

Murphy Peter

"My Last Two Weeks"

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When I returned
You buried my last two weeks
My last two weeks
Of my new times
So it didn't seem like
A wasted mouthful
A wasted mouthful
Because of a trip
That was trapped inside you
I was trapped inside you
And always imagined
That I could
I always imagined
Imagined I would
Conjure you up
Conjure you up
So it didn't seem like
It didn't seem like
I was conditioned
I was conditioned about that

So it didn't seem like
A wasted mouthful
Am I untruthful
Am I untruthful
As a result of being
Maybe
Maybe it was too soon
The red rose
I liken it to the flicker of the pure
Fleeting moments
Precede our actions
Light that's not burning
Light that's not burning
No more lost sinking feeling
Tethered to your shoe
Tethered to you
We ask the controller
He sends us flames
Our lying bodies sleep
His whispered word says
Ah this is how
This is how it looks
From where we weep
Tethered to red rose
Tethered to your shoe

To the seven of cups

Tethered to you

PRODUCED BY SIMON ROGERS

ENGINEERED BY IAN GRIMBLE

(ASSISTED BY DANNY PICKARD & GARETH COUSINS)

RECORDED AT JACOB STUDIOS AND ABBEY ROAD

MIXED AT ABBEY ROAD

TERL BRYANT: PERCUSSION/DRUMS

EDDIE BRANCH: BASS

PAUL STATHAM: KEYBOARDS

PETER BONAS: GUITAR/BASS

SIMON ROGERS: KEYBOARDS/GUITAR

PETER MURPHY: NAIVE KEYBOARDS/LEAD
HARMONICA/VOCALS

FUAT GUNER: BACKING VOX/GUITAR

MATTHEW SELIGMAN: FRETLESS BASS

HOWARD HUGHES: PIANO

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