

The The "Pillar Box Red"

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I paint my lips pillar box red
Reminds me of the country
Where I was born and bred

Roots lie deeper than bones
So back in time I go
Through the tobacco smoke veil
On the perfumed trail
Where only childhood knows

I lift my face to feel the rain
Every thing's changed
Though it seems the same

The shallow hugs, the muted rage
The weeping skies, the shadowless days
I love and I hate this place
I ran away but I couldn't escape

I paint my lips pillar box red
Reminds me of the country
Where I was born and bred

Roots lie deeper than bones
So back in time I go
Through the saloon bar doors
Onto the chewing gum floors
Where only childhood knows

I lift my face to feel the rain
Every thing's changed though it seems the same
The sarcasm, the bitter remarks
That pierce the chest and wound the heart

The shallow hugs, the muted rage
The weeping skies, the shadowless days
I love and I hate this place
I ran away but I couldn't escape

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