

## **Antennas To Heaven "Play Off"**

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The same as it ever was... Just like his dad... Head hanging... Tilted... And all the monuments behind him... Love with a capital L... The rats scurrying... And the lights shining... Same old shit... New or old... The time has come again... And they'll cheer and they'll riot... As fellow Celts... Wrapped in gift paper... 6 feet under... Water freezes and ground boils... On TV there'll be singing...

Put your hand up to speak, to think... From books about trains... It shakes and rocks... With newspaper matter... From the rain... Running... Privet bushes... Berries... You can't eat the berries... With special buttons... Exploding helicopters... And lies... Needless lies... About plastic pigs... And embarrassing annuals... He'll see... He'll watch... That talks... Quoted lines... Can you fly... You're mental, you...

Can't drink... Can't spit in the sink... The dog growling... All the rage... About mistakes... But he won't make them... He didn't... We did... Third time lucky

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