

Neil Halstead "Little Twig"

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I'm counting all the steps right back to you
Little twig, you are a figment of me
Or is it you?

Your bicycle makes trouble for us all
You got no brakes, yeah, you got the shakes
And little boys, well, they drop their toys
When you fly past, yes, they do

The art of living well is not just choice
It's down to luck and who you trust
Oh little twig, you do trust well
Yeah, you do trust well
Yeah, you do trust well

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

Seagulls on the roof have kept me wide
Awake and pale in case I fail
To sleep again, to dream of you
To take my turn on some thing new

Mudguard in a flap and chain is slack
Oh little twig, you rattle past
Like a can of nails on an angel's tail
Yes, you do, yes, you do

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

Sunday morning papers say you failed
To make it through, oh little twig
Can this be true? Can this be true?
Can this be true? Can this be true?

