

UK Blues 2

Sun Kil Moon

Oh England, oh the gloom
I just left my horribly lonely room
I walked to the church where I would play
The cold grey August day
Before I went on, I knew you were there
But I put it on like I didn't care
Just played and sang as well as I could
If we were to meet, well then we would
When I saw your face, yea it was still
That one from those early harmony fills
There on that dark Manchester night
A riot began but things felt alright
Off to a pub with chatty young Brits
Listening to all of their horseshit
Glanced at your boots, that watch on your wrist
How do I pull you away?
Where are you staying?
"Down the street"
Could I help you off of your sleepy feet?
Your eyes are far and glazy
Could I walk you back?
Don't be crazy
Crazy crazy
Could I have this night and sing you to sleep?
Crazy crazy
Morning came, a note from the desk
Belfast, you asked, and I said yes
I earned my share and polished my shoes
But nothing would kill my UK blues
UK UK blues
From the top of my head
To the heels of my shoes
UK UK blues
Inside my head
And inside my shoes
Met up on that Main Street of town
Playing to a half empty room of clowns
When I was done, some drunk Irishman
Said worst night I've had since Bill Callahan
Had some laughs and signed autographs
Grabbed my pitiful handful of cash
The night was slipping off too soon
Tomorrow, goodbye, sad Irish moon
We walked along, you slightly ahead
Until we landed on your big king bed
Our brains burned, our bodies hurt
I like your stockings and long leather skirt
I'm fading off, could I stay the night?
"Don't be crazy, it doesn't feel right"
Come on Irene, are you sure?
God fuck this lonely tune
Walked back down those terrible halls
Past those dark chocolate brown walls
Looked up at the ceiling
A gold skin peeling
You never write and you never call
I sometimes wonder, will you at all?

But time is past, doesn't phase me
Don't be crazy