

The Cure "Pillbox Tales"

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Electric line, racing time
Fire down the wall
Spinning around, the killing ground
It makes you look so small

Henna years, the stinging tears
Flesh on the railway track
The screaming queen on the TV screen
Is never coming back

Suffer no more
Step inside and listen
Listen to my pillbox tales

Your special days, your winning ways
You're living out the past
You're lying lies and tying ties
And running much too fast

But you feel so sick
If you run too quick and wishing every day
Wishing you were all along
Wishing you were years away

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