

Post-electric

Idlewild

We've gone post electric
I've written down the concept
It's casual to deny
Along sentimental lines

A little bronze age eclectic
And born for the first time
Returning to the tried and tested methods
Keep it modern and alive

I took it as a warning sign
When the heavens clouded over
I've got to keep it in sight

It's the reason for me
Being in the morning light
To have a clear, clear vision
Despite all the things I'm told

Broken down and homesick
To hide the disappointment
Because a fortunate life
Holds no surprise

When you're looking for distinction
And what it brings
Then it's an easy climb to find
A worthwhile reason

When you're looking for a warning sign
An inhibited persona
Into the lines of empty sky

They're richer than my feelings
For the morning light
To have a clear, clear vision
Despite all the things I'm told