

Make What You Can

Maxïmo Park

Compassion in silent
We're living a violent age
Entitled [?]
The language is violent
Authority sees no shape
It's now either or no middle way

I'm angry, but I'm not explicit
The message was there, but you blinked and you missed it
I'm trying not to disengage

It's too late
Too late for too many
Feeling it in false
Waiting in line
There's only so long you can wait

I make what I can
But the future gets further away
You've gotta make what you can
But the future gets further away
It gets so far away that I find myself afraid
That everything that I've worked for would be taken away

For anachronistic
Anachrony for a name
It pull 'em laughing in our faces
'Cause language is violent
If somebody undertake
We're feeling violence everyday

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