

Happy Birthday

Black Country, New Road

Cheer up, child, the world don't owe you a thing
Who bought you that ring?
Cheer up, child, the ghouls and snipers don't care
There's nobody there

One of these days you might notice
The patch on my head, I'm already dead
And see the man that you married for money
Can't breathe, he's almost dead

How do you make it down the street
City burns like a fire beneath your feet
Cheer up, child, your world's not tearing apart
Though you broke its heart

Many people would give an arm and a limb
To live where you live

It's not your fault, we don't blame you
We blame the world you were born into

Happy day of birth, no matter where on Earth
Your feet have taken you today
Did you hear me say
That I love something about you?
But I don't know what it is
Something that I must find for you have
Truly built your fort

Do you see beneath the canopy from your top floor?

Well, a lady introduced to me by my best friend
We connected through the cans on head
Even though I fear she might be quite dead
She sat and she sang the tale of youth
'Cause children don't know the meaning of truth

How do you make it down the street?
Feel removed from everyone you meet