

The Blades

Squid

We spin
We dive
The blades
Can change your mind
We spin
We dive
The blades
Keep you safe tonight

And, oh, your broken bones
Joyriding in the sky
And, oh, you poor, poor thing
You glowing people are still awake

And, oh, oh, your broken bones
And, oh, you're just telling lies
And, oh, oh, you poor, poor thing
And, oh, you're just telling lies again

Oh, we spin
And, oh, we dive
And, oh, we keep you safe
Never mind that noise outside
Oh, we spin
And, oh, we dive
And, oh, we keep you safe
Never mind that noise outside

All those cameras from up high
They make you all look grey
Joyriding in the sky
The blades will make you pay
Thousand people down below
They're bending in the wind
With their arms stretched open wide

They're just blades of grass, old enough to be trimmed
Thousand people down below
They're bending in the wind
With their arms stretched open wide
They're just blades of grass, old enough to be trimmed
Thousand people down below
They're bending in the wind
With their arms stretched open wide
They're just blades of grass, old enough to be trimmed
They're bending in the wind
They're bending in the wind
And they're bending in the wind
And they're begging to be trimmed

Back to bed
Another man's hand on the joystick instead of mine
He spins, he dives
Oh, what's the noise outside?
Panes of glass and action men
Playing God for a job
I spin, I dive, I whirl around

I sleep; trying, at least
Won't they stop, come back down?
It's ever so expensive to run that around
The city burns
The blades turn
All those cameras from the sky
They make you grey, you've lost your mind
Through thick black smoke, pissing in the street
Avoiding all the people that you'd wish to meet, some day
Some, oh, some day