

Get Cape Wear Cape Fly

"If I Had A Pound For Every Stale Song Title I'd Be 30 Short Of Getting Out Of This Mess"

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You can call them chronicles,
You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.
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You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.

You favour progression over honesty,
Whilst you pick apart the misguided things that you
thought about me.
If you took the time just to get a clue,
Than you'll probably just realise I'm the same as you.

You can call them chronicles,
You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.
You can call them chronicles,
You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.

And in the last 12 months,
I've felt like a stopgap
And a punchbag and a doormat,
But I'm better than that.

And I don't want to feel,
That the only thing that can make me real
Is the fact that I can sing and write
For the joy of someone else.

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You can call them songs,
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.
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