

Blur "On Your Own"

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Holy man tiptoed his way across the Ganges
The sound of magic music in his ears
Videoed by a bus load of tourists
Shiny shellsuits on, and drinking lemonade.

Now, I've got a funny feeling which I bought mail order
From a man in a tee-pee, California.
He said he once was the great game show performer
Then he blew all his money away,
Blew it all away.

So take me home, don't leave me alone
I'm not that good, but I'm not that bad
No psycho killer, hooligan guerilla
I dream to riot, oh you should try it
R. E. Perot, got gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
Cos then you're on your own
Then you're on your own

Well, we all go happy day glow in the discos
The sound of magic music in our brains
Someone stumbles to the bathroom with the horrors
Says Lord, give me faith, for I've jumped into space
I'm in outer space.

So take me home, don't leave me alone
I'm not that good, but I'm not that bad
No psycho killer, hooligan guerilla
I dream to riot, oh you should try it
R. E. Perot, got gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
Cos then you're on your own
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I'm not that good, but I'm not that bad
No psycho killer, hooligan guerilla
I dream to riot, oh you should try it
R. E. Perot, get gold card soul

My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
Cos then you're on your own

Then you're on your own (to end)

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