

Hard For Young Lovers

The Cinematics

You told me you were leaving
With a note pinned to my bookcase
You said you could not bring yourself
To tell me to my face
Too many cold summers have passed
Since we were last in love
And I've laboured too long in the rain for too little
You need more now than I can give
More than I can show for the time I've spent
With my brothers-in-arms but trouble and pain
You said you left your share of the rent
Between Victor Hugo and Maynard Keynes
I just miss you
There's nothing Left round here
And I just miss you
Times are hard for young lovers
And I just miss you
You told me not to try and find you
If I ever cared about you
If I could, I'd remind you
Of the fine times I will have without you
I'd love to say you've been a fool
But I don't know that I could say it and mean it
The truth is you're a saint to have seen it this far
Just sitting, staring at the walls with me
I've got nowhere to be tomorrow
Maybe at the bottom of the river
The state that I'm in, no mortal-sin
Could hold me here now
Now the Union's set a course for sorrow
Maybe I'll paint pictures of my father
You know I had to make a stand
If that old beast had to die
Did they have to stab it with that glint in their eye?
Did they have to look so bloody happy?
I just miss you
There's nothing Left round here
And I just miss you
Times are hard for young lovers
And I just miss you