

John Flynn

"Shore To Shore"

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Shore to shore, got some land between
Island life is living from a cup of broken queens
Hit the jackpot rolling through a pipe dream in a knot
And I'm missing what was pissing up the wall that I
forgot
I forgot, I forgot
I am the masked rider, give me some grace
You've never seen me and you don't know my face
She was no [Incomprehensible] it was cold, it was blue
And it only happened despite me or you
Me or you, me or you
Smoking paper to the crimson flashing bars
Drinking cocktail wine or cottage cream and passing
strangers' cars
Live in one room housing with a roof to meet the sky
Spelling Jesus won't you please us 'cos you seem a
damn nice guy
Damn nice guy, damn nice guy
We listened to passengers stamping old songs
And we lose what's to lose when you haven't done
wrong
Drums too slow for a funeral beat
No strumming of strings and no stamping of feet

Of feet, of feet

It's awfully considerate of you to think of me

And it's not so hard to see you smoking fags and
drinking tea

It's the crummy lost at seasick with a floating on the
waves

To join the other flotsam with the ripped up queens and
knaves

Queens and knaves, queens and knaves

There lies a lady, she's gone and she's gone

She'll be a fine lady before too long

But I hit her head and she finished her walking

She shouldn't be dead, she was too busy talking

Busy talking, busy talking

They can fill a cup or two and still disturb the peace

It's never made it all the way from shore to shore, from
west to east

I read that independence was a lightness in your step

You walked away, I felt so heavy at the start of every
day

Every day, every day

I've been waiting an hour and the bus hasn't come

I've been cursing my God for the lack of the sun

I've been ruined by destiny, lowered by fate

And the upshot of this is I'm going to be late

To be late, to be late

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