

The Church

"Anyway"

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Empires crumble in the distance
Violet crumble [Brian: it's a kind of chocolate bar] in my
bowl
Conspiracy Theory, Timothy Leary
None of this is good for my soul
Salamander extravaganza
What if I sing like Mario Lanza ?

Anyway in my own way
I don't make sense any more
It's so hard to fake
One lucky break
Cocaine and cake

Young Master Morris had a closet in the forest
But where were the bears when he let down his hair
Pieces of ice dragging over the windscreen
Look out Wonderland we're bursting through the black
screen

Anyway in my own way
I don't make sense any more
It's so hard to fake
One lucky break
Cocaine and cake

(...inaudible mutterings...)

Millions of consumers are lost in the rumours
Overhead the weather (....) along their leathers
Fighting real fires with the rabbis and the friars
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker

(...more inaudible mutterings...)

You know that all of them are users
None of them are takers
Making Sunday music with their tom-toms and their
shakers

Anyway in my own way

I don't make sense any more
It's so hard to fake
One lucky break
Champagne and cake

(.....)

Anyway in my own way
I don't make sense any more

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