

Manchester

City of Caterpillar

Well, I've heard
I've heard we're spinning
I've heard we're drifting
A string expanding till it never comes back
I've heard I'm living in a colorless pool of dreams
Well, what's the point
There's so much I've heard
I've heard there's no points, no futures, no pasts
I heard no sounds in the bodies shifting under the grass
I want ya back, yeah, won't ya come back
Yeah well, it always comes back

I heard the sin pull apart
I've heard you're lost from the start
I've heard it's not what you want
I hear the beat of your heart
I hear the beat of your heart
I've heard it's what you feel on the inside
Yeah well, don't cry, don't cry
Don't try, don't try, don't try
Breathe out, breathe out, breathe it out

A citrus grows like the breeze

A citrus grows like the breeze
A citrus grows like the breeze
No matter what you tell me

Not the pines, where death lies
And love dies

I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy
I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy
I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy
I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy
I think I lost the joy, well face up, face up

I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy
I think I lost the joy, I think I lost the joy...

Well, Manch
You got no meaning
Don't go sulk about it
Listen up
You're just another bud
You lost your leaves
They got diseased like a blistered tree
But still you spread your wings
You made the songs, made the songs
All the youths will sing
You made the slang, made the slang
All the youths will speak

You're a lost generation
Face up
I think they're right
I think we're spinning

If this is living I see limits that keep spilling
Blurring blacker than the night
It's not just another century
A stint in time
That's just not what I mean, I mean, I mean
Soaking in the sun
Soaking in the mud in the sun