

Bell X1

"A Better Band"

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Is this room getting smaller,
or is it just me?
I pace myself, brace myself,
trying not to breathe.
All these walls are closing in on me,
like the death star bin,
oh that'll learn me,
that'll squeeze out all the sin.

This world is bearing down on me,
like a 'fish eye lense'(?)
and when it comes down to it,
do I have any real friends?
How long were those monkeys typing,
to make all Billy's work?
I've some way to go yet,
I'll finish this one first.

Something's got to give.

I'm a failing restaurant,
all expectant and sad
with one eye on the door,
playing cards out the back
I'm love me love me love me,
I'm a small bit of a prick
I got the meat sweats
from this real politic.

Sometimes I can see you
shining in the night
There's Polly, and Gillian,
and your man in the big suit
spitting out confetti that wallops with a kiss
and I'm left thinking

I wanna be a better band

This is it, what are you crying for?
This is it, were you expecting more?

I wanna be a better band

and shoot fire from my hands
Fire from my hands...

(Recorded by Jimi Squirrell)

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