

## New English

Ambulance Ltd

Pull up the sleeve collect the change  
And make it add up  
Bring back everything you need  
You never move just stand around and count the peasants  
Cherrys falling from the trees  
And the lonely rain I know it seems a lot like heaven  
Poor child dont stop here  
This is only the way to tear soaked eyes and years of aching  
Cut the rope and drift away

You must believe or make the curtain fall together  
Down the alley in the breeze  
Dont look confused those birds are only fleas with feathers  
Theyll turn you back and get you blue its true  
Now I know their names they talk to me the pain of loosing  
If someone elses game  
Shes a notion away relaxing in New English gardens  
Pushing up the daisy chains