

Blur "Fool's Day"

Visit "[Fool's Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wake up straight
Called out by the Sun
On the first day of April
Out of bed
Lord, it was a plane crash
But Iâ€™m sure that I was dreaming
TV on
Of course caffeine and signs
Of submission again
Another day
On this little island
Just a bell hangs on

Porridge done
I take my kid to school
It was the pound shop, Woolworthâ€™s
Under bridge
Where the subway sees the daytime
And the West Way flies by
Then on my bike
Down the Ladbroke Grove
To the forthcoming dramas
The studio
And a love of all sweet music
We just canâ€™t let go
Let go, let go, let go, let go

So meditate
On what weâ€™ve all become
On a cold day in springtime
Civil War
Is what we all were born into
Raise your left hand, right, sing
Donâ€™t capitulate
To the forces of the marketplace
Theyâ€™re long departed
Consolidate
The love weâ€™ve had together
On a cold day in springtime

Visit [Blur](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
