

Negative Script

Sleaford Mods

I favoured being out of it
But I got tricked by my tiny mind
I didn't wanna sit here
And loosen up to a rhythm I thought was tight
I still wanna be rid of it
I favour being dumb
I don't want an awakening
I don't believe in fun
I favoured being out of it
But I got tricked by my tiny mind

There ain't no sun down there
No brakes for all this kind
There ain't no fields in summer
Where wheat grows from the shine
What breaks the skin in this
Of age and life's true mist
Of all the grief in bread
That dough brings when it's made
The light gets fade and time lit
While you go out your mind
The bus don't smell of roses
But the bins are always kind
I'll take it as it comes lit
No change from whatever note
These street lights are the pointers
On the cold and quiet roads

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I don't wanna flip the page
Of my negative script
That cornered my young age
And ran away with it

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