

This record is intended to help you check your playing equipment  
Without the use of measurement instruments  
And remembering that the ultimate aim  
Is to produce sound which is completely acceptable to the listener

I'm tired of fake fortunes being sold  
I'm tired of my tyres burning rubber on the road  
Tired of the distance, the lengths that I go to  
Trying to get a bit of credit from you  
Fuck that  
Real love feels real  
So I don't need to try to synthesise  
The feel

I'm trying to unlock doors with these musical keys  
My friends puff trees, turn a Z to a G  
Oh no  
And all I do is twinkle the ivory keys  
Indulgently, 'cause I do this for me  
I know

And it just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets  
'Cause I've been trying to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it

And consumption lies at the heart of my bad habits  
I live in a world where I want but can't have it  
Tell me why that is the way it is  
I need some real love, to feel real  
But people all around me still try to leave the ties that feel

I'm trying to unlock doors with these musical keys  
Eventually I smoke a Z to a G  
Oh no  
And all I do is twinkle the ivory keys  
It's no wonder why I make no Ps  
I know

But it just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets  
Cause I've been trying to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it

La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la

It just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets  
'Cause I've been trying to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it  
And it just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets

'Cause I've been trying to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it