

# No Plan

Everything Everything

Addled adults in a blaze of plasmas  
Try to tell us what the kids are after  
Nobody asking 'bout the hopeless future  
Nobody noticing the vastest suture  
So I can't claim to know the ins and outs, oh  
But I was watching from my bedroom window  
And there was nothing to look forward to and  
There was naught to get excited over  
There was nothing we could call our own thing  
And there was nothing to hold anyone

So take your right hand honey  
Slap, yourself into it, from the prod unto the captive bolt, alarm! hundred  
There's a high street open mouthed, if you can snatch it tear a stretch of it apart and take it home

Cos we got no plan  
Cos we got no plan  
And we got no plan  
Yes, we got no plan

What makes you think that this is not your problem?  
When there's a zero on the fat horizon  
And why this city isn't for the taking  
And there'll be nothing in your bowl this aching  
She says there's emptiness from every angle  
Between the batons and the looting tangle  
Yeah there's an anger frothing to the surface  
And there's not one of us that has a purpose

Take your right hand honey  
Thrash yourself into it, from the bolt unto the captive bolt, alarm, hundred  
There's a high street open mouthed, if you can snatch it tear a stretch of it apart and take it home

Cos we got no plan  
Cos we got no plan  
And we got no plan  
Yes, we got no plan

Where is the heart of it?

Part of it, part of it, where is the heart of it?  
Leaving no stone unturned, where is the heart of it? [x4]

Cos we got no plan  
Cos we got no plan  
And we got no plan  
Yes, we got no plan [x2]

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