



# Melody Road

(Richard Lamplough)

Looking back at the moments that sum up my life, I wander down Melody Road.  
It seems that the wind can just blow me about where it knows I'm about to be blown.  
I meander back home to my internet world, the bottle still wants me to play.  
Your email from earlier on is still there like this headache that won't go away.  
I don't want to reply, but click, you're on line and you're asking again how I am.  
No smiley face things, Like buttons or hearts, I'll just tell you as best I can.

*At the moment I'm feeling so battered and bruised I barely get up off the floor.  
At the moment I'm feeling so useless and used, a hapless, a helpless, a whore.  
At the moment the wine has twisted my words as my hundred last messages showed,  
But I'm sober enough to call time on our love and head back to Melody Road.*

So I get on a plane and I fly far away for the break I guess that I need.  
Your ticket will do as a bookmark for that novel you said I should read.  
And I sit in our room; it's sixteen floors up with the most spectacular view.  
There are churches and clock towers, parks and a river but damn, all I'm seeing is you.

I forget that it's cold; I forget that it's dark, I forget all my failings and fear.  
'Cause I'm feeling your body so naked and warm, you see I forget you're not here.  
The piano they've put in our room for a week came complete with paper and pen.  
But as I write on and on this verse seems too long so I'll get to the chorus again.