

# Jeff Finlin, Miracle Along The Way

The Madonna rides a motorbike  
Talks to me of sordid bliss  
Loves the nothing in enough  
And the emptiness inside a kiss  
She picks me up and we do that thing  
Do that thing she likes a lot  
It has nothing really to do with me  
Just everything that she ain't got

Every day, I can see you there  
Faraway is right here if you dare  
Understand I never asked for this  
It just happened to me one day  
In a miracle along the way

Sha la la sha la la la la

Moses picks me up at eight  
Coffee at the local shop  
He parts the sea before my eyes  
In the bottom of his paper cup  
Parts the sea before my eyes  
With everything that's all gone wrong  
And says everything there is to get  
You've had inside you all along

chorus

I saw you disappear that day  
Round the corner drunk at noon  
You measured life and measured me  
From our reflection in a tablespoon  
Well something happens there alone  
In between the white and black  
Where loneliness becomes your name  
And ya know ya need to change it back

chorus

Sha la la sha la la la la