

The Perishers

"Irrelevant Noise"

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Well I feel we're tourists here
And I fear that we'll bear the brunt of a lot of ignorant
fools
I'll lose my way through these fields of my formative
years
I said cheers for all of your lectures on the one true
cause
As I vague my way through the blue abandoned pause

Honey there's a way to your words
And it burns all the skin from my bones
And lightning out of my eyes starts fires on stars turn
them all off and
My formative years are just spent here making all this
Irrelevant noise
As it disappears in the blue abandoned pause

Falling on my head

And this coat in my arms belongs to the ones I wish to
warm in my heart
Yeah I'll start with you, put it on dear
And these wasted years I fear that we'll bear no
children and
All the fruit of our loins will spread
Like dust through this dust bowl of
My formative years are just spent here listening to your
irrelevant lies
As they make their way through a blue abandoned sky

Falling on my head
The sky
Falling on my head
The sky
Falling on my head
The sky

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