

Things Snowball

John Wesley Harding

You might remember this conversation when you get older

You may recall the warning signs on the road

But if you lose all recollection

Or misplace your sense of direction

Here's a quarter taped to the number of my phone

When childish habits are slow to die

You might look up and wonder why

Things snowball in the twinkling of an eye

You could be paying for the present on expenses

You might realise your biggest lies on a movie screen

You might be living in a mansion

Your corporation in expansion

With a broken heart that far exceeds your wildest dreams

Somewhere way under the rainbow

Dragging round an empty pot of glue

Bruised and confused it could happen to you

Seeing for the first time that dreams can come true

I was living up the stairs from a mortuary

He could hear me bring the bodies home at night

He tried to say "i was just like you"

I shouted back "you're an old fool"

He said "listen" and I told him "i'd rather die"

But I changed my mind