

No Consolation

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The feelings used to lie so peacefully, baby
Sometimes I wonder if we got a right to kick 'em up
But as you say, life continues anyway.
That's not much consolation
You struggle; still you know there's room to grow
We all need time to play.

And you haven't had enough
Seems you'll never got too much
Yeah, you haven't had enough
Prob'ly never get too much.

I took a walk down on the coastline lately
I whispered to you but the wind shot it away
That's ok, you prob'ly heard me anyway.
There's still no consolation
As one more time the feeling seems to fold its wings
Just before it dives
Only hidden, it survives
Fleeting visions, separate lives
Only hidden, it survives.

Through the haze
Across the distance
I know there must be some kind of power that remains
Although wounded by change
See, its life blood's sustained.
But what the hell is consolation
The least of all that you receive
I really can't believe
That this is happening to me.

So, what the hell is consolation?
I think I know
It's a way to soften up the blow.