

Maximo Park

"A19"

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A footbridge calls out, dull metal moans as we clamber
over
Paint is repelled and bronze grips hard
I can't touch such an ugly surface
250 miles away, you need money to spread your wings
Each town must bear a name
A lasting testament to organization

Sobbing and Sighing
The scales are falling from your eyes

Green metal grows, towers toppling
They tore it down before I took my picture
A19, I can't settle down
The same attitude engulfs this country
My only aspirations were those held on an A4 printout
But those word weren't in my repertoire
You can't cling to a reputation

Sobbing and Sighing
The scales are falling from your eyes
Tossing and Turning
The truth should come as no surprise
A continent could fall tonight
And it would have no impact on our lives
It's okay to love the way that something looks
Just be sure beneath it something hooks

Sobbing and Sighing
The scales are falling from your eyes
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