

Crashes

Baxter Dury

She crashes her car into a much bigger one
Wham, you slammed into a parked Tesla
There's a man who looks like a minotaur
Broad faces, left stunned by us
We are the children of the apocalypse

The lady in the caravan doesn't want our love
I will address the crowd and keep them calm
You must do your best to cap getting upset
Back into the Fiat, recover
We hurdle round a corner directly to another

Da, da, da, da, da
Da, da, da
Da, da, da, da
Da, da, da, da
Da, da, da, da, da

When the normal people just don't look like us
I'm at the hotel with the Haribo faced Britons
Eyebrows making shapes
We hold up for a while, waiting for the Babylon
So we hit the night roads escaping from the feds
On the lynch mob are asleep, back to the city that made us
Where no one dares to judge another man's quirks

Never gonna leave you alone
They're never gonna leave
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Your face is a tomb
Of unlikely promises
That will never be opened
And our secrets our forever

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