

## **Durutti Column**

### **"Thin Ice"**

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Sometimes I think about the ?/pain/?  
The things I've seen and read  
Sometimes I feel about the inhumanity  
The dying and the dead  
You wonder how they got that way  
You know they beat their feet  
There's some pretty strange people around  
There's a lot I wouldn't like to kiss/meet/hold  
There's things I feel passionate about  
But they're things I'd rather not discuss  
Unless you insist and I really must  
It's all dashes to the masses, lust to dust  
It's nonsense, really  
It's a crying shame  
The hot and the lame  
The blind leading the blind  
With the blinds down  
The blind leading the blind  
It's a crying shame  
The blind leading the blind  
The blinds down  
Blinds down  
Blinds

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