

Submarines, The

"You, Me And The Bourgeoisie"

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Here I am with all the pleasures of the first world
Laid out before me, who am I to breakdown?

Everyday I wake up, I choose love, I choose light
And I try, it's too easy just to fall apart

Oh, my baby don't be so distressed
We're done with politesse
It's time to be so brutally honest about
The way we know we long for something fine
When we pine for higher ceilings
And bourgeois happy feelings

And here we are in the center of the first world
It's laid out before us, who are we to break down?

Everyday we wake up, we choose love, we choose light
And we try, it's too easy just to fall apart

Plastic bottles, imported water
Cars we drive wherever we want to
Clothes we buy, it's sweatshop labor
Drugs from corporate enablers
We're not living the good life
Unless we're fighting the good fight
You and me just trying to get it right

In the center of the first world
It's laid out before us, who are we to break down?

Everyday we wake up, we choose love, we choose light
And we try, it's too easy just to fall apart

Love can free us from all excess
From our deepest debt
'Cause when our hearts are full we need much less

Yeah, I know we long for something fine
When we pine for higher ceilings
And bourgeois happy feelings

But here we are, in the center of the first world
It's laid out before us, who are we to break down?

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