

“MAL DI MARE”

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You –

You – all the time.

She’s in between patina, patois and reef.

She’s walking the crooked plank of her latest great defeat.

She’s been at the end of someone’s line

Where she thought it was a good idea at the time.

Oh, that girl is stupid, see her thro the haze

Off her steady course for days.

She’s all lost at sea now, blaming her malaise.

When she looks in the mirror, something too familiar,

On her shoulders something’s wrong –

It’s you all along.

You turn around to find it’s you all the time.

You turn around to find it’s you all the time.

You shake your head and watch her push thro another squall.

You’re glad it’s her and not yourself cos you’re nobody’s fool.

She’s been sick at sea and she’s been blind.

But she thought it was a good idea at the time.

Oh, that girl is stupid, see her thro the haze

Off her steady course for days.

She’s some pirate’s princess, shaking her malaise.

As she’s coming nearer, looking in the mirror

On her shoulders something’s wrong –

It’s you all along.

You turn around to find it’s you all the time.

You turn around to find it’s you all the time.

You turn around. La, la, la...

You – you –

You turn around to find it’s you and yourself.

No one else to blame but you and yourself.

No one else in there but you -