

Tourists

"Walls And Foundations"

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Walls and foundations
scattering nations
hungry and ill
contraceptive pill
sick on the pavement
the hospital i
remember it still ah
the confused clergy
red light emergency
the fluid movement
so sad bereavement
in lines we stand
vainly demand
our happiness
oh my god what a mess oh no
but i need to know... i need the space
i need to grow... out of this place
i need to know... i need the space
i need to grow
out of this place.

Money and weddings
solid objections
echoing cyniks [sic]
in an empty church
laughing hyena's [sic]
in the caged up mad house
the dying drunks on
the streets as they lurch
into the fleeing pedestrian nightmare
i must lie down now
i cant take any more now no no...
but i need to know... i need the space
i need to grow... out of this place
i need to know... i need the space
i need to grow out of this place
thats right

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