

## Saint Etienne "Slow Down At The Castle"

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Slow down at the castle  
Things to straighten in her head  
And she knows it's not a castle  
But that's what they've always said

Shaded by the tower  
As she clambers to her seat  
With the ash of last night's party  
Clinging grimly to her feet

Not for the first time  
She's made her bed  
Now she leaves that all behind  
And turns her mind to playful things instead

Days spent making stories  
For the faces that pass by  
From the lonely tea shop owner  
To the misbehaving wife

Now they're growing ever wilder  
As the people start to go  
Now she dreams that there's assassins  
Hiding in the woods below

Not for the first time  
She's made her bed  
Now she leaves that all behind  
And turns her mind to playful things instead

And she knows this must end  
As the long shadows start to blend  
She must be on her way

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