

Pour Another

Yard Act

It was a reasonable take
But in the time that it took
To find a beat in the break
The needle combing through the grooves of your mind had already stuck, and

So you turned to a friend
You ask them what they had left
They stuck their hand down the back of their pants and said
"I think the conversation might be reaching an end"

I said we can't have that
Pour another for my brother
Sister, or whichever other you'd prefer we call ya
There's no judgement, only understanding
While we're standing 'round, hand in hand
Watching the world burn

I saw the narrative peak
Though it was not evident
As we agreed that everything was so bleak
That giving your two pence on anything
It wasn't worth a fucking thing

So we had become friends
Though I do not know your name
And come the morning following the night that everything changed
I was ashamed to recognise that everything's still the same

I said we can't have that
Pour another for my brother
Sister, or whichever other you'd prefer we call ya
Yeah, there's no judgement, only understanding
While we're standing 'round, hand in hand
Watching the world burn

We can't have that
Pour another for my brother
Sister, or whichever other you'd prefer we call ya
Yeah, there's no judgement, only understanding
While we're standing 'round, hand in hand
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Standing 'round, hand in hand, watching the world burn
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