

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