

## Last Day Of June

Finn Brothers

The firelight plays on me  
The choir ignites behind me  
The rising voice of discontent  
All the guardian angels  
You can bang the drum  
Look what we've become  
I hope there might be one of us  
Who calls the tune  
Last day of June  
The so called third dimension  
Hardly deserves a mention  
The first and second stages  
Have been confused for ages  
Knowledge has been lost  
How much does it cost  
I hope there might be one of us  
Who calls the tune  
Last of June  
Who breaks the news  
Last day of June  
The city draws it's breath in  
I can almost hear it thinking  
There are people within my walls  
See their wild disorder  
Driving their machines  
Swarming like a million bees  
I hope there might be one of us  
Who calls the tune  
Last day of June  
Who speaks the truth  
Last day of June  
Who breaks the news  
Last day of June