

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]