

## Indiscretion No. 243

Aereogramme

I'm listening like my father  
Told me how to  
And burning like my brother  
Always knew I would

I admit these strong defences  
All around you, yeah  
Check, check, check  
Turn your face to the wall and laugh

The chains we wore  
Are breaking up the wall  
Forget my indiscretions  
These looks and my confessions

So praise the Lord  
Way up high  
Is it good to feel alright

So praise the Lord  
His priests defy