

Blue Nile, The "Broken Loves"

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I feel exactly like a matchstick in relation to you
thin and broken
and nothing i can say or do
will make you switch the tv off
and look up
look up

sail away, sail away from me o son
i count your sticks and all your toys
your laughter in the background noise
we won't give up
i'm gonna promise you something else
not some kind of broken loves

children swing
to and fro
do you ever wonder
where did the summer go?
now i'm counting the tvs and counting the stars
it's so unfunny, i don't know where you are anymore
i don't know were you are anymore

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