

Police

"Synchronicity II"

Visit "[Synchronicity II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Another suburban family morning
Grandmother screaming at the wall
We have to shout above the din of our Rice Crispies
We can't hear anything at all
Mother chants her litany of boredom and frustration
But we know all the suicides are fake
Daddy only stares into the distance
There's only so much more that he can take
Many miles away something crawls from the slime
At the bottom of a dark Scottish lake

Another industrial ugly morning
The factory belches filth into the sky
He walks unhindered through the picket lines today
He doesn't think to wonder why
The secretaries pout and preen like cheap tarts on a
red light street
But all he ever thinks to do is watch
And every single meeting with his so called superior
Is a humiliating kick in the crotch
Many miles away something crawls to the surface
Of a dark Scottish Loch

Another working day has ended
Only the rush-hour hell to face
Packed like lemmings into shiny metal boxes
Contestants in a suicidal race
Daddy grips the wheel and stares alone into the
distance
He knows that something somewhere has to break
He sees the family home now looming in his headlight
The pain upstairs that makes his eyeballs ache
Many miles away there's a shadow on a door
Of a cottage by the shore
Of a dark Scottish lake
Many miles away

Visit [Police](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.