

## **Futureheads "The Baron"**

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So here we are, queuing on the street  
The ground keeps sticking to your feet, it's early.  
The queue is a thousand strong  
The town is closing down  
Businesses are turning to the shadows  
As the shutters go down  
I hate to say I could be sold  
The shutters I was leaving here  
Nice to meet you, on your way  
I'm gladly watching the walls come tumbling down  
What you pulling out your hair for?  
Let's dance as it hits the floor. (x2)

Every few decades the plans tend to go astray  
The blue is turning to the grey, it's the end of the  
headache  
Everybody is at home, and the streets are alone  
The only sound is papers that are blown  
By the winds from the sea  
I hate to say I could be sold  
The shutters I was leaving here  
Nice to meet you, but on your way  
I'm gladly watching the walls come tumbling down  
What you pulling out your hair for?  
Let's dance as it hits the floor. (x2)

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