

# Bob Geldof, August Was A Heavy Month

I'll take another photograph  
Before the old one fades  
It reminds me of those things that past  
And quickly passed away  
But it comes on in the early night  
Creeping up on you  
Those scenes of devastation  
Crushing down on cue  
These days are growing colder now  
The light is growing dim  
August was a heavy month  
And now the nights are drawing in  
Poor Baby Blue's wrapped up again  
Inside her final pain  
I'd help her if I could I say  
She puts us all to shame  
Alright, alright I know I've got a lot  
Left to answer for  
But am I the only one to blame  
And anyway who's keeping score  
But the grass seems so much brighter now  
She's spilled her blood again  
August was a heavy month  
Wash it down September rain

Baby Blue picks up her life tonight  
And rushes for the Chelsea train  
All the stars shine down on her tonight  
And August was a heavy month

The photograph is cracked and torn  
From being picked up, put down  
Like some holy relic  
Whose worshippers are found  
Searching through their sacred books  
For the holy grail of "why"  
But the total sum of knowledge  
Knows no more than you or I  
Alright, alright says Baby Blue  
Who doesn't really understand  
August was a heavy month  
But winter came at last.

\*written by Bob Geldof

\*taken from the album &quot;Deep In the Heart of Knowhere&quot;