

Two For Nero

Everything Everything

Tell me why you came here, squatting round a Game-Gear like Sega never died.

We met inside a warzone, you said "let's fuck the Ozone" but boy, that hole's too wide.

You goosestep round the garden singing "Sap I bleed is hardening, no tree can break my stoic stride, I'm as giddy as a baby in a centrifuge - it's hard"

And we can argue that our planet's best, don't ring your brother cos there's no contest

I'm sure you'll make a decent father - there's a world war coming in - Oh the seasons I've been worrying

You drown a fly and murmur; "The Vatican was firmer, when I was back in school

and we use spray-tan in the trenches now, the problem with the French is how they won't admit they're fools

and you never tell me anything, you never tell me anything, I can't remember dates and times

and I'm sorry for the years I was a shipwreck boy - it's hard"

I want to tell you that it means so much.

I want to tell you that it means so much.

I'm sure you'll make a decent father - there's a world war coming in - Oh the years that I've been worrying

Oh, I'd rather dash myself upon the rocks, than see you waste away your days with clocks,

In every corner of your parent's home - and there's no world war coming in, all the reasons I've been worrying,

Just forget the parts you'll never need, all these things I'll tell you when you wake up.

Make a child, a child, a forest

Make a child, make a child, make a forest