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Blur "Badgeman Brown"

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This is the voice of someone Calling from a lonely hill To the hard of hearing For those who never will

A long legged someone Seen walking away from home Look a vacant dreamer Walking alone alone

Ways that turn and turn Which is what we'd learn As suffering believers In the book of badgeman brown

They've dropping like flies In a suburban house From a lack of anything Anything to keep their hands in

And the town keeps screaming

From a lonely hill Another lack of people Those who never will

Ways that turn and turn Which I what we'd learn As suffering believers In the book of badgeman brown

This is the voice of someone Calling from a lonely hill for the heard of hearing For those who never will

The days will turn and turn Which is what we'd learn As average believers In the book of badgeman brown

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