

How Green Was My Valley

The Astronauts

Living living same every day
Giving taking grow your own way
Self sufficient everyone's friends
Clean new pastures road never bends
Still it's lovely ... lovely

Well it's just like one big family ... family
'Cept it sometimes gets so boring ... boring
Always seem to do the same times same times same places

Yeah well the countryside
Is nice in a way
Open air
Fields made of hay
Sharing bad times
Good all together
They'll have rarely considered
A change in the weather
And you know ... you know ... you know
I secretly admire you ... admire you ... admire you
And it gets so damn self-righteous ... righteous ... righteous
That I sometimes need to hate you ... hate you ... hate you

And
How green was my valley
How strange is my dream
How jaded my fantasy
How sour my cream
How wrong was the sparrow
How high can he soar
How much will you suffer
How were you before

Now open ended
Ideals are good
And I'd adopt them freely
If I felt that I could
But I need tension
I need greed I need spite
Things don't always appeal to me
'Cause they're morally right

But thank you ... thank you
For giving me resource ... sources
So sorry I had to use you ... use you
But it saved you looking vacant .. vacant ... plenty

And
Just what's prompting this malice
What's leading it on
What price celebration
What's happened has gone
Why do you seek pity
Why do I seek revenge
Why do the seeds of disaster
Always lead to the end

And she's seventy five
A sprightly old thing
And she does a little
Shopping every day
She's always been good
And she's always been kind
She never got
In anybody's way
No no, she never got
In anybody's way

Somebody's coming
To shoot you Auntie
Somebody kicked
In the door
And I really would have tried
To stop them
You know I would Auntie
But I was too busy
Jacking up on your floor
And
She's always been good
She's always been kind
She always gave the children
Lots of sweets
The smallest things in her life
Would make her happy
And the littlest things
Were a treat
You know the littlest things
Were a treat.

Somebody's coming
To shoot you Cousin
Yeah they said they've come
To fill you full of lead
And I really would have tried
To stop them
You know I would really
But I was too busy
Having fun on your bed
And
Her life's been the same
For so many years
She didn't always feel
Attracted to the slope
Her life's been the same
For so many years
Yeah she always kept her hands
Tight on the rope
You know she always kept her hands
Tight on the rope.

Somebody's coming
To shoot you Uncle
But first they're gonna
Mess up your brain.
Physical torture
Mental pressure
It's all 'X' certificate stuff
All terror and
Pain
And

They tied her to the chair
With a roll of barbed wire
Then they smashed her in the face
With a lump of wood
And they tied her pets and possessions
And hacked them to bits in front of her
And everybody thought
It was pretty good
They say "Hey man -
That's pretty good".

Well it's just another movie
No other is real
So let's all sit down
To a plain honest meal

I really can't take
The smooth any more
Too in love with the rough
So I'll walk through the door
And it's goodbye
I really grew to love you .. love you
But I nearly grew to need you ... need you
But I never really knew you ... knew you ... knew you

And
How green was my valley
How strange is my dream
How jaded my fantasy
How sour my cream
How wrong was the sparrow
How high can he soar
How much will you suffer
How were you before

How far are we going
And when do we end
Are you really an enemy
No you could be a friend
What's the name of this station
How far are we in
'Cause reality you're living
When do we begin.