

A footbridge calls out, dull metal moans as we clamber over
Paint is repelled and bronze grips hard
I can't touch such an ugly surface
250 miles away, you need money to spread your wings
Each town must bear a name
A lasting testament to organization

Sobbing and sighing
The scales are falling from your eyes

Green metal grows, towers toppling
They tore it down before I took my picture
A19 I can't settle down
The same attitude engulfs this country
My only aspirations were those held on an A4 printout
But those words weren't in my repertoire
You can't cling to a reputation

Sobbing and Sighing
The scales are falling from your eyes
Tossing and Turning
The truth should come as no surprise
A continent could fall tonight
And it would have no impact on our lives
It's okay to love the way that something looks
Just be sure beneath it something hooks

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