

This Is Not the World

The Futureheads

Too much noise this morning
Like new buildings falling down
But you clap your hands
Because your dreams are boring
You get up and start throwing
You thoughts around

The pavements crack and the cars are stalling
Everybody wears their frown upside down

This is not the world
This is not the air
This is not a crime
This is not a care

Disgusting and dirty
We spoiled ourselves completely
We used to take it easy
Humble and discretely

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