

Bored

That Handsome Devil

From the land of advertisements
Appliances and science
Corporation giants
Television violence, ah

Ah...

To the land of entertainment
And video surveillance
Natives here are famous
Make-up painted on their faces, ah

Ah...

The streets ain't gold anymore
We're tired and we're hungry and we're bored, oh

No one on the seas has seen
The fever of the steam machine
The deities and guillotines
Meaninglessly teetering

Ah...

Boats and oars and broken boards
Living on the ocean floor
Rearrange the furniture
What more were you hoping for?

Ah...

The streets ain't gold
We're tired and we're hungry and we're bored, oh

Sea to sea and shore to shore
There's nothing left here to explore. From
Street to street and door to door
We're bored

So, if it all should start again
And the king's men come marching in
Careful who you're following
They've lied about a lot of things

The streets ain't gold anymore
We're tired and we're hungry and we're bored, oh