

# Marillion, Blind Curve /Misplaced Childhood

## 1. Vocal Under A Bloodlight

Last night you said I was cold, untouchable  
A lonely piece of action from another town  
I just want to be free, I'm happy to be lonely  
Can't you stay away?  
Just leave me alone with my thoughts  
Just a runaway, just a runaway  
I'm saving myself

## 2. Passing Strangers

Strung out below a necklace of carnival lights  
Cold moan, held on the crest of the night  
I'm too tired to fight.  
So now we're passing strangers, at single tables  
Still trying to get over  
Still trying to write love songs for passing strangers  
All those passing strangers  
And the twinkling lies, all those twinkling lies  
Sparkle with the wet ink on the paper

## 3. Mylo

Oh I remember Toronto when Mylo went down  
And we sat and cried on the phone  
I never felt so alone  
He was the first of our own  
Some of us go down in a blaze of obscurity  
Some of us go down in a haze of publicity  
The price of infamy, the edge of insanity  
Another Holiday Inn, another temporary home  
And an interviewer threatened me with a microphone  
'Talk to me, won't you tell me your stories.'  
So I talked about conscience and I talked about pain  
And he looked out the window and it started to rain  
I thought maybe I've already gone crazy  
So I reached for a bottle and he reached for the door  
And I picked up the sleeping pills crushed on the floor  
Inviting me to a casual obscenity.

## 4. Perimeter Walk

It would be incredible if we could  
Retrace all the times that we lived here  
All the collisions  
Wasted, I've never been so wasted  
I've never been this far out before  
Perimeter walk  
There's a presence here  
I feel could have been ancient,  
I could have been mystical  
There's a presence  
A child, my child  
My childhood, a misplaced childhood  
Give it back to me, give it back to me  
A childhood, that childhood  
Oh please give it back to me.

## 5. Threshold

I saw a war widow in a launderette  
Washing the memories from her husband's clothes  
She had medals pinned to a threadbare greatcoat  
A lump in her throat with cemetery eyes  
I see convoys curbcrawling West German Autobahns  
Trying to pick up a war  
They're going to even the score  
Oh... I can't take any more  
I see black flags on factories  
Soup ladies poised on the lips of the poor  
I see children with vacant stares, destined for rape in the alleyways  
Does anybody care, I can't take any more!

Should we say goodbye?  
I see priests, politicians?  
Heroes in black plastic body-bags under nations' flags  
I see children pleading with outstretched hands  
Drenched in napalm, this is no Vietnam  
I can't take any more, should we say goodbye  
How can we justify?  
They call us civilised!  
Written by Flea