

## 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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