

Silverchair

"English Garden"

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Here we sit in tombstones in the mud,
like it's where we want to be.
It's impossible to feel sacred in this lie,
in this aerial fantasy.

Now that the day is done I can see colours at night,
and everyone says I've been running tired,
kept my head up sunshine,
today will be fine,
and I've been trying my heart out.

Lazy ways,
claustrophobic holidays,
where we all have funny plans,
and to fade disparate
like some temporary skin,
is a feat that changes hands.

Now that the day is done I can see colours at night
and everyone says I've been running tired,
kept my head up sunshine,
today will be fine,
and I've been trying my heart out.

If this streets air ain't up to par,
I'll take my clothes, and take this strange behaviour.
Not only liked but loved as well.

If this keeps tearing me apart,
the walls come down won't stop this empty feeling,
for everything apart from this.

It's only been a year,
English garden,
and you're farther away,
it's only been a week,
dangerous mountain
suffer more than a day,
I've been climbing out the hole fish ligatures
travelling along and but I'm well,
it's only been a year

got me wondering,
for sure or for sad,
it's only been a year,
and I never called,
as soon as I escape,
for sure or for sad.
Ahhahahahooowhoooahahahah, ectâ€¦!

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