

The Blonde Waltz

The Charlatans

Oh! My love my darling young son
All we need is a hungry council
Clean living it's all here in your home

Wouldn't it be nice to get away, shout
Morning how are you today
My hands are blazing
My arms are broken

I looked you up, I read your book
I held you up, I kept you good
I guess I didn't really take a look
I guess I'm your man

Oh, my love be quiet and be quick
I found a house to live, keep out the weather
I'm blind and I'm sick

I heard the sound of thunder
In the place where all the poets sing
I couldn't get out, I couldn't get in
I'm hearing you, I'm hearing you

I looked up, I found love
I couldn't see I'll soon be 33
I guess I didn't really want to see
I guess I'm your man

Oh lord, I feel my footsteps go on
All we need is a loving council to keep living
And I'll keep moving on

I'll keep my guard and buy another farm
Find a hospital to fix a broken arm
Be a pedigree on a higher ground
Come with me, come with me
I've been run on, been walked on
Been spat on, been whispered to
I guess I didn't mean to hurt you

I too often try not to think about it
Build myself a ship and then destroy it
I always have to check to see if I'm still breathing

Oh, my love, my darling young son
Go rest your weary head
And I will pray for good to come

Wouldn't it be nice to get away
Shout morning how are you today
My hands are blazing
My arms are broken

I took you up, I read your book
I looked you up, I kept you good
I guess I didn't really take a look
I guess I'm your man

I guess I'm your man