

Future Of The Left

"City Of Exploded Children"

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Chicken tikka bath salts found at bus stops
Social gravy - sweet momentum

Underneath the city of exploded children
Underneath the city everything is fine
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Run to Dixons, sons of Hackney
Pleasure gardens kissed by landslides

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Hunt where you eat
Make a stand where the elephants sleep
In the drum of a brand new watergun
Fall in lines on the common sheep
He is one, he is two
He is nothing to our thousands
The morning light will make our victory cleaner
Their minds will echo to our rhapsody
In four weeks time we will break our fast
And the weight will re-appear
And we'll never get home cos nobody does
And we'll never go poor in spite of ourselves
And the smell of smoke will collect in their bones
From Aberdeen to the edge of the world

Fall in lines on the common sheep
He is one, he is two
He is nothing to our thousands

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