

Badly Drawn Boy

"Is There Nothing We Could Do?"

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Rushing round in circles
To brighten all the corners
Busy making friends with all your enemies
You finger through your bible
Whilst looking through your window
The look you gave erased a thousand memories

Ooooh I am sorry, ooooh I am sorry
This page in your story won't turn
Who am I to ask you why
You feel the way you do
If you feel the way you do
Is there nothing we could do?

With advice I'd warn her
Don't idolise your neighbour
Maybe something else is the enemy
But who put out the fire
What you asking me for
The simple things you need for a remedy

Ooooh I am sorry, ooooh I am sorry

This page in your story won't turn
Who am I to ask you why
You feel the way you do
If you feel the way you do
Is there something we could do?

If only you could know there is life through your window
Oh but even so I don't know where would you go
The time you waste would still turn into memories

Who am I to ask you why
You feel the way you do
If you feel the way you do
Is there nothing we could do?

Couldn't you just ask me why
You feel the way you do
There's one thing I'd say to you
There must be something we could do

Just go ahead and ask me the question

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