

Bead Off A String

(Harry Bird)

no i can't pretend it was easy to take on the chin
your haymaking sucker punch knocked me clean out of my skin
i never saw it coming
all i heard was the wind
next minute i was lying on my back
watching stars that had seemed so aligned all tailspinning

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

there's a cold kind of violence lovers should learn to expect
its that glacial drift from french kiss to old gregory peck
oh but it felt like heaven
hanging round your neck
til i got the worst kick in the world
finding i was no pearl but a factory reject

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
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with my head in the mouth of that sabre-toothed tiger of fame
the showers of tweets, flowers and lace lingerie duly came
yeah they'll applaud you
but it's always the same
cos the beasts gotta eat and you're quality meat
and they're already on their feet screaming the next sucker's name.

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couldn't some kind of poetry spirit us back to the start?
cos this rag time rebel wants one last shot at the charts
losing gracefully
never made for good art
and see me i'm the light brigade baby
i'm still gonna charge even though you might blow me apart

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

yeah, i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string