

Pretty Things, Trust

Excuse me please as I wipe a tear
Away from an eye that sees there's nothing left to trust
Finding that their minds are grey
And there's no sorrow in the world that's left to trust.

Sitting on top of a white cloud
Looking round for someone there to trust
Changing your mind as you go through time
You grasp at straws,
There are written laws that say you must

With tired eyes you follow the man
That has in his hand a banner that says 'dust to dust'
Finding that his mind's gone wrong
And there's no sorrow in the world that's left to trust.

Sitting on top of that white cloud
Looking round for someone there to trust
You're changing your mind as you go
Through a time
You grasp at straws

But there are written laws that say you must.

Going away in the morning
You're seen walking.
We're going away, away
Going away.
As the sun was rising
You're seen walking.
She's going away, away
Going away.

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