

## I'm Still Waiting To Start Hurting

I'm lost but kind of happy that way, here at the turn of another year,  
Winter sun peeping from a grassy verge, they're selling Christmas trees on Cemetery Way.  
I was gonna drop by your flat and say hello, your place looks pretty as a doll's house in all those  
lights,  
But I've got this five o'clock shadow and I'm dressed like a slob, and anyway, you're probably not  
home .....

I'm sorry but in your arms I lost my bearings, and one year on  
I'm still waiting to start hurting .....

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They're tying prayers to the gates of Mary Magdalen,  
and Santa's in the pool-hall, chalking his cue,  
I rode an hour on the subway, hypnotised by the voice of the woman on the Tannoy calling the stops  
....

I'm gonna drop a book in your mailbox on those fashions you love from the years between the  
wars,  
And I know you tried to reach me 'cos I 1471'd your call but I was just too drunk to call you back  
.....

I'm sorry but in your arms I lost my bearings, and one year on  
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Come New Year I'm thinking about a road trip,  
somewhere warm to melt this snowman's heart,  
I'm smoking way too many and I wished I missed you more, tonight I'll raise a dozen toasts and all  
to you.

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