

Science Fair

Black Country, New Road

I met her accidentally
It was at the Cambridge Science Fair
And she was so impressed I could make so many things catch on fire
But I was just covered in bubbles of methane gas
And you ended up burning
I'm sorry
I have always been a liar
Just to think I could've left the fair with my dignity intact
And fled from the stage with the world's second-best Slint tribute act
Okay, today, I hide away
But tomorrow, I take the reins
Still living with my mother
As I move from one micro-influencer to another
References, references, references
What are you on tonight?
I love this city, despite the burden of preferences
What a time to be alive, oh
I know where I'm going, it's black country out there

I saw you undressing
It was at the Cirque du Soleil
And it was such an intimate performance
I swear to God you looked right at me
And let a silk red ribbon fall between your hands
But as I slowly sobered
I felt the rubbing of shoulders
I smelled the sweat and the children crying
I was just one among crowded stands

And still with sticky hands
I bolted through the gallery
With cola stains on my best white shirt
And nothing to lose, oh, I was born to run
It's black country out there
It's black country out there
It's black country out there