

Cardiacs

"There's Too Many Irons In The Fire"

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She lived among hubbering flights and sparks
She breathed them in they nested in her ears
Life is toying with bringing back again
The tool that planes against the grain

Now too much has passed but never mind
Because everything turns out nicely in the summertime
There's too many irons in the fire
There's iron loss from iron gain, And iron sadness iron
Pain

There's too many irons to regret
There's too many irons to forget that there's

Too many irons in the fire, Too many irons in the fire

You broke me alive how can you do this, there's only
one
Of me
There's too many irons in the fire
There's iron guilt from iron waste of iron love for iron
Hate
There's too many irons in the fire, Too many irons in
the
Fire
There's too many irons in the fire, there's too many
irons
In the fire

(But everything turns out nicely in the summertime)

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