

## **British India**

# **"Funeral For A Trend"**

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Too self obsessed and too much TV  
Underneath this avalanche of golden teeth  
I didn't get much sleep at the start of the week  
Underneath this avalanche of golden teeth  
It's like my chest is caving in

A starch black dress on a CEO  
And as you stretch your skin for another photo  
Your face is caving in  
If I'm paid for my time, it'll be just fine  
Watch me dip my hand in the iodine  
My chest is caving in

Long time no see, where have you been  
Before I get to say it you get taken away  
You never go but you never stay  
My secrets smell like spit and everybody knows  
I'll hang myself with the cord of the telephone  
My chest is caving in

I get so bored that my teeth start to hurt  
In this museum of neon t-shirts  
This room is caving in  
When we're both coming down but you still come  
around  
You can sleep on the bed and I'll sleep on the ground  
My heart is caving in

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