

Shadow

Baxter Dury

All you're trying to do is settle into the groove
But no one recognizes all you're trying to be is good
You're just a sha-ah-ah-dow
Of things that have past
But then you wear a suit different types of looks
Throwing crazy shapes and avant-garde looks
They just do-on't care
It's just no-ot fair

Prisoner of famous parents, assisted recognition
Legacy of class impostors, baritone chancers
Gangsters fantasies, human Jenga, fragile men
Sharp heads in basements enjoying tragedy
Economy poets, Rasputin, the dribblers
The vanity soldiers, the casual gender flexible encounters
The promises of modern love, free the people's land, et cetera

There's a couple of people that prefer you in France
With tired eyes and sonic nuance
They say you're a modern Gainsbourg
Out of tune and absurd
But no one will get over that you're someone's son
Even though you want to be like Frank Ocean
But you don't sound like him
You sound just like Ian

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