

## Streets, The "Trust Me"

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Trust me  
Is the skyline sliced up into pieces and broken steel  
and mesh  
Or is the progress of process that's a natural people  
quest  
Metal and the workings, dark and lurking in my mind  
Branded neon red and blue flashes  
The view from the flats is nice  
I see Alice in Wonderland  
I see malice in Sunderland  
Mouse to house, I am this land  
The were without, it's Thumberland  
Smoke to a karma coma  
Jamaicans do yard and roamers  
Shake Bacardi's and Coke and make me laugh and  
Trust me

So much stuff and many people  
The future is not evil  
The future is not fish and it's simple, it's efficient  
Now that things are costing nothing  
Is any of it good?  
Come and love me, read my nothings  
Blogging river floods  
Dead plant planted on the window ledge  
Shadows dance, glint and blend  
Glance slow at the night outside  
I'm God in the game  
Sound rumbles in 5.1 round some corner to fight with  
guns  
Play God in games but nothing in  
Trust me

Dub step, club sweat, come get rubbed red  
Play the playlist  
Play the playlist  
I see Alice in Wonderland  
I see malice in Sunderland  
House to house, I love this land  
The were without, it's Thumberland

Do the wrong thing, joke it right  
Span the longings and the fights  
For all the oil and the toil  
And the spoils of the royals  
We are nothing if not nice  
We are coughing if we are wise  
Roll me up like a leafy spliff  
Fuck that, roll me up and  
Trust me

Why is there so much noise  
Reading info, buying toys  
We all fear of company  
But we are fierce anonymously  
Enter shit on the internet  
Clashing people, chatting evil  
But we are cheery social sorts  
With the pleasing photo forward  
Pass the love around and back to me  
Walking down a madman's street  
The music in my ears is fleeting  
Struggle to shuffle to the same beat  
We are nothing if not nice  
We have a pretty buttered knife  
Is the skyline sliced up into pieces and broken steel  
and strife  
Anything you tell me  
Yes, yes, I will believe  
But again and I suspect  
Again and I will leave  
Slow burn a little heaven  
Roaming yearnings for devon  
Coburn '67  
Don't work for them  
Trust me

Dub step, earth run, red club sweat  
Put up chests and freeze, freeze  
Is the skyline sliced up into pieces and broken steel  
and mesh  
Or is the progress of process that's a natural people  
quest

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