

Steal Yourself

Gazpacho

Saturday night don't know what date or time
It takes some getting used to
So leave your world and all behind
And everything that you choose

Steal yourself
Some fools gold
I'm fuelled by you and your design
Steal yourself some control
I take from you a tired casual high

He was found face down in a living room
Still clutching on to their ashes
Fistful of sand in a cold monsoon
Its tunnel vision on acid

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But theres a silent fugitive
Comes to you in your dreams
You say theres nothing wrong and that you`ll live
forever

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