

Buzzards & Crows

Dirty Pretty Things

We could throw ourselves in the road
but receive no comfort from street lights
Why not come in for a James and escape life
We're idle in the meantime
Aristocrats and Architects with broken dreams
Well I say the dead sea is dying
you say you're going underground for a while
Well we all need to be recognised for something
True as the devil's eyes are blue
Work-a-days and underpays still hold the keys

I see this place from my window
It glows on the corner like the rest
There are the buzzards and the crows
Pecking eyes of a scene self-obsessed

Now, if commandment 11 is don't get caught
The 12 must be don't ever tell
Then ask yourself, do you believe you'll go to hell
My mate went to the crossroads to see the devil
but he never showed and if he says that I believe

I hear the place from my window
Call me like a lighthouse to the sea
There swarm the buzzards and the crows
Pulling wide, talking wise endlessly

You and I hanging around
Writing each others' names
Scissors, we cut it out
Enchantment we thought might wait
No need to be recognised
Cause we could be self-assured
We could be happy indoors

I know this place from my window
I trip out and fall to the ground down below
Heads up for the buzzards and the crows
Still believe in the void of themselves
Still believe in the void of themselves

And all the trees and animals and mountains breathe