

# 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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