

## Waylon

### "Fragile people"

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If you walk a little further down Ladbroke grove  
You'll see him on the corner outside the liquor store  
He's there Monday to Friday and weekends sometimes,  
too  
And he's nearly you but he's kinda fallen through  
He keeps his eyes on the window over number 27  
Home to all his memories from home  
And it's been ages since she knew him  
She pretends that she don't see him  
Just like the others do

There's a world full of us  
We are fragile people passing through  
There's a life chasing us  
We are fragile people me and you

Well in Pigalle there's a street where the people meet  
And they shuffle on cold feet  
Swapping drunken dreams about tomorrow  
Walking miles around the corner of their inner thoughts  
Feeding from the fantasies they live

Now there's a girl called Marie  
She's from Madrid Picasso's kid  
She ran away to leave behind the sorrow  
And it's come to this she'll sell a kiss  
And maybe more but she's really on the low road  
And she's sad

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