

LITTLE LIGHTS

We'd plot insurrection in bed-sits and palaces,
you were the queen of the spray-can call-to-arms.
From party to bar, from demo to barricade
we staked all we had on changing the world.
But now I have nothing left to declare,
the world's gone to hell and I just don't care,
Man cannot live by scotch alone, oh no,
sometimes he's going to need a little soda.

You had long black hair and a skirt up to there,
you had a PhD in philosophy, you little minx, you.
You gave me a paperback Aristotle,
I'd have declared my love but I lacked the bottle.
Now are these ruins I see where my hopes used to be?
How come the bad guys won?
Now I have no theory to declare,
the world's gone to hell and I just don't care.
Man cannot live by scotch alone, oh no,
sometimes he's going to need a little soda.

These days I stay home, I'm a dog who loves his basket.
Did you hear Ianto died, committed suicide in 2003?
But hell, the forecast is good,
99% chance of a drink tonight,
We go out so quick, us little lights, don't you think, like a match in a storm?
But now I have nothing left to declare,
the world's gone to hell and I just don't care,
Man cannot live by scotch alone,
oh no, sometimes he's going to need a little soda.

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