

TO LOVE, TO BE LOVED, AND TO LIVE

Eleven days left till September, and it's cold for the time of the year
The chill quiet nights that I live in remember too much, too loud and too clear
I thought about writing a letter, but it lost it's direction in rhyme
Now I feel like those people I pitied before in a long distant moment in time
I remember a child in the city, where he pursued his dreams to the fill
And now I can smile and think "hey what a pity he didn't learn more of that
skill

Eleven days left till September, in a pain which I cannot forgive
All that's left is the flickering ember
Of the vaguest desire, for the warmth of the fire
To love, to be loved and to live

Eleven days left till September, and the TV's got nothing to say
There's a robot reciting from edited writing the history man made today
The continuing cheerful illusion, which each of us knows is a lie
Mistrust overseeing the ones that are fleeing or are paid for the honour to die
And why should I bother to listen, to preserve a mad moment in time
Return to my room, write love songs like a clown, words with an innocent
rhyme

Eleven days left till September, and no-one to stand up and say
Is there no-one here can remember?
We've got a new war, so unbar the door
Or should heroes just die anyway

And if I should agree to gaze elsewhere, while you secretly freshen your smile
And if my reaction should give satisfaction would I get a good mark in my file
But what if your smile turns to laughter, and the mask that you wear
disappears?

Would you turn your attention to a nazi convention and spit out my name like a
sneer

Dark forces created this fortress, this intangible hate barricade
Are they unaware that the storerooms are bare and the soldiers must somehow
be paid?

Eleven days left till September, and the season has no cheer to give
My thoughts seek the flickering ember
Of the vaguest desire, for the warmth of the fire
To love, to be loved, and to live

I remember that child in the city, and I suppose he reminds me of me
I tried so hard to find him again
Using eyes too disillusioned to see

Too disillusioned to see

Lyrics by John Kirkbride
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