

No Milk, No Sugar

Islands

We need new blood
We need new drugs
We need new lovers

We got so thrown
We feel lost at home
No milk, no sugar

Oh, to be the cream
If only a machine could make us dream again

We fill our lungs
We don't hold our tongues
We don't need to prove this

We wrest control
Think we like this hole?
The young and the useless

Oh, to be the cream
If only a machine could make us dream again

We waste our time
We hang behind
And wait for the others

We need new blood
We need new drugs
We need new lovers