

## The Human League

### "Almost Medieval"

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There's something in your soul that makes me feel so  
old  
In fact I think I've died about six hundred times  
There's less of me now and more of me then  
I'm moving back to the age of men  
Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit  
Outside the office hangs the man on the gibbet  
Soft lenses  
Grow to glasses  
Small world  
Dimly seen through cataracts  
Your program  
Newspaper  
So they say  
Rumour spread by word of mouth  
Jump onto the escalator  
Press the button on the lift  
Raise the dust on old stair carpets  
Endless treads like waves of regret  
Now it seems I'm going madder  
Falling off this rotting ladder  
Soft lenses  
Grow to glasses  
Small world  
Dimly seen through cataracts  
Jump onto the escalator  
Press the button on the lift  
Raise the dust on old stair carpets  
Endless treads like waves of regret  
Now it seems I'm going madder  
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Your program  
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So they say  
Rumour spread by word of mouth  
Jump onto the escalator  
Press the button on the lift  
Raise the dust on old stair carpets  
Endless treads like waves of regret  
Now it seems I'm going madder  
Falling through this rotting ladder

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Outside the office hangs the man on the gibbet  
Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit  
Outside the office swings the man on the gibbet

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