

# One of Those Things

Tom Rosenthal

Pictures of a face  
Descriptions of the day  
I don't know what to say about that

Pictures  
Pictures of a face  
Descriptions the day  
He walked away  
It was raining  
And this pain in your heart never went  
You never said  
It would feel this way and I want you to stay  
That's not what I meant to say  
But I mean it  
I mean it  
Yeah right  
There's your honesty  
Honestly, I'm feeling fine  
Intelligent design  
Line of eye-shadow tears and more wine  
I don't mind if I do  
Do you like my new shoes  
Mums, dads and home truths  
Like what are we going to do about you  
You used to be such a happy child  
You dialed the number  
Didn't speak  
How do new lovers meet  
Incredible feats  
Of bravery  
Wavering baby steps favouring  
Wild mood swings  
We were never not quite on the brink  
Not trying to not think  
Of missed connections  
Missing links  
Rose tints  
It's just one of those things

Imagining you  
It's just one of those things we do

Things things  
So many things  
So much to say  
Lonely strings  
Catch the bouquet  
Hey hey  
Here's your soulmate  
Spinning plates  
One topples  
It's too late  
It breaks  
Industrial estates  
And a canvas of cannibals of our entwined fates  
So let's find a place  
To be complete

Find names we repeat  
Find signs in the names of her street  
And when you sleep  
It's still there  
Always there  
In a necklace of amber  
Take care  
Of your paint and your brushes  
You know the way she is  
The way she pushes  
A greater weight than a lifetime of crushes  
Playing back the day's rushes  
Here's the scene where you see him  
And you don't know what to say  
And I don't know what you say about that

Pictures of a face  
I don't know what to say about that  
Descriptions of the day  
He walked away

I suppose  
Some boys  
Spend their whole life joking  
Reading lines like karaoke  
And opening wounds  
Tombs  
Visiting unspoken rooms  
In the Crowlands  
No romance  
No shall we dance  
Circumstance  
Limping men with beers cans  
Fortunes old hands  
Reading lines of love, life, good times and pretty bad plans  
Plots and parades  
Every day  
Every night  
The end was always in sight  
And when it ends  
It never ends  
It descends  
Into the centre of the earth  
Wish this curse  
Could be lifted  
Sometimes the world makes me feel like I never existed  
And I existed  
When she was laughing

Pictures of a face  
I don't know what to say about that  
Fortunes old hands  
Overrunning the land with you  
When you were laughing  
When she was laughing