

Strasbourg

Julian Cope

Always fighting
Always fighting with yourself
Be something
Be happy
If I were France
And you were Germany
What an alliance that would be

I dig laughter
I dug up a few old dreams
They couldn't make me happy
They weren't pure
They weren't real to me
They weren't anything for you

So, look no further
We're coming through
We're not alone now
There's room for you

Look now
Hear it sounding
Hear it ringing in my ears
Their secrets sacred as sequins
And weighing you down, down
And platitudes that make you leave
The weak at the wall
Ask the questions
But that's all for now now

So, look no further
We're coming through
We're not alone now
There's room for you