

# 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