

The Fatima Mansions

"Broken radio #1"

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At the platform's end, where the crowd grew thin
and the light was dim on our shoes
where we sat there so tense,
not to touch though we meant to (I think)

There was no will, no spell
to breach the night and stop the talk
She tossed her hair and home did walk

Broken radio
Broken radio

On the day that I was born
there was no big flash and no great storm
but the man read the news in Dutch and warned,
"I'm gonna play 'Je T'aime' on my hunting horn."
In my cradle I was most impressed--
So this is what you call success

Black Seamus cried, "My shamrock has died
and my father's gone back to Peru."
The frost-damp town wore a fat-guts frown
and the DJ's played Brian BorÃf¹
The Sunday's sticky, home with rain
Sedition never entertained

Broken radio
Broken radio

Murder the past and all who sail in it
If the past is a wreck then all who sail in it
make me realize it's time to move on
but all the ships and the planes have gone
I'm in a savage place with a timid song
Mumbled words...[maybes?]

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