

Saint Etienne "Finisterre"

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Nat West, Barclay's, Midlands, Lloyd's
Use a bank? I'd rather die

I loved to draw when I was a little girl
It helped me see the world as I wanted it to be
Sometimes, I walk home through a network of car parks

Just because I can, I love the feeling of being slightly
lost
To find new spaces, new routes, new areas, I love the
lack of logic
I love the feeling of being slightly lost

I believe that music in the long run can straighten out
most things
There are too many bands that act lame, sound tame
I believe in Electrelane, over here it's new, it's now, it's
you, it's clean

The beard and lipstick scene, so look beyond
Big brother, gossip culture, so bored of stupidity
The myth of common sense, I believe in Donovan over
Dylan
In love over cynicism, oh [unverified]

Finisterre to tear it down and start again
Finisterre to tear it down and start again
Finisterre to tear it down and start again
Think about the love back in Finisterre

Five miles north is a town of silver birches
Twenty seven churches, a look of horror if you drop a H
Around here, it's hoods up and heads down
Got it the wrong way around when things get turned
around

I slow down, dream about the notion of the perfect city
Imagine the 19th century never happened
Just a straight run from Beau Brummel to Bauhaus,
dreams never end
This house believes in skyscrapers

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I want to know the whole of the city with you

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I want to know the whole of the city with you
You see McGee was into deals, Barrett was into moves

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