

Gunpowder

Vashti Bunyan

It seems however hard I try
The words that I let fly out of my mouth
Don't ever say what I want them to say
It seems that I can never learn my words
Watching them turn around, burning
Lighting the gunpowder trails that you lay

I blow my chances
And you throw the years out
With all the merry dances
You led me, you led me

I should look for a shed somewhere
Keep my words in the air, padlocked there
For ever and silently out of harm's way