

Like The End

James Blake

As I separate my cardboard
Set my tax aside to fund another war
My spirit wakes up asking
If we're spending what we can't afford

Would you come home
If you didn't recognise it?
Home's tryna be America
They just don't advertise it
I always say they'd love your mind
You just don't vocalise it
We all get out of our minds
I just don't glamorise it

But doesn't it feel like the end?
Something's coming for us
And maybe we're not prepared
That this might only be day one
But doesn't it feel like the end?
Something's coming for us
I think we're not prepared
That this might only be day one

Thinking of ourselves, we are divided
But if you fly your flag, they'll weaponise it
Doesn't it feel like the end?
When we can't even agree on what was said

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If you didn't recognise it?
Home's tryna be America
They just don't advertise it

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