Sunglasses

Black Country, New Road

Welcome to the best new six-part Danish crime drama She steams herself in marble rooms, courtesy of Pig I lose myself in the light of the TV, courtesy of her father She buys everything that glows gold in the kitchen larder

Mother is juicing watermelons on the breakfast island
And with frail hands she grips the NutriBullet
And the bite of its blades reminds me of a future that I am in no way part o
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And in a wall of photographs
In the downstairs second living room's TV area
I become her father
And complain of mediocre theatre in the daytime
And ice in single malt whiskey at night
Of rising skirt hems and lowering IQs
And things just aren't built like they used to be
The absolute pinnacle of British engineering

And I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt Yes, I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt

I am invincible in these sunglasses I am the Fonz, I am the Jack of Hearts I am looking at you and you cannot tell I am more than the sum of my parts I am looking at you with my best eyes and I wish you could tell I wish all my kids would stop dressing up like Richard Hell I am locked away in a high-tech, wraparound, translucent, bluetinted fortress And you cannot touch me I am invincible in these sunglasses Cars are going "beep, beep, beep" And there are so many roadmen on this street And they cannot tell that I am scared I am invincible in these sunglasses I am 'modern-Scott Walker' I am a surprisingly smooth talker And I am invincible in these sunglasses

And I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt I am so ignorant now, with all that I have learnt

I'm more than adequate
Leave Kanye out of this
Leave your Sertraline in the cabinet
And burn what's left of all the cards you kept
I'm more than adequate
Leave my Daddy's job out of this
Leave your Sertraline in the cabinet
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She sells chemtrails
To the students at Bedales
I try to free myself from the grip
Of Shellac nails
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