

Rainbows in the Dark

Tilly and the Wall

One, two, three, four!

I was kidnapped real young by the sweet taste of love
Built a fondness for things that just weren't good enough
I cradled the crow, always shooed off the dove
Which tagged me a naïve son
So the fortunate kids, yeah they left on their lights
And they stuck up their noses and started some fights
Their parents all cackled at dirt on my hands
While my father was slaving, my mother explained it
Sometimes that's just how it is
So my sister went kissing a maple-skinned boy
Finally held up her fists, said "I'm done being coy!"
And the neighbourhood, bored, started buzzing with joy
We finally had front-page news
Although it was sad, I couldn't help but laugh
Such ridiculous hate in the hot summer sweat
I laid on my back, let the punk record spin
The sloppy guitar, it was shooting out stars
It all went to my heart, yeah some rainbows in the dark
So I called up danger, my friends and some strangers
They stumbled and wavered, but caught me a saviour
They slipped me the blood in the whole of the vial
But I didn't feel them change
Then I met a man with a fist for a hand
Held me flat on my back, taught me how to give in
Some phrases were shot, pretty roses got tossed
The gift of a fat-lipped grin
Now they're drilling my teeth while I'm soiling sheets
With my lover, she's counting the diamonds on rings
And even when truth doesn't help with the sting
Out of no numbers, some harsh looking colour
You pull them out, feel they're changed
No need for a thousand cranes
So I thank the city, the lights that it's spinning
The friends that I have and the shoes we're not shining
The drunk horn's so violent, all spinning out sounds
But the colour's so vibrant , the colour's so loud
The newly-born crying realizing what life is
The eyes of my grandfather right before dying
The see-saw of all, its rickety bounce
The feeling of coming, the feeling of going
The mother, the child, the tame and the wild
The sleeping in minor, the gold leaf, the tire
The crooked, the straight, all the hip and the fake
Oh, I'm finally feeling the stitching of beautiful seams
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river
Sometimes you just can't hold back the river
Hold back the river, hold back the river, hold back the river