

They Sold My Home To Build A Skyscraper

Gruff Rhys

They sold my home to build a skyscraper
They floored my people down with sandpaper
They're building malls up to the moon
But even space ran out of room

So keep on singing of dictators that go wrong
Keep on shelving all the sentimental songs
They say Australia is wider than the Moon
Be the beacon in the gloom
Be the mammoth in the room

On the dance floor where we met
Now stands a luxury development
A future dive to be knocked down
Why build a city to the ground?

So keep on singing of dictators that go wrong
Keep destroying all the sentimental songs
They say Utopia is waiting for a spark
Keep on glowing in the dark
Keep on glowing in the dark

Keep on missing all those bailiffs at the door
The putrid puddles and the crumbling trap doors
Keep on singing of dictators that go wrong
Keep avoiding all those sentimental songs
Keep on glowing in the dark
Keep on glowing in the dark
Keep on glowing in the dark