

The Kick Inside

"It's Always The Quiet Ones"

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So this is the prime of life
An interval in a pantomime
A spell of light relief
From having the rug pulled, kicked in the teeth,
And the hardest part, the broken heart
Knowledge of which you don't dare impart
Because it's seems unwise when there is so much to
hide, so much to hide.

They say it's always the quiet ones, and they're not far
wrong.

So this is the prime of life
A holiday on a distant isle
A spot of brief respite
From having your hair pulled, mud in the eye
And the hardest part, the broken heart
Knowledge of which you don't dare impart
Because it makes no sense
When your so easily led, so easily led.

They say it's always the quiet ones, and they're not far
wrong, they're not far wrong.

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