She doesn't even know how

Or if it's true or isn't true

Mistakes are accidents we choose

Belle, belle

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