

The Guillemots - "Trains To Brazil"

It's 1 o'clock on a Friday morning,
I'm trying to keep my back from the wall.
The prophets and their pawns have had another success
And I'm wondering why we bother at all.

And I think of you on cold winter mornings, darling
They remind me of when we were in school,
Nothing really mattered when you called out my name
In fact nothing really mattered at all

And I think about how long it will take them to blow us away
But I won't get me down!
I'm just thankful to be facing the day.
Cause days don't get you far when you're gone.

It's 5 o' clock on a Friday morning
One hundred telephones shake and ring
One of those was someone who knew you

And I'll still think of you on cold winter mornings, darling
They'll still remind me of when we were in school
When they could never have persuaded me,
That lives like yours, were in the hands of these erroneous fools

And to those of you who mourn your lives through one day to the next
Well let them take you next!
Can't you live and be thankful you're here?
See - it could be you, tomorrow, next year.