

Loving Someone

The 1975

Yeah, you should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
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Yeah, you should be...

My heart is telling me the telly isn't telling me anything
I need but it needs to keep you selling me
Beside celebrities lacking in integrity
Holding up the status quo instead of showing your kids
That they matter, who're you gonna batter next?
Just keep hold of their necks and keep selling them sex
It's better if we keep them perplexed
It's better if we make them want the opposite sex
Disenfranchised young criminal minds
In a car park beside where your nan resides
Are not slow, they've just never been shown
That you should...

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We're all human, we're just like you man
We're sentient or something or other
I can't remember, whatever
We shouldn't have people afloat
If it was safer on the ground, we wouldn't be on a boat
Charlatan telepathy, exploiting insecurity, and preying on the purity
Of grief and it's simplicity but I know that maybe I'm too skeptical
Even Guy Debord needed spectacles, you see
I'm the Greek economy of cashing intellectual cheques
And I'm trying to progress, but instead of selling sex...
And I think I should be...

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I am forever alongside the boys in jumpers on bikes
From schools and cars with autumn leaves
Fallen sparse across the mid-afternoon
She blazed about how 'cultural language is an operating system,
Which is not going to exist on a simple interface
rendered feeble and listless when [?] tested
Divinity or a true understanding of the human condition
I never did understand
The duality of art and reality
Living life and treating it as such

There's a certain disconnect
With the culture that cajoles at the artist with comfort and abandon
Between the spires and the morning boozier that likes
Sitting in rolling roofs of the white city
that orange English light
cast only one, singular shadow
For you are not beside but within me.

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