## Tub Ring "It Must Have Been Years"

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A radio plays 'white christmas' It's been doing that for years If someone leaves the station Oh please don't talk to strangers Can't you see they're not like us

The vacant flesh of u.d.'s
Stand leaning by the walls
You can feel them thinking over
Ways of merging with the thoughts
You never dare to dream

It must have been years It must have been years

They want to relive all my memories Give me 'the service' daily Maybe it was mother I can't seem to remember Much at all these days

Picture open doorways
No pick-ups by the taxi boys
Just a bed near the window
And an old lamp by my pillow
And the things I have to do

It must have been years It must have been years

The driver wants to touch me
He mentions all the old cop bullshit
I try to back away
But he's so strong I just can't move
Maybe I don't want to anyway

The time to leave is always 'soon'
I wonder if I'm lying
A vague feeling of panic
As a man leaves saying "thank you"
I blame it all on you

## It must have been years It must have been years

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