

Et Tu Brucé "This City"

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Weâ€™ ve got full picture postcards and wrecking
crews
Weâ€™ ve got long hot butter and thinning fuse

This City donâ€™ t get up for me
This City ainâ€™ t my cup of tea
Weâ€™ ve got wide open spaces
Bows in our laces
There ainâ€™ t no getting over it takes so long

Weâ€™ ve got the scent of a natural and falling ash
Weâ€™ ve got instant persuasion and memory crash

This City donâ€™ t stay out too long
This City never felt so wrong
Weâ€™ ve got cars at the races
Scars on our faces
There ainâ€™ t no getting over it takes so long

Oh idle eyes and smoky shallow voice
Iâ€™ m sitting here and waiting for the choice
And breathing
And screaming

My my there ainâ€™ t much left right in this city

This City donâ€™ t get up for me
This City it ainâ€™ t no guarantee
Weâ€™ ve got cars at the races
Scars on our faces
There ainâ€™ t no getting over it takes so long

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