

## Post Nine-Eleven Family Photo Album

All we want's to never grow  
To drink from the holy cup  
But there is beauty in our old age  
When all we want is to relax

Take a walk to get the paper  
Find some fruit for after lunch  
Scan the t.v for a programme  
Maybe read or have a chat

See the square and feel the sunshine  
Have a bath I'll help you out  
We can talk about the Romans  
Or the fireman of New York

Who saw such terror on their doorstep  
Flying low into the side  
Moments that through history shudder  
Into ordinary lives

Or we can talk about your illness  
On Tuesday we'll hear the news  
Those old toys you found together  
Will be loved for years and years

This is your new home and family  
You will be played with for years  
Then we'll give you to somebody  
Else who'll love you just as much

But one day you'll be old my lovely  
One day you'll look like granddad  
And toys won't matter you'll be thinking  
Of your health that's all we've got

So make sure that in moderation  
You do the things that you want  
For you are young your life's a journey  
You will never turn back time

An' phone the doctor for your ticker  
Sing about old London Bridge  
Watch the video together  
Of your wedding on the third

An' Saturday it was October  
Early plane with game of cards  
Watch the white lines like a rhythm  
As the headlights show us signs

An' talk of war in different language  
Horror translates what we feel  
All the blood that's left unspoken  
Through the ages rears its head

An' let us talk about the wedding  
Celebrate with vodka shots  
Bring our bonds closer together  
Play a game that's just for fun

For this world is a serious place  
This world is so full of pain  
Do what you can to show compassion  
We can change and you can change

And I don't want to be your wingman  
A metaphor that cheapens love  
I just want to play my guitar  
Sing some songs and find a girl

Politics is so upsetting  
Vote for change and get the same  
Cocktail of different voices  
I don't claim to understand

It's not who sings their song the loudest  
Nor who sings it nice and quiet  
The truth makes the same sound as a lie  
Remember you can turn it off

So next time life bowls your world over  
See the truth in simple things  
Like a child's imagination  
You are free to go anywhere

Put your words in a museum  
Enclose them like sinister  
Words that change the minds of people  
Syllables that declare love

An' Google is a god who knows things  
Based around these things called words  
Is the bible really a good book  
I wouldn't know I didn't get to the end

Charles Darwin was a neurotic  
Genius can drive you mad  
Take away our freedom passes  
Drive a car to somewhere nice