

White dreads get my blood pumping  
These tummy tablets got me breaking in two  
Big drops make me feel like jumping  
Into the laps of the privileged few

It's become a habit, a predilection  
Inventing endless tides of fiction  
No  
I feel so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low

Haunted by a child brittle as paper  
And now my future is just a vapour  
Writ in such cruel detail  
I guess I shouldn't let my train derail

It's become a habit, a predilection  
No  
I feel so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low  
So, so low

I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low  
So, so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low

All this suffering is all a part of being  
A part of being  
Making sense at all seems so Sisyphean  
And I pray that my dying is freeing  
All this linen makes me feel so European

It's become a habit, a predilection  
Inventing endless tides of fiction  
No  
I feel so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low

So, so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low  
Ooh, low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low  
So, so low  
I should've learnt by now to keep my expectations  
Low  
So low