

Molotov Jive

"Song For The Fallen Apart"

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The first day of spring blew the heaviest wind
And the mothers with dead eyes had minds full of sin
And the oak tree fell over our street
So they came and cut down all of the trees
It was so strange with nothing but leaves in the park
That week
When the oak tree fell over our street
And the principals' daughter in the dress that he
Bought her
She sucked in the smoke from the lips of her lover
These years they're just passing so fast
And if you stop to think about them they'll all have
Passed
And only the saddest of memories seem good enough
to be
Real
Well at least now you know how I feel

When she's alone and she's thinking of you
And she's spilling her memories like salt in the wounds
And it cuts like a knife, a thorn in her side
You're burning your life on both ends of the candle
And they always said you were all blade no handle
It's back to the start, a shot in the dark
A song for the fallen apart

You see all them people that you used to know
They are long gone moved out and have lives of their
Own
And you promised they'd never go far
As you were sneering at them from the back of the car
And you thought you would stay young as long as you

Were chasing the dream
But you started to feel old at nineteen

When she's alone and she's thinking of you
And she's spilling her memories like salt in the wounds
And it cuts like a knife, a thorn in her side
You're burning your life on both ends of the candle
And they always said you were all blade no handle

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She's got numbers of pages on the back of her hand
And she claims that her family goes right back to
Abraham,
Not believing in luck
No she never worries cos it's all in the book
But the reverends eyes are on fire in the church while
He's clearing his throat
Forgive me, that's all that she wrote

You speak like someone who's got something to say
And you've always been planning on leaving someday
But at the end of the line you were scared of what
You'd find
So you're taking these words and you sing like you
know
It
With faces and manors of rock'n'roll poets,
It's back to the start, a shot in the dark
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