

Dream

The Twang

A hot swimming pool in the middle of a field
In Handsworth Park in the middle of winter
A blue faced policeman, a 70's devil
An 80's surfer with a useless dog
Jon's putting things right in the sauna
Tryna roller skate under water

I'm traumatised by tonight
If this dream must end then let it be kind
Let it be kind, let it be kind

No signal where I'm stood
I blame the rain like Network Rail
Un thin your lips our love is drowning
Play snakes and ladders on a cherry picker
That girl's so fat Geoff Capes can't lift her
There's a pot full of squares on the stairs
Made of glass, made of glass

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Let it be kind, let it be kind
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I looked into the sky
It was starting to go dark
I pushed past the crowd
That had gathered around in the park

I'm sleeping in 101
There's a train being pulled all through the building
Unlock your mind it's all free loving
And that Morrissey well he's still just Steven
That tunes so sick I just can't listen
There's a pot full of squares on the stairs
Made of glass, made of glass

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I looked into the rising sun...

Oh please don't wake me
Oh don't shake me
Leave me where I am
I'm only sleeping
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