

## St Etienne "Finisterre"

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Nat West, Barclay's, Midlands, Lloyd's  
Use a bank? I'd rather die

I loved to draw when I was a little girl  
It helped me see the world as I wanted it to be  
Sometimes, I walk home through a network of car parks

Just because I can, I love the feeling of being slightly  
lost  
To find new spaces, new routes, new areas, I love the  
lack of logic  
I love the feeling of being slightly lost

I believe that music in the long run can straighten out  
most things  
There are too many bands that act lame, sound tame  
I believe in Electrelane, over here it's new, it's now, it's  
you, it's clean

The beard and lipstick scene, so look beyond  
Big brother, gossip culture, so bored of stupidity  
The myth of common sense, I believe in Donovan over  
Dylan  
In love over cynicism, oh [unverified]

Finisterre to tear it down and start again  
Finisterre to tear it down and start again  
Finisterre to tear it down and start again  
Think about the love back in Finisterre

Five miles north is a town of silver birches  
Twenty seven churches, a look of horror if you drop a H  
Around here, it's hoods up and heads down  
Got it the wrong way around when things get turned  
around

I slow down, dream about the notion of the perfect city  
Imagine the 19th century never happened  
Just a straight run from Beau Brummel to Bauhaus,  
dreams never end  
This house believes in skyscrapers

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I want to know the whole of the city with you

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I want to know the whole of the city with you  
You see McGee was into deals, Barrett was into moves

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