

## **Cantatonia**

# **"Blow the Millennium, Blow 2"**

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When they look around  
And they will look around  
They'll be without the kind of things  
We lax about  
Do with backround inventions  
For one last glimpse to the real

When devils astounded  
Deepest instincts sound  
Joys to be around  
Commendable tones  
A commanding role  
For the crowd we bow  
And are bound to

Begging and borrowing  
Burrowing and bringing all sorts with him  
And come to think of it  
You're like a christmas dinner  
A cupful of steep  
Full, ready to reap  
But it won't keep  
There's holes, it's all show  
You needed harnessing

But I hope you win the lottery  
No tom-foolery  
It's a genuine wish  
I long for fairground attractions  
For one last go at the wheel

Blow...  
Blow...  
Blow...  
Blow...

And begging and borrowing  
Burrowing and bringing all sorts with him  
I'm trying but trying is frightening  
I packed for an outing  
An endless task  
Though anything goes

Blow...  
Blow...  
Blow...  
Blow...

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