

## Algorithm

Boston Manor

Baby blue, they paid you to take my youth and use it up  
They don't want a dilettante from up north in their club  
But the truth is I was always useless, made excuses (I still do  
)

If the dream is fading, you can always change it

I was by the wayside, never seeing daylight  
Do whatever they like, just tell me what you people want  
Tryna live a new life, do whatever you like  
Wearing somebody else's clothes

Cause the summer, it ain't gonna last forever  
You gotta wake up  
You gotta wake up  
You gotta wake up no no no

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Wearing somebody else's clothes

Someone else's clothes, oh feet don't fail me now  
I wish I could let go  
I could let go

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