

All Those Friendly People

Funeral Suits

Count back, anaesthetise
Colours burnt into my eyes
Life for you is shades of grey
Help me, help me find my way

Lost, lost, and never found
Hide your secrets, settle down
I am young and I am naïve
Tell me something I will believe

Take me, take me far away
From this city's soul decay
Hid away 'til I was eighteen
Only saw colours on a TV screen

Skinny jeans and sunglasses
A fashion statement for the masses
What you're doing makes me sick
Over hyped and generic

Shine, shine like the sun
Spread your warmth through everyone
I asked you why people die
You said we all had a design

Slide into the sea
Landslide comin' down on me
I said I was into you
You said you were into me

You never answer on the phone
With your nicotine lips and your heart of stone
I look for you by the underpass
Looks like this love wasn't meant to last

You said you reap just what you sow
So tell me, where does your garden grow?
You said in time the pain would pass
Looks like the end is here at last

Burn, burn like a star
Burn a hole in every heart
Strung out on a trail of blood
Who knew the stars were not enough?

Smile, smile if you can
If you can't, I'll understand
See these stitches in my eyes
Smash computers, kill rockstars

Purge the past and waste my mind
Leave no scent or trace behind
One day when you bury me
When I wake up, what will I see?

Down, down underground
Dig for fire, dig for sound

What is on the radio?
'Cause I would like to say hello

Crawl, crawl through the dirt
Jesus, show me what you're worth
Can't you just send us a sign?
Tell us all that we're doing fine

Nights for sitting in the dark
Days for lying in the park
Wake me up from my sick dream
A requiem for this dead scene

You never answer on the phone
With your nicotine lips and your heart of stone
I look for you by the underpass
Looks like this love wasn't meant to last

You said you reap just what you sow
Well tell me, where does your garden grow?
You said in time the pain would pass
Looks like the end is here at last

Count back, anaesthetise
Colours burnt into my eyes
Life for you is shades of grey
Help me, help me find my way

Mother, can't you help me now?
'Cause I've been drowning in the sound
Lying on the motorway
Writing songs and wasting away