

Russian Dolls

Maxïmo Park

Electric cables
Beneath the Atlantic
There's a radar
Beneath the black water
Rain flecks the paint
Inevitably
At the end of the telescope
By the pier

I know you'd rather I didn't say
That I want to look after you
But I'd expect you to say the same
For me someday
This knowledge gives me no pleasure
You can't kill yourself before you're born

Particles like Russian dolls
Folding items ever smaller

Grey wire fences
Section off the wilderness
A lonely cluster of woodland stands apart
Like the fingers of a hand
Gently browning

Flat sections of cheap paint
Float by like butterflies

I know you'd rather I didn't say
That I want to look after you
But I'd expect you to say the same
To me someday
My demeanor is made to measure
Nothing stirs beneath the farce of daily life

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Folding items ever smaller
If life never ended we'd have no urgency
Connect to boredom and repetition

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