

"St Christopher Is Coming Home" (D, 94bpm)

Monday morning, comes a crawling in
From another weekend choked with cigarettes and sin
I've been busy, so much lately
That every time I get some time to spend
I end up drunk or sleeping in
And I miss you, you're busy too
We call each other up, when we're messed up
And say we'll meet in the New Year
But it's perfectly clear we'll do no such thing
Come the spring

When the evening casts it's shadows on the corners of my days
And I am old and I am settled in the place where I will stay
When my wandering meanderings have finally reached their end
Yeah whatever else maybe I will not forget my friends

Friday evening, barely even begins
Before my phone begins to ring with people asking where I am
And I can't suppress a smile, we talk a while
The chances are that I am far away and so I'm phased out of the plan
And that's how I miss out, on another night
The kind of night where nothing really happens
Yeah but everything goes down
And at the end I'm just a promise to pick up the phone
When I'm in town

When the evening casts it's shadows on the corners of my days
And I am old and I am settled in the place where I will stay
When my wandering meanderings have finally reached their end
Yeah whatever else maybe may my friends remember me