

Edwyn Collins

"Subsidence"

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You may find as I have found
This place is neither safe nor sound
This house of cards will tumble down
As befits a cardboard town

You're lost in the ruins of your mind
As these four walls collide, as your whole world
subsides
But you took it all in your stride
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

So raise your glass, let's celebrate
'Cause we can force those hands of fate
No need to heed the call for greed, for acquisition
Now I ain't puttin' you on, this is my genuine position

You're lost in the ruins of your mind
As these four walls collide, as your whole life subsides
But you took it all in your stride
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

How can I thank you?
We're forever in your debt
We'll bite the hand of fate that feeds us
Morsels of regret

You're lost in the ruins of your mind
As these four walls collide, as your whole world
subsides
But you took it all in your stride
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

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