

Fall Of The Leafe "Blind Carbon Copies"

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Hello?

May I listen to the song you have reserved for the gray mass that is waiting?

Thank you.

Everybody tune your receivers and listen up.

It lingers on while we live.

Ooh-shalaboom, baby it tells us where we stand.

And where do we stand?

In the drum-fire?

We stand hidden in the morning smog - watching as other characters walk by.

At 9 'o clock we can see the second one of today.

A fine specimen, indeed.

One of those whose backs have been broken by haste.

One of those who have nothing to say about their own course.

They ask for no breaks and have no brakes.

Ha.

It looks above, only to see clouds that stand as omens of some heavy rain.

It looks at the traffic.

It is going to give it up.

It is of little use.

Monitoring a heartbeat is of little use.

Because they always lose.

Happier days do not exist.

They are smacked the fuck out of by tiny grenades of hate falling down from the skies like things that wouldn't make a difference.

Afterall, things hardly make any difference, do they?

In fact, gray masses can well be cracked open like sardine cans and this procedure could not possibly make a difference.

Oh look.

The fine specimen is looking at the traffic again.

For a moment, it might realise how Miss Disaster still belongs to us.

But not for one moment does this fine specimen

believe that we could serve ourselves a little Riot On

The Rocks.

We could, of course, hula down the streets and sing
loudly while glass escorts our ride with a jingle.

We could, of course, fly low with a spark in our eyes.

We could, yes...

But let's pick up pace again.

Jingle bells and farewell.

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