

# Shadowboxing

Ed Harcourt

Hanging off the bridge by a fingernail  
Trapped in the harbor when the ship set sail  
Boy, you're one card short of the pack  
Begging for your baby to take you back

Stubbed a cigarette out on his hand  
Scrawls her name across the sand  
But it disappears like King Canute  
Tide didn't like his attitude

Always shadowboxing  
Face up and throw your gloves in  
Lose your imaginary friends  
Always good for nothing  
She can't ever love him  
No man is ever innocent, innocent

Bouncing off the walls with no wish to land  
Erase your fingerprints and your retina scan  
There's no point in the life he should lead  
Chain leg to a piano and sink through the weeds

Gone are all the dreams that last forever  
He towed the line when never meant never  
They had something better than the cynical beast  
Weren't sucked in by the popular disease

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