

Old Friends

Blancmange

Roof tiles dry after heavy night of rain
Any moment now it will start to rain again
Car glides by, you marvel at the Doppler
Express the morning glory (like you, happy ever after)

On the news and Facebook led
It's all about a whippet
The social world is up in arms
You check your watch
It's raining again
You'll take reflections
On hectic beige concrete
To know it's true
You know it's true old friend

At this moment back in crime
Changing in a back room
Got the medal on the table
Polished to oblivion
Been seen in light
Returning from the passages
To know it's true
You know it's true old friends

Suffer in science
Terror rising terror
Shocking thoughts
Burning acidic in your mind
Full of nothingness
Adapting in post-truth

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