

Stations Of The Cross

Sports Team

I'm such a delicate child, you know
I always said my prayers because I didn't want to die
If it's all the same, at least that's what they say
They're clinging on Sunday, they know it's not a game
Well we're happy in the suburbs, just sucking on our spoons
The people here are emptier than the surface of the moon
So ground control to major tom now what a boy to do
Know everything is changing, but nothing ever changes
Make a home in a hunkering ditch and wait for all the clowns, to
blow us all to bits
Oh shit, well now look what you did
Everything is glowing, everything is glowing
We'll march in pairs, they're rolling up their sleeves
Someone threatened someone else well someone has to bleed
It's all the same, just arrogance and greed
So hold onto your hatches, back down the hatches

Weekends follow weekends like the stations of the cross
And it's not that you're unhappy, you're just happy on and off
And it's nothing like the stories, that they taught you, growing up

Dye your hair, and whiten up your teeth
No, no one really cared for what was really underneath
Oh it's all the same, just sycophants and creeps and they're not really happy, they're not really happy
Oh, where did you go
Did you get sick of fetching the stick
The others were cautioned, but you're far too quick
Record the bus at Peter and 18 roll back harrow road back past the greats to wilson green
And everyone was laughing, and picking at the seats
The took all their best stories through and all grilled up the seats [?]
Go home, and cower in a ditch and wait for all the predators to blow us all to bits
Blue screens, turn in all the cash
No it's not really killing it's just pointing at a map

Weekends follow weekends like the stations of the cross
And it's not that you're unhappy, you're just happy on and off
And it's nothing like the stories, that they taught you, growing up

So live with your parents for a while
Everyone is growing so nicely, really coming along
And I hope that when thirty's finally here, you can sit in your bedroom, shouting your neighbours

Raise a glass with the windows and the gardens with flowers You can
count on your fingers
Oh there's no love in this town anymore
But if you want to find love you can always go to london