

# The Frames, Giving Me Wings

You're a fool man  
You throw it away  
You kill her  
With your confidence

In the old days  
The cause you embraced  
The simple things  
That people over complicate

Speaking in lies  
Known to yourself  
You're speaking at length  
On all those days

Will you come with me  
And we'll be ourselves  
And we'll walk into the light  
And you colour yourself  
In golden wings

You're never yourself  
Not even with me

Will you come with me  
And we'll ask the dust  
It's on my way  
It's all my concentration  
Can hold

But you alienate me  
You throw it down  
And rip it off  
When nothing's feeling right  
And I'll show you how  
You can sellotape it on

You're giving me wings  
So I don't have to jump  
And you're giving me will  
So I can carry on

Dissimulate and celebrate this  
Time we had alone