

Black Box Recorder "British Racing Green"

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Everybody needs to dream
Romance and love and eight hours sleep
A little cottage by the sea
A glass of gin, a box of chocolates

To be both wanted and desired
To move away when we retire
No hell or heaven in between

British racing green

Pebble dash houses
Underneath the flight path
Still life perfectly preserved
Through double glazed windows

Satellite dish brings
Entertainment to our home crack in the foundations
Claim for compensation leads to aspirations
And pipe dreams buy myself a sports car

British racing green

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Still don't know where I was going
Top down, in clement weather
Just like all the English people
Trying to win the Island Race, whatever

British racing queen
British racing green

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To be both wanted and decide
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Now I'm living in a chat room
With the Diana fan club
They sent a virus to my dream
That wiped the hard drive

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