

Thrown Around

James Blake

Getting to my wealth
Is getting to my health
Couldn't be myself for long
Getting to my wealth
Everything that's right
Everything that's right is wrong

As an animal
Programmed or it's not programmed
There's a gun in the small of my back
An itch that you can't scratch
That takes me all
Takes me all over the world

Gets me thrown around
Gets me thrown around
Gets thrown around

I live for a call back
History loves to rhyme
So I look to the past
For everything lasting

Gets me thrown around
Gets me thrown around
Gets thrown around
Gets thrown around

It's an itch
That Nietzsche can't reach
The vicar can't preach
The guru can't teach
It's all at my feet
The need to be seen
Is turning us green
I find and they keep
They're living my dream
I live on my screen
They're skimming my cream
But they take me all over the world

Thrown around
Gets thrown around

Gets me thrown around
Gets me thrown around

I'm familiar like the cold
Like a bursting pipe
Like a bar fight
I'm familiar like a late train
Like the sentiment
Of a film I've seen again and again
And again and again in my mind
In my mind