

Real World

Hunters & Collectors

Come take a walk with me into the morning light
Thought streets of wind-blown paper - this everyday
delight
Oh now open your eyes - see the wonder of it all
We'll kill this hour together - together we can fall

Down the path of sadness down the path of history
Time is on your side and everything you see
All your expectations the laughter in your eyes
All these endless hours will come as no surprise

Back in the real world

You may be guilty of hunger, you may be guilty of pride
So don't you tell anybody the secrets that you hide
So pack up all your bags - this fairytale is broken
It's written on your face - the real world has spoken

Come take a walk with me into the morning light
Through streets of wind blown paper - this everyday
delight

Things will fall together, so clean and civilised
Just let me take you down, cut you down to size
Down the path of sadness down the path of history
It's drifting with the tide and everything you see

It's back in the real world

Back in the real world baby
Back in the real world
[repeat]

So good to be here
So good to be here
Living in a life of history
[...]