

William's Heart

Camera Obscura

A postcard of Byron by the bed
It's a reminder of every word that he said
To die in the arms of a twenty year old
A figure of porcelain with moves so bold
You'd love to have a heart of gold
You would have to have come from a better mould
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Ending the shift of a sleepless night
Tossing and turning and holding on tight
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Want to know about William's heart?
Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad?
Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again?
Is he lost?
Does he need a friend?

Lying to those who know you the best
Keeping a secret close to your chest
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old
The agony of the late night pub
Talking too much, old age is a curse
Want to know about William's heart?
Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad?
Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again?

Is he lost? Does he need a friend?
William where have you gone?
Will you return to me?
William where have you gone?
Please return to me

If it's a single man or a single malt
That I take in my arms when I'm feeling low
You'll say honesty has made me cruel
I say you're soft and you're made of wool
You are made of wool