

Paddingtons, The "Lo-Fi"

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You don't need to talk about it
Cause you know fucking never gets you anywhere
There with your inner feelings
Papa dolls, am I hanging from the ceiling
Take your gun and oh pull the trigger
Yeah you know that I've never been bigger
Bigger than you, bigger than me
Go choke yourself on your own jewellery

We're trying to find a rule or frame
Lost the job do you step in line
Care to find we have no shame
Cause you've had one

This is my way, what is my way, in my, my
This is my way, what is my way, in my mind

But when I think about it
All the noise and it all comes around me
And the people that surround me
Laugh like jokers they all mess around me
Run away and all in the gutter
Real like butter, science to discover
If I mean it, see that you do
All the things that I ever want to do

I'm tired of finding a rule or frame
Lost the job do you step in line
Care to find we have no shame
Put your breath on

This is my way, what is my way, in my mind
This is my way, what is my way, in my, my

Trying to find a rule or frame
Lost the job do you step in line
Care to find we have no shame
Put your breath on

This is my way, what is my way, in my mind
This is my way, what is my way, in my, my

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