

Utopia

The Streets

Start at where you are
Use what you have
You can't make Utopia
Do what you can

Dread fills in where doubting tried
The Red pill's sinking down inside
What's the next best move in the hour of war
When on the next Jenga move this tower will fall
We're meant to be shitting
But we're scrawling on the doors
There's plenty of signal
But we're crawling up the walls
The reason that it's not a vibe is of course
You don't reason with the crocodile in it's jaws
I know I'll scare a herd of hoes with that
And I'm wearing my 'work in progress' hat
They think because they're better
That they'll never get it
The guillotine severs
Whoever's head is in it

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Swirls of burning dumpster flames
The world is turning into hunger games
Action and madness but the angles are fun
Imagine Wes Anderson happened in Brum
Can we all just put a cork in the snark
Can we walk till there's a fork in the park
Like there by streams there are no pillows
Where they dream there are no windows

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We don't believe our eyes
But not doubting the sound
There's a three car pile up
On a round about
We rake and hoe and thrash at plants
But can't fake Utopia
It just has to happen
You pray for change
Cos you see what is wrong
But if you wait for ages
Then three will come along
Just cute faces painted
Screaming a song
I've let it go
I've shown my calloused hands
So up periscope

And blow the ballast tanks
You should call a friend and yell out what's it for
You were born again but you fell out on the floor

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