

Giving Me Wings

The Frames

You're a fool man
You threw it away
You kill her
With your confidence

In the old days
The cause you embraced
The simple things
That people over complicate

Speaking in lines
Known to yourself
Your speaking at length
On all those days

Will you come with me
And we'll be ourselves,
And we'll walk into the light
And you can colour yourself
In golden wings

You're never yourself
Not even with me

Will you come with me
And we'll ask the dust
It's on my way
It's all my concentration
Can hold

But you alienate me
And throw it down
And rip it off
When nothing's feeling right
And I'll show you how
You can sellotape it on

You're giving me wings
So I don't have to jump
And you're giving me will
So I can carry on

Dissimulate and celebrate this
Time we had alone