Collapsing Cities

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

There was a one bedroom flat at the top of the road
With fresh running water and a built-in commode
And there were kids on their porches with fags lit like torches
I though this will do for me

So we crammed in the back dancing ten to the foot
As the smoke filled the air we were misunderstood
And the beats kept dropping the foundations like bombs
Oh we knew that it couldn't be long

And though the building collapsed with the night
Everybody got out alive
And though the building collapsed with the night
Everybody's doing fine
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There was a five bedroom house by the foot of the field
With a well-mannered dweller quite substantial in build
And there were barb wire fences and piles of expenses
And Lawns mown impressively

So they sat in the back and they started to eat
Raise a glass to the host and his prosperity
As the corks kept popping and they stuck up the band

The foundations soon sunk in the sand

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