

## 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

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

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