

Idle Race, The "Days Of The Broken Arrows"

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Birds on the wing at the end of the day
The trees of green and brown you see
Have suddenly turned grey

Don't be too sad when you're waiting for death
The message on the garden wall says
Mickey Mouse is bad

Ooh, Need, I need, I need, I need her
The broken arrows in the door, there's lots of Indians
Ooh, Need, I need, I need, I need her
The grass that grows above her hair
The pretty patterned teddy bear
Aah, aah aah yeah yeah

Her baby cries in the heat of the night
Footsteps up the stairs her mother's there to hold her
tight

Happy young child and his dog running wild
Spring is in the air and they've been running for a mile

There goes that little girl again
The years have passed but all in vain
The birds have fallen from the trees
And it is told in these old memories

O' What of the old man who stand there so still
A Looking at the stars you're bringing to your window
sill

Where is old Betty now? Woman who scrub
Perhaps she passed away she's very old but very good

Ooh, Need, I need, I need, I need her
The broken arrows in the door; there's lots of Indians
Ooh, Need, I need, I need, I need her
The grass that grows above her hair
The pretty patterned teddy bear
Aah, aah aah yeah yeah

Why did this happen, where did I do wrong?
I know that now I'm home I'm not too young and then
I'm gone

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