

Ladytron "Season Of Illusions"

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Obliterate the Sunday
You've been cherishing all week
Obliterate the Sunday
He's a pleasure you can keep
I thought you'd let me speak today
But Esperanto's out of date
It's just another Sunday
Now Top of the Pops is dead

And if the morning gets you down
And then the evening lets you down
Obliterate the Sundays, fair play

Obliterate the Sunday
Just keep your phone awake
Supposing wrong intentions
Won't make it easier to wake

A season of illusions
A pocket full of doubts
A night of fading stars
And a legacy of clouds

Obliterate the Sunday
The glass is out of reach
The heat was low, relief
You'll find a palm tree
In your sleep

Your hiding for months
Dodging the seas
You spent the day scheming
And your a houdini
Train has pulled out
Light has pulled in
A chance of escape
Come right up the street

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