

James "Ten Below"

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So I'm on my own
Far from my broken home
And it costs
Feels like 10 below
Pack me off to school
Innocence and trust
Are all lost
Where did my childhood go

Calling from the payphone
Trying not to cry
Feeling I am dying
Telling you I'm fine
You tell me it's the making of me
That's a fucking lie
When's the holidays
Holidays
Holiday

I'm at the bottom of my bed
Headphones on my head
John Peel's show
Feels like 10 below
The sky's a dull gun metal
Where did the sun
And it rains and rains
Feels like 10 below

Turning on the weaker ones
When we were bored
I used to have feelings
But all I feels a hole
Is where the heart is
And the organ praise the lord

When's the holidays
Holidays
Holiday

He's at war
He's at war
With himself at the world

He's at war
He will strike first to anticipate
He's at war
Don't know how to relate
Feel like a cold war spy
If I's caught
Take the easy way out

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